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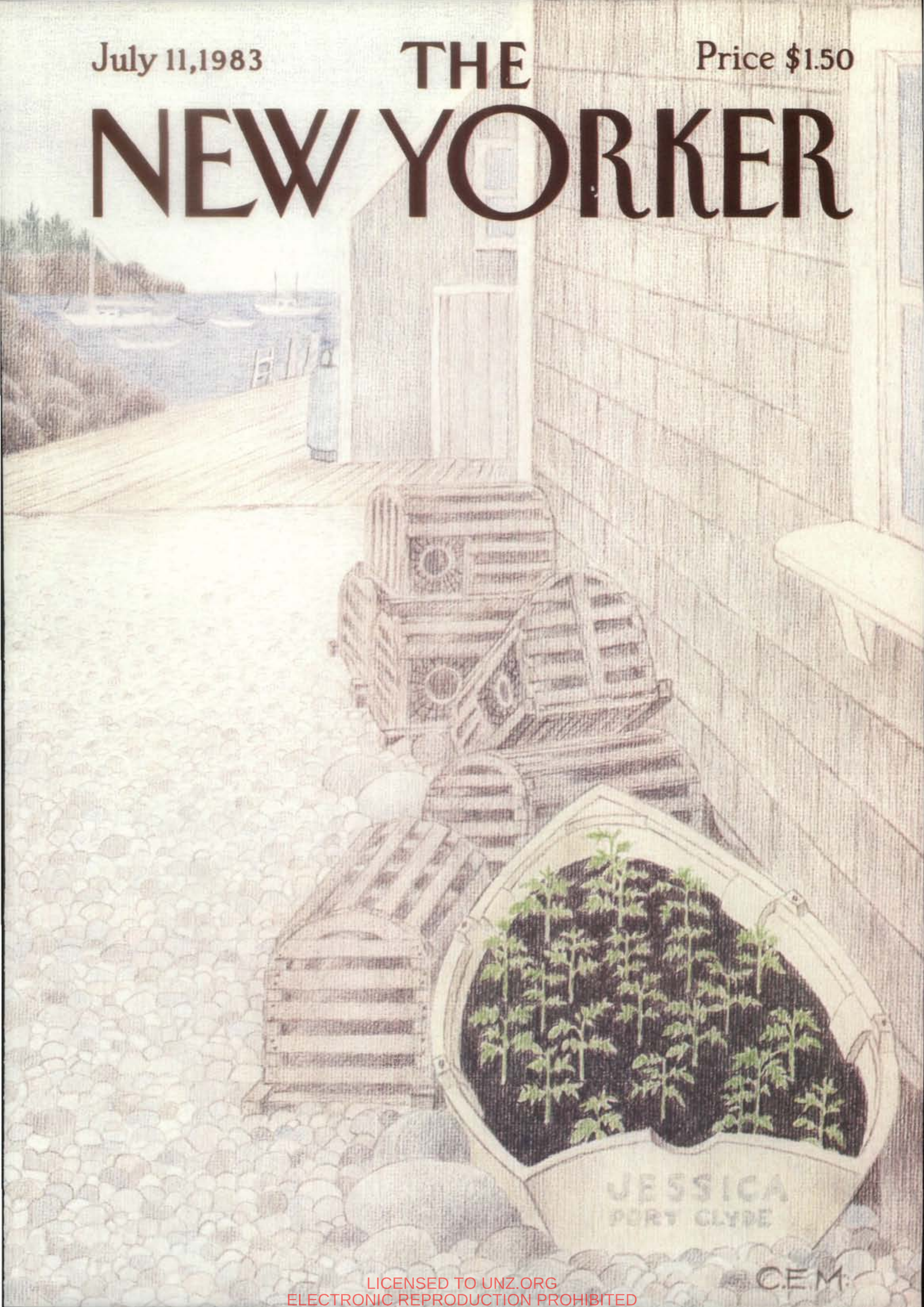

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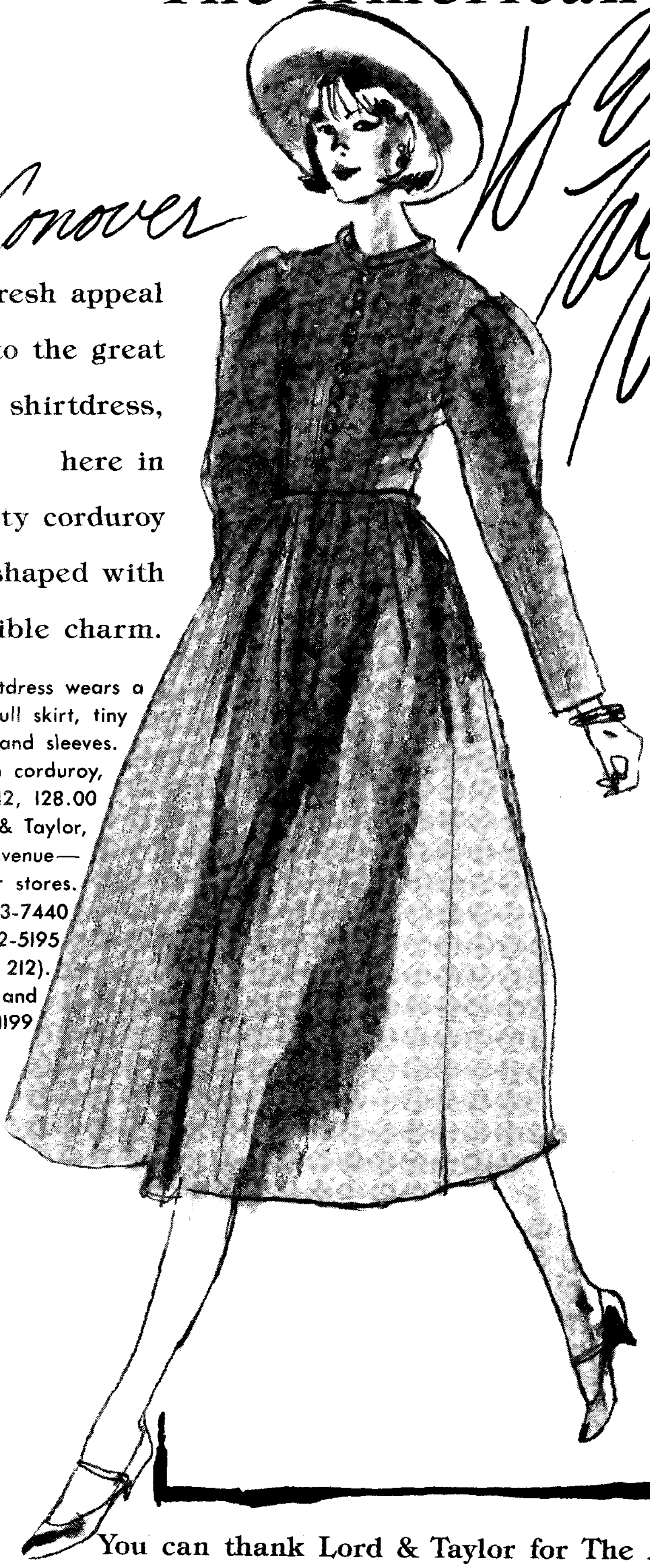

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Ah, Wilderness!—O'Neill's domestic comedy of innocence at the turn of the century is so charming, so funny, and so firmly crafted that all it needs is a passable performance. Several members of the company assembled by the Roundabout for its pleasant production are considerably better than passable, notably Philip Bosco as the father of the family that the play is about; Scott Burkholder as his moonstruck, bookish middle son; Robert Nichols as his bibulous brother-in-law; and Laurinda Barrett as his spinster sister. (Haft, 227 W. 27th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Beckett Plays—Three brief plays by Samuel Beckett. The haunting "Catastrophe," in which David Warrilow gives a silent, eloquent performance, first appeared in this magazine. Alan Schneider was the impeccable director. (*Reviewed in our issue of 6/27/83.*) (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Breakfast with Les and Bess—Holland Taylor and Keith Charles in a comedy by Lee Kalcheim. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Brighton Beach Memoirs—A remembrance of things past by Neil Simon. The hero is a sex-obsessed fifteen-year-old, wonderfully well played by Matthew Broderick. (4/11/83) (Neil Simon Theatre, formerly the Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial—John Rubinstein, Michael Moriarty, and half a dozen other first-rate actors in a rousing revival of the Herman Wouk melodrama. (5/16/83) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Cats—Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (10/18/82) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Extremities—Farrah Fawcett in a play by William Mastrosimone. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Fool for Love—Sam Shepard's play is as near a miracle as makes no matter—mysterious, funny, and beautiful. It is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Will Patton and Kathy Whitton Baker have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (6/6/83) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 31.)

Funhouse—Eric Bogosian in a one-man show. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Thursdays through Sundays at 8. Closes Saturday, July 16.)

Greater Tuna—Ronn Carroll and Michael Jeter portray twenty citizens (m. and f.) of the third-smallest town in Texas, in a play that is as broad as a cartoon but is also sharp and satiric and frequently funny. It was written by Jaston Williams, Joe Sears, and the director, Ed Howard. (11/1/82) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, July 17: Gilbert and Sullivan's **H.M.S. Pinafore.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Merlin—An unlucky mingling of musical comedy and magic. Doug Henning can make horses vanish into thin air, but he can't transform himself into a romantic troubadour. (2/28/83) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

My One and Only—A joyous keepsake of Gershwin songs, neatly tucked into a new book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer. Twiggy and Tommy Tune head the marvellous cast. (5/9/83) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

'Night, Mother—Marsha Norman's play about a young woman bent upon committing suicide is an altogether successful work of art and much less dispiriting than one might suppose. With Kathy Bates and Anne Pitoniak, who have been ably directed by Tom Moore. (4/11/83) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

On Your Toes—Not the least taint of patronizing mars this revival of the Rodgers and Hart classic musical of 1936. The director, George Abbott, helped to write the original book and, at ninety-five, evidently has a tenacious recollection of how things were and how they ought to be. (3/14/83) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Passion—Peter Nichols' new play begins as a comedy and ends at a point just short of tragedy. Frank Langella and Roxanne Hart are the outstanding members of a fine cast. (5/23/83) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Private Lives—Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton put themselves on display in Coward's comedy where they do not belong. John Cullum and Kathryn Walker are also in the cast. (5/16/83) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 17.)

Quartermaine's Terms—The title character of Simon Gray's funny, sad comedy is a teacher whom loneliness has made even more bubble-brained than God did. Lee Richardson plays

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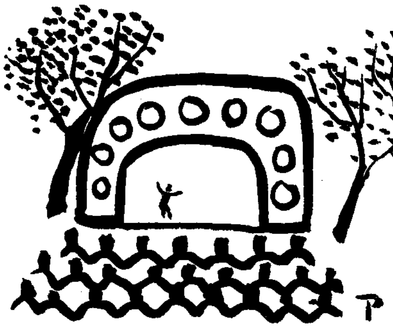

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the leading role, and he is well supported by Roy Poole, Caitlin Clarke, Anthony Heald, and Dana Ivey. Kenneth Frankel directed. (3/7/83) (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Ridiculous Theatrical Company—Presenting Charles Ludlam's **LE BOURGEOIS AVANT-GARDE.** (One Sheridan Square. 691-2271. Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

Taking My Turn—A buoyant musical with Margaret Whiting, Tiger Haynes, Victor Griffin, Cissy Houston, Ted Thurston, and Mace Barrett, all of them noted singers and dancers who are presumed to be old but whose performances refute that presumption at every turn. The very good songs were written by Will Holt (lyrics) and Gary William Friedman (score). Robert H. Livingston was the able director. (6/20/83). (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

True West—Sam Shepard's comedy about two rival brothers in California, which was given an unsatisfactory production last season, has now been transformed by the clowning of Bruce Lyons and Dan Butler. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (11/29/82) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Winners—A revival of Brian Friel's beguiling comedy (with sad overtones) about a pair of lovers who spend a day on a hilltop above the Irish town of Ballymore. Bernard Shaw's larky **HOW HE LIED TO HER HUSBAND** makes a suitable prologue to this agreeable evening. (5/2/83) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Yellow Fever—A delightful comedy-mystery that neatly parodies private-eye movies as it goes its merry way. The setting is the Asian section of Vancouver in the nineteen-seventies. R. A. Shiomi is the deft playwright. All the actors do well under Raul Aranas's direction. (1/17/83) (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 586-2696. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

You Can't Take It with You—A fine revival of the Kaufman-Hart comedy written in the thirties. Jason Robards heads the big and frolicsome cast; the director is Ellis Rabb. (4/18/83) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AGNES OF GOD:** Diahann Carroll, Geraldine Page, and Maryann Plunkett have much to say about a peculiar subject—the apparent virgin birth to a young nun in a convent of a child subsequently found dead. The discussion is a lively one, though the playwright, John Pielmeier, has found no satisfactory way of bringing it to an end. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **AMADEUS:** A highly intelligent Peter Shaffer thriller having to do, on one level, with the possibility that Mozart's early death was a result of his having been poisoned by a rival and, on another level, with that rival's indignant repudiation of God. David Birney plays the villainous putative murderer, Antonio Salieri; Mark Hamill plays the hapless Mozart; and Maureen Moore plays his pretty, perky wife. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CLOUD 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is nimbly performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE DINING ROOM:** The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s delightful play takes place over the past fifty years or so, in a formal dining room somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters who are portrayed by six accomplished actors. David Trainer was the good director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 17.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** The slickest possible production of a musical comedy whose book, music, and lyrics are almost totally lacking in character. If Michael Bennett, the director, had been a Union general, the Civil War would have lasted about twenty minutes. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,648 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. With Jerry Orbach, Elizabeth Allen, and Lisa Brown. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT:** A musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **NINE:** A sensationally opulent production of a musical comedy wrenched with little intellectual finesse from the classic movie "8½." Sergio Franchi is the star. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein, which star David Garrison as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Jonathan Hadary substitutes for Mr. Garrison at the matinée performances. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—Sandy Duncan is the star of this year's summer show, "Five Six Seven Eight . . . Dance!" (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8.)

Forbidden Broadway—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

American Ballet Theatre—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday evening, July 6: Act II of "La Bayadère," "La Sonnambula," and "Concerto." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 7: "Apollo," "Three Virgins and a Devil," and "Push Comes to Shove." . . . ¶ Friday evening, July 8: "La Sonnambula," "Concerto," and "Push Comes to Shove." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, July 9: "Concerto," "Three Virgins and a Devil," and "N.Y. Export: Op. Jazz." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, July 9: "Duets," "Clair de Lune," "La Sonnambula," and "N.Y. Export: Op. Jazz." . . . ¶ Monday evening, July 11: "Apollo," "Three Virgins and a Devil," and "N.Y. Export: Op. Jazz." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, July 12: Act II of "La Bayadère," "Clair de Lune," "Follow the Feet," and "Push Comes to Shove." . . . ¶ Wednesday matinée, July 13: "Symphonie Concertante," "Duets," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," and "N.Y. Export: Op. Jazz." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, July 13: "Concerto" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 14: "Symphonie Concertante," "La Sonnambula," and "Push Comes to Shove." . . . ¶ Friday evening, July 15: "Symphonie Concertante" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, July 16: "Concerto" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, July 16: "Follow the Feet," "Flower Festival Pas de Deux," and "Giselle." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Min Tanaka and Suzushi Hanayagi—Performing "Solitary Geography," a new full-length work. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Thursday through Sunday, July 14-17, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Small, narrow, chatty, and nautical. Friday and Saturday, July 8-9, saxophonist **MIKE MORGENSTERN,** pianist **HILTON RUIZ,** drummer **WALTER PERKINS,** and bassist **MIKE FLEMING** work out, and on Friday and Saturday, July 15-16, **HAL GALPER'S** trio will be on hand. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—*Pop-jazz-funk pianist Ramsey Lewis*

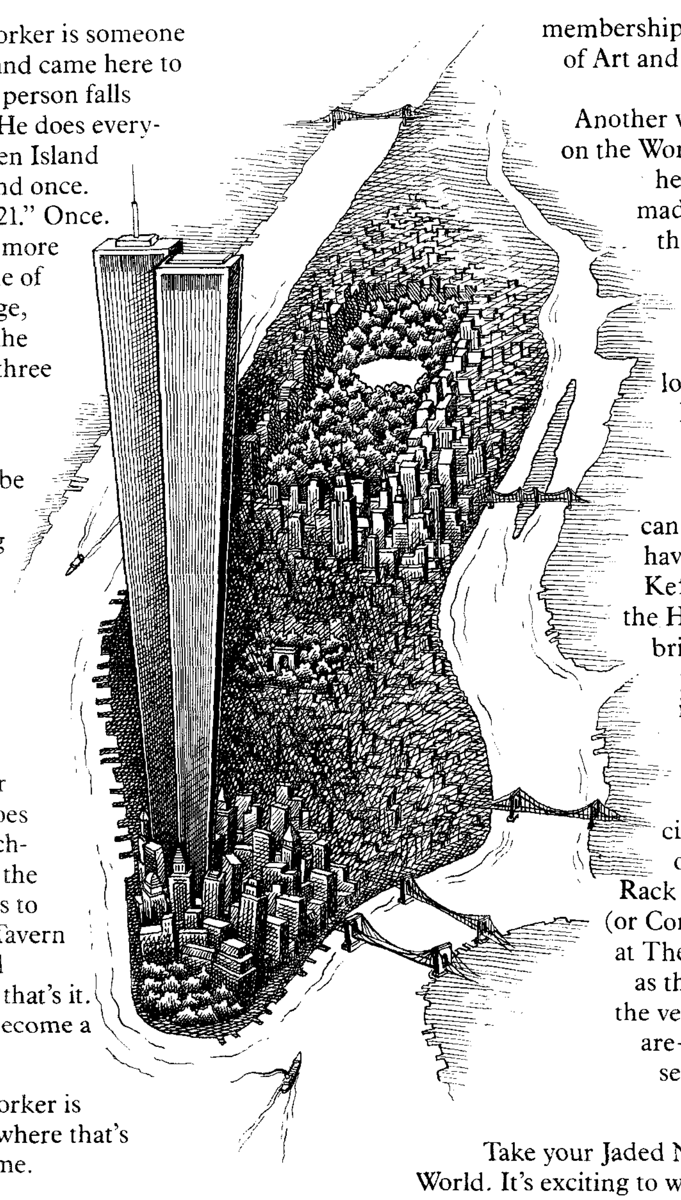
HOW TO MAKE A JADED NEW YORKER BECOME A NATIVE NEW YORKER AGAIN

By definition, a Native New Yorker is someone who grew up somewhere else and came here to go to work. Once arrived, this person falls seriously in love with the city. He does everything. Once. He rides the Staten Island Ferry once. He goes to Roseland once. And he saves up and goes to "21." Once. Then he starts becoming a bit more selective. He settles on a couple of Italian restaurants in the Village, a particular Chinese place on the Upper West Side, and two or three music places. He is now an official Native New Yorker.

Then the change begins. Maybe it's inertia, maybe familiarity, maybe the difficulty of getting around New York. He starts pulling back. He goes only to places in his neighborhood. If he is an Upper East Side New Yorker, he never goes to Macy's. If he's a Downtown New Yorker or a West-of-the-Hudson New Yorker, he never goes to Bloomingdale's. He goes to Balducci's or Zabar's. Whichever is in his territory. One or the other, but never both. He goes to Melon's or Clarke's or Pete's Tavern a couple of times a week. And maybe two other places. And that's it. The Native New Yorker has become a Jaded New Yorker.

By definition, a Jaded New Yorker is someone who rarely goes anywhere that's more than 15 blocks from home.

There are ways of coping with a Jaded New Yorker. One is to give him a season's subscription to a series at Lincoln Center. Or send him a membership at the Metropolitan Museum of Art and take him to a private showing.



Another way is to take him to Windows on the World. At Windows on the World, he'll find most of the things that made him a Native New Yorker in the first place. The same variety, the same sense of discovery.

The atmosphere is New York stylish. The people are nice to look at and interesting to talk to. Like the people you met when you first came to the city.

At Windows on the World you can watch the sun set while you're having Kushi Katsu or Moroccan Kefta or just jazz and cocktails in the Hors d'Oeuvrerie. Or count the bridges over the East River while you're walking past The Cellar in the Sky where they build an international meal around 5 superb wines. Or watch the lights come on over the entire city while you're deciding which of 600 wines to order with your Rack of Young Lamb, James Beard (or Cornish Hen or Supreme of Bass) at The Restaurant. It makes you feel as though you're seeing the city for the very first time. And in a way you are—from 107 stories up. You can see 3 states, 34 ships, 12 bridges, and one very beautiful Statue.

Take your Jaded New Yorker to Windows on the World. It's exciting to watch someone discover the city all over again. And, by definition, it's a lot more exciting to be a Native New Yorker than a Jaded New Yorker. Any time.

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Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, July 6-7, an R. & B. double bill with **JUNIOR WALKER** & the All-Stars and **MARTHA REEVES** with the **UPTOWN HORNS**; Friday and Saturday, July 8-9, Brazilian jazz-rock with singer **FLORA PURIM** and percussionist **AIRTO**; Wednesday and Thursday, July 13-14, trumpeter **MAYNARD FERGUSON** and his orchestra; Friday, July 15, the Teenagers and Chicago-blues guitarist **LUTHER (GUITAR JUNIOR) JOHNSON**; and Saturday, July 16, a benefit concert featuring **LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III**, Jonathan Edwards, Livingston Taylor, Tom and Steve Chapin, and the cast of "Pump Boys and Dinettes." Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The epitome of an intimate, darkwood-panelled, sophisticated New York bar. Pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY** works with bassist **DAVID EUBANKS** on Wednesday, July 6, and then with bassist **CLINT HOUSTON** through Sunday, July 10; and on Monday, July 11, **ROSS TOMPKINS**, Doc Severinsen's TV pianist for many years, will arrive with bassist **GEORGE MRAZ**. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The urbanely swinging **JIMMY LYON**, who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing, smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. On Wednesdays and Thursdays, cornettist **WARREN VACHÉ'S** trio performs from eleven to two. Dining.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, who occasionally lets loose on hot-chord solos on his resonant seven-string (the seventh string is a bass string) guitar, guides a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll: Wednesday, July 6, Young Hegelians, the Beast, the Abductors, and Spelled Backwards; Thursday, July 7, Thangs, New Mox, and Not Heaven; Friday, July 8, Moot and the Toasters; Saturday, July 9, Hoy Boy & the Doys, Soviet Sex, and Beau Jest; and Tuesday, July 12, Extreme Unction, L-7, Token White, and Clairvoyant. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl. at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** is here with her trio, singing the blues, talking the blues, chanting the blues, and putting over a few tried-and-true standards such as "Somebody Loves Me" and "Let the Rest of the World Go By." Shows Wednesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty. Sundays through Tuesdays, Ronnell Bright can be found at the piano at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Bluegrass, string-band, and Irish, British, and American folk music made by visiting players from New England, the Eastern seaboard, and Appalachia is the fare, along with pitchers of beer. Wednesday, July 6, Michael Horan; Saturday, July 9, Out to Lunch; Wednesday, July 13, the Gallant Poachers; and Saturday, July 16, Stacy Phillips. Music from nine.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—One of the two homes for traditional small-band jazz on the block (see also Jimmy Ryan's, below). The house band swings it Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two. On Sunday, July 10, tenor saxophonist and Satchmo-inspired vocalist **BIG NICK NICHOLAS** will lead a quartet from about nine-fifteen. Mondays from eight-thirty belong to Ed Polcer's quintet, and the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet works on Wednesdays from five-thirty to eight-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A sleek, well-attended basement jazz club. Four deft guitarists—**LARRY CORYELL, VIC JURIS, CHUCK LOEB,** and **RORY STUART**—hold forth until Sunday, July 10; starting Tuesday, July 12, Noel Pointer, a rhapsodic electric violinist, will move in. The first set begins about nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

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Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Considerably more musical than Tie City or Food City. Wednesday, July 6, Ned Sublette; Thursday, July 7, Gabriel Yacoub and Soldier's Fancy; Saturday, July 9, the Smithereens; Tuesday, July 12, Ilene Weiss and David Roche; Thursday, July 14, at eight and eleven, a folk-and-blues-guitar tag team, **JOHN RENBOURN** and **STEFAN GROSSMAN**; Friday, July 15, the Violent Femmes; and Saturday, July 16, Frank Maya. Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Wednesday, when the music starts at ten, and Monday, which is hootenanny night and begins about eight.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—The schedule at this SoHo night club: pianist **ALBERT DAILEY** and bassist **LISLE ATKINSON** Wednesday and Thursday, July 6-7; Friday and Saturday, July 8-9, Jerome Olds and Tom Grose; Sunday through Thursday, July 10-14, pianist **HILTON RUIZ**, with bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ** along from Monday, July 11; and Friday and Saturday, July 15-16, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM**, pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND**, and singer Marilyn Johnson. Sets begin Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at eight, eleven, and one; and Sundays at seven, eight-thirty, and ten. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The roster: Wednesdays through Sundays, pianist Richard Sussman's trio has the floor; Monday, July 11, will belong to singer-pianist Baba Motta and bassist John Belzaguy; and Tuesdays are the property of bebop guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE**. All these groups play from ten. Mondays through Fridays, Loumell Morgan plays piano from five to ten, and Baba Motta has the same hours on Sundays.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) **JOHN EATON**, a mainstream-type player who is known as "the best pianist in Washington, D.C.," performs Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Sunday and Monday, July 10-11, **MIKE ABENE** will control the keyboard. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—The tradition-bound house band, which usually lets loose under the leadership of trumpeter Spanky Davis, is guided by **JIMMY MAXWELL** until Saturday, July 9. On Sundays and Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** is in charge. Music Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty; from eight on Sundays.

ART SHOW
PARKING

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners. Pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and bassist **PHIL FLANIGAN** perform Tuesdays through Saturdays; on Sunday and Monday, July 10-11, pianist **FRED HERSCH** will get support from bassist **MARC JOHNSON**. Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An authentic Texas hangout for expatriate Texans, for New Yorkers, and for French tourists. The music is usually good solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty. Sometimes, as is the case on Wednesday, July 6, the music is Brazilian jazz: **TANIA MARIA** is here singing and playing electric and good old acoustic piano with her exuberant quintet. Tania Maria, who wears white-rimmed Lina Wertmüller glasses, is pretty exuberant herself. She bounces around at the piano, Dorothy Donegan style, and chirps, whistles, sings in Portuguese, and will no doubt win over a heap of good old boys and girls in the process. The rest of the lineup: Thursday, July 7, Delbert McClinton; Sunday, July 10, blues guitarist and singer **LONNIE BROOKS**; Monday, July 11, **COMMANDER CODY**; Tuesday, July 12, Cajun fiddler **DOUG KERSHAW**; and Wednesday and Thursday, July 13-14, blues star **ALBERT KING**. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A comfortable and first-rate jazz club. Pianist and singer **SHARON FREEMAN** is here on Wednesday, July 6, with bassist **CECIL MC BEE** and drummer **VICTOR LEWIS**; Thursday through Saturday, July 7-9, saxophonist **BOBBY WATSON** heads a quintet; Tuesday and Wednesday, July 12-13, hard boppers trumpeter **BILL HARDMAN** and tenor saxophonist **JUNIOR COOK** will co-pilot a quartet; and on Thursday, July 14, drummer **PHILLY JOE JONES** will bring in his quintet for a three-night visit. Sets start at nine-thirty. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—**KENNY RANKIN**, the pleasant pop-jazz folkie, begins singing here on Friday, July 8. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Singer and lyricist **JON HENDRICKS** is present with his singing wife, two other singing colleagues, and a rhythm section to perform tunes by Armstrong, Ellington, Basie, and others that Mr. Hendricks has set to words. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue, which is known for the R. & B. and jazz bands that have been performing here for more than a decade. **MILT JACKSON**, who plays fulfilling, airy blues on his Radio City Music Hall of a vibraharp, and **RAY BROWN**, the famous West Coast bassist, lead their quartet through Saturday, July 9. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. The roster: Wednesday, July 6, Richie Scarlett Band and Easy Money; Thursday, July 7, Shades, Mary Mac, and John Are; Friday, July 8, the Drongoes, Squirrels from Hell, and Strings of Sympathy; Saturday, July 9, Rare Silk and Sue Maskeleris; Monday, July 11, Street Kids, J'zzing, and Digital Richard; Wednesday, July 13, George Worthmore and Blue Sparks from Hell; Thursday, July 14, Doug Wain & the Demos and Motivation; Friday, July 15, Cha Cha Fernandez, Soviet Sex, and the Slumlords; and Saturday, July 16, Skip Castro and Mojo Bone. Shows at ten and twelve-thirty. Sundays are reserved for a jam session from about ten. Mondays, a talent showcase begins at eight. Dining and dancing.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which func-

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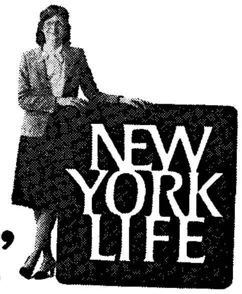

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

Peppermint Lounge, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—Rock and roll disguised as the Late Show: Friday, July 8, Dream Syndicate and Cool It Reba; Saturday, July 9, the **FLESHTONES** and the Fuzztones. Music from way past your bedtime.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**SY OLIVER** leads his bounce septet here on the sixty-fifth floor Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935 when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Thursday, July 7, Fun Boy 3; Friday and Saturday, July 8-9, UB-40; Monday, July 11, Urban Blight; Wednesday, July 13, the Shirelles; Thursday, July 14, Eurythmics; Friday, July 15, Ministry; and Saturday, July 16, Men Without Hats. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A second-floor jazz club in which most of the walls are refreshingly austere. The roster: Wednesday, July 6, Bryan Wells and Urbanity; Thursday through Saturday, July 7-9, guitarist **STEVE KHAN & EYEWITNESS;** Sunday, July 10, Thom Rotella; Tuesday, July 12, singer **GRACE TESTANI;** Wednesday and Thursday, July 13-14, Marilyn Redfield; and Friday and Saturday, July 15-16, French Toast. Mondays belong to the Ed Palermo big band. Much of the music is amplified jazz-rock, and it runs from ten.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesdays, Cigano; Thursdays, Mixed Grill; Friday, July 8, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND;** Saturday, July 9, and Friday, July 15, **PE-DE-BOI;** Tuesday, July 12, Angela Santos & the Sweet Sounds of Rio; and Saturday, July 16, Brazuca. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Electric violinist **MICHAL URBANIAK,** his jazz-singer wife, **URSZULA DUDZIAK,** and their quintet will be on the stand through Saturday, July 9; Sunday, July 10, will be given over to Brazilian jazz with **THIAGO DE MELLO & AMAZON;** Monday, July 11, the **GIL EVANS ORCHESTRA** will perform; and on Tuesday, July 12, tenor saxophonist **PHAROAH SANDERS** will bring in his band. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—**CHARLES BROWN,** the personable-as-all-getout, sophisticated R. & B. singer and red-hot pianist, is back at this enjoyably simple blues room Wednesdays through Saturdays after nine-thirty.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Monday is salsa night in the barnlike downstairs room: on July 11, Orquesta Aragon, **MANNY OQUENDO'S CONJUNTO LIBRE,** and guest soloist **DAVE VALENTIN,** an important young jazz flutist, will all be present. On Saturday, July 9, singer **ESTHER SATTERFIELD** and the **WOODY SHAW** quintet will share the weekend stage. Shows at ten and midnight. . . . ¶ Meanwhile, out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** remains at the helm of her jazz harp on Tuesdays. Wednesday through Sunday, July 6-10, **ROLAND HANNA** and **GENE TAYLOR** perform piano-bass duets, and starting Wednesday, July 13, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** will take charge. Music Tuesdays from nine; Sundays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays from nine-thirty to one; and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to three.

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Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Taking a solo in front of a big band can be like riding a moped just in front of a speeding semi—it involves a lot of fiery urgency, or you have to pull over out of the way. **JOHNNY GRIFFIN,** who hasn't taken a tenor-sax solo in front of a big band regularly since the forties—he mostly works with just a quartet—still plays with that same striking fiery urgency. He's here through Sunday, July 10. On Tuesday, July 12, pianist **JIMMY ROWLES** and his flugelhorn-soloist daughter, Stacy, will come in with their quartet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** blast-off nights. Music from ten.

Village West, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A tile floor, a pressed-tin ceiling, brick walls, and an improved sound system—all the makings for bright acoustics. Tuesdays through Sundays, **LAURINDO ALMEIDA** is here playing guitar with bass accompaniment. Music Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining. No music Mondays.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A warm atmosphere, authentically prepared collard greens, and jazz pianists. Mondays through Wednesdays, Esther Blue is at the keyboard. Music nightly from eight-thirty until two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. **HAROLD (CORNBREAD) SINGER,** a tenor-sax veteran of territory bands in Oklahoma City and Kansas City in the thirties and forties, is here through Saturday, July 9; on Sunday, July 10, **DICK KATZ** will man the piano and lead a quartet; and starting Monday, July 11, **BENNY WATERS,** who was a member of the reed section in the bands of Claude Hopkins, Fletcher Henderson, *and* Jimmie Lunceford once upon a time, will work with his band. Music from about nine.

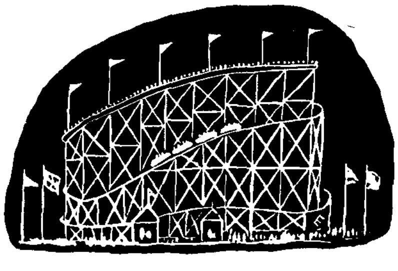
Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious airy passageway with tables and chairs and jazz musicians in it. Pianist **JIMMY ROWLES** winds up a week with bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** on Saturday, July 9; on Monday, July 11, pianist Bill O'Connell will move in with bassist Clint Houston. Sundays are reserved for pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and bassist **PHIL FLANIGAN.** Music Mondays through Saturdays from nine, and Sundays from eight-thirty.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

John Ahearn—Wall sculptures reflecting life in the South Bronx (some of the castings were actually made in the streets), the liveliest a double-Dutch jump-rope tableau. There are also four pieces by Rigoberto Torres, who collaborates with Ahearn. Through Aug. 26. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)



John Alexander / Frederick Brown—Abstract paintings. / Paintings in which Biblical themes are adapted to contemporary settings. Through Friday, July 15. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Akira Arita—Still-lifes in oils and mixed mediums by a realist. Also, two portraits. Through Friday, July 8. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Tom Butter—A sixteen-foot sculpture of translucent, colored fibre glass which has taken root in the Hammarskjöld Plaza sculpture garden like some flamboyant botanical sport. Through Sept. 30. (Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Rafael Ferrer—Paintings, constructions, and drawings from the past decade. Through Aug. 10. (Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4.)

Rudolf Grossmann (1882-1941) **and Emil Orlik** (1870-1932)—Figurative etchings and drypoints by two European printmakers. Through July 29. (Sumers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jan Groth—Drawings in which a vibrant black line traverses a white field, and large tapestries in which the design is white and the ground a rich black. Through July 22. (Goodman, 24 W. 57th St.)

Mati Klarwein—Visionary landscapes and a few portraits. Through July 29. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Hayley Lever (1876-1958)—Watercolors of seaports and fishing villages, here and abroad. Through Friday, July 15. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Josef Levi—Paintings and drawings simulating the masters—self-portraits of van Gogh and Rembrandt paired on the same canvas, for instance, or copies of heads by Matisse and Vermeer, van Dongen and Warhol, or Chuck Close and a Ravenna mosaicist. Through Friday, July 15. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway. Opens at noon Tuesdays through Fridays.)

Hitch Lyman and Gary Kulak—Watercolors of gardens in Italy by the former, and garden arbors in welded steel (one full size) by the latter. Through July 29. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Mariann Loveland Miller / Richard Miller—Fantasy paintings involving figures. / Collage paintings. Through Friday, July 15. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St.)

Ethel Myers (1881-1960)—About ten small bronzes representing fashionable people at the turn of the century by an artist whose work was included in the Armory Show. Also drawings. Through Friday, July 8. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Philip Pearlstein—Watercolors and a large charcoal drawing, all new work. Through Aug. 17. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

David Schofield—Detailed pen-and-ink drawings of architectural wonders; one of the old Pennsylvania Station is twelve feet long and was done from photographs by this twenty-four-year-old artist. Through Friday, July 8. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St.)

Andrea Zakin—Emblematic paintings in oils and paint sticks. Through July 26. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway. Opens at noon Tuesdays through Saturdays.)

Paul Zelevansky—A three-dimensional installation devoted to a fictitious city. Through July 29. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St.)

Pratt Invitational Alumni Exhibition—One or more works (paintings, photographs, constructions) by twenty former students, who include Nancy Grossman, Sylvia Plachy, Clayton Pond, and George Segal. Through Saturday, July 16. (469 Broome St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Art in the Anchorage—Creative Time is presenting a summer show of ten art installations designed (by Sal Romano, Taro Suzuki, Thomas Weaver, and others) for this exhibition space under the Brooklyn Bridge (in Brooklyn). Admission is two dollars. (Cadman Plaza West and Front St. Daily, noon to 8; closes at 7 on Wednesdays.)

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Con Mosca
1 oz. Sambuca Romana
3 roasted coffee beans
Float coffee beans on top.

White Cloud
1 oz. Sambuca Romana
Club soda
Pour over ice
in tall glass.

Romana Caffe
1 oz. Sambuca Romana
¾ cup hot coffee
Top with sweetened
whipped cream.
Dust with grated
nutmeg.

Chocolate Chip Sambuca
1 oz. Sambuca Romana
¼ cup chocolate chip
ice cream
Blend and serve or
freeze until serving.

Sunny Sam
½ oz. Sambuca Romana
1 oz. vodka
Orange juice
Pour over ice in
8 ounce goblet.

Reunion (for 2)
1 oz. Sambuca Romana
1 oz. vodka
12 fresh strawberries
6 oz. orange juice
⅔ cup crushed ice
Mix ingredients in blender
until almost smooth.

The traditional way to drink Sambuca is Con Mosca. But if you're out of coffee beans, try one of these other drinks. And then write for our original Sambuca Romana recipe book. Sambuca Romana 84 Pf.

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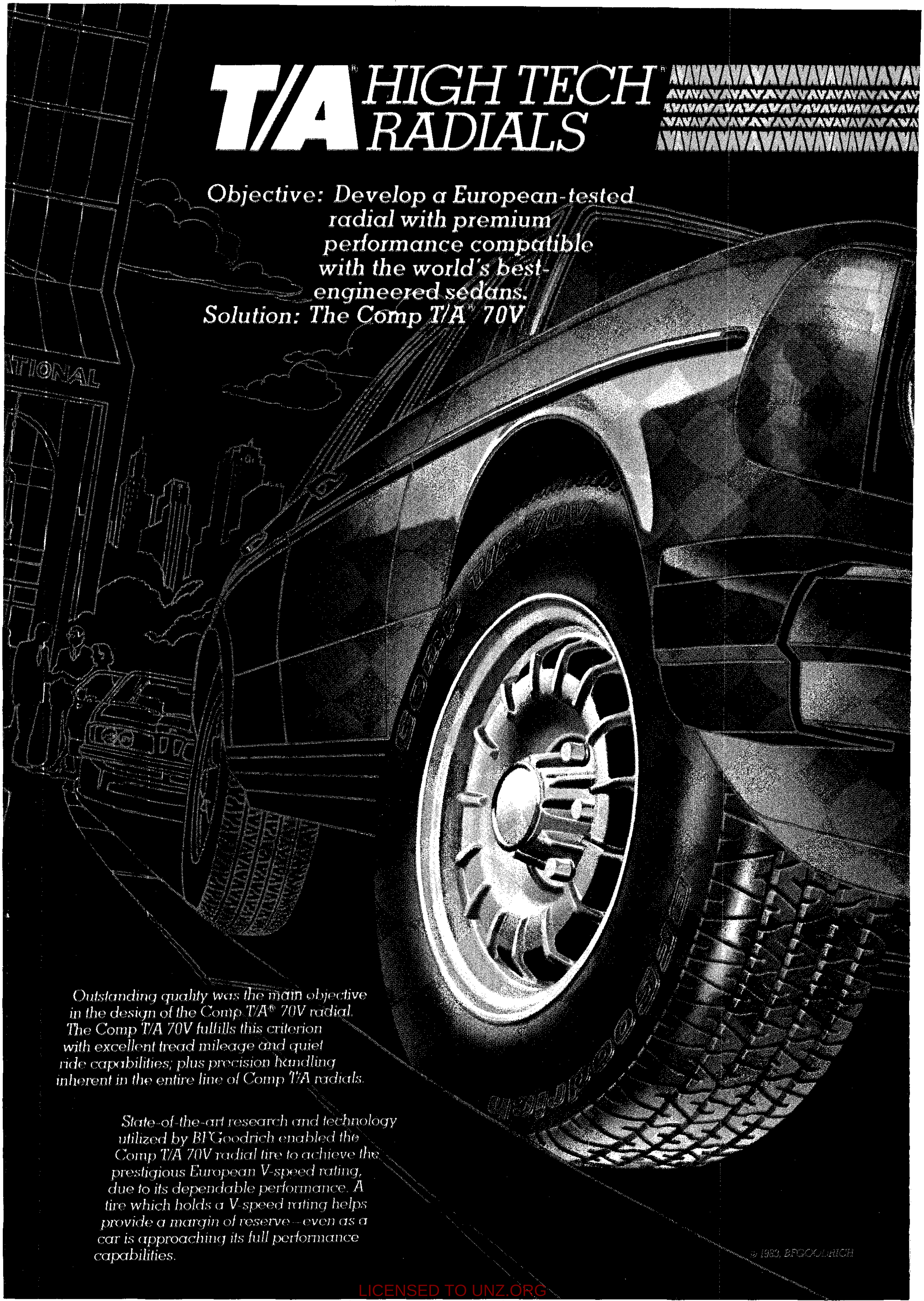

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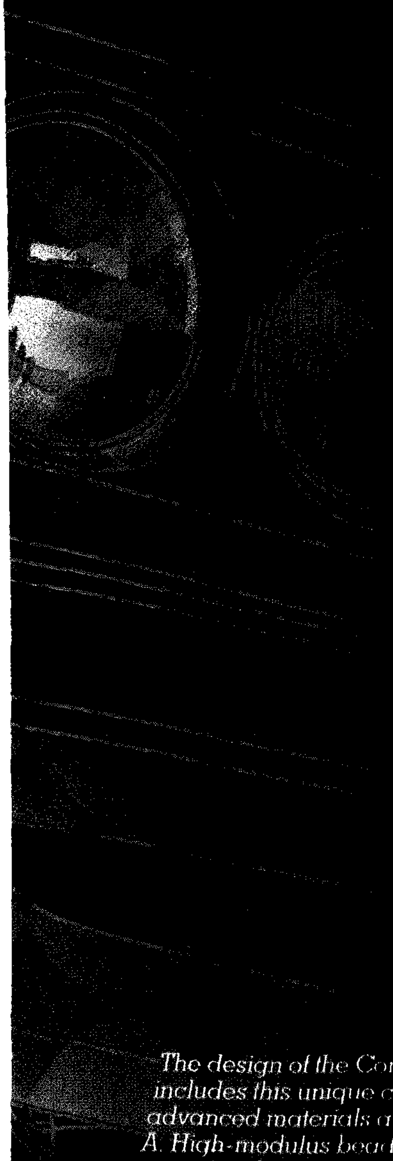

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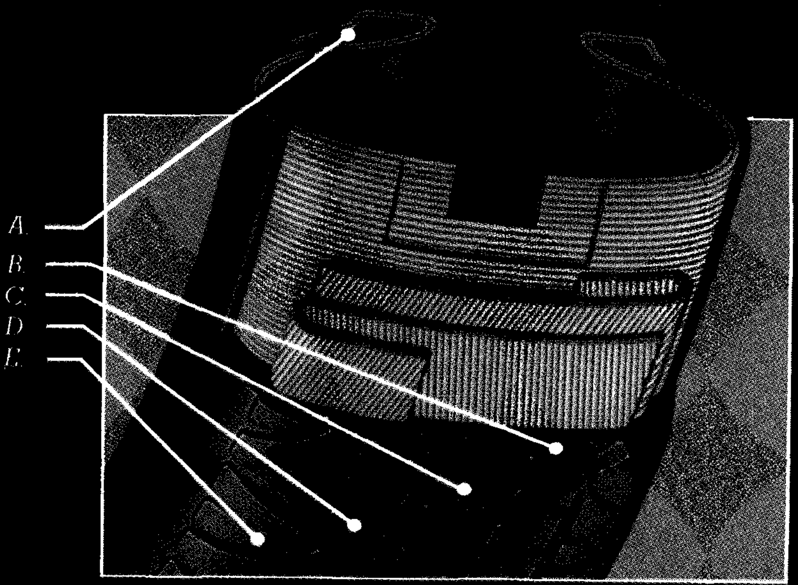

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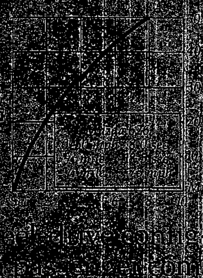

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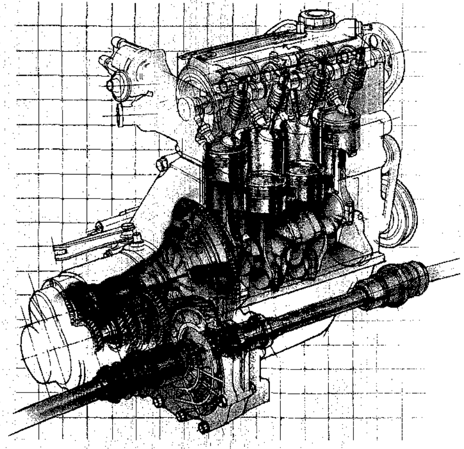

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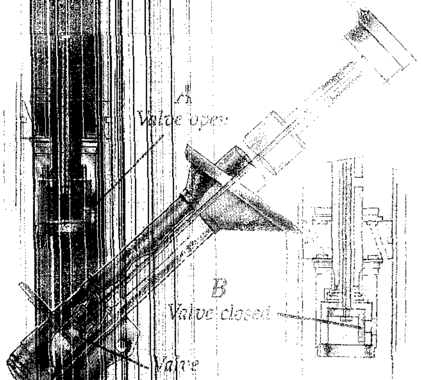

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young Roman artists, among them Bruno Ceccobelli and Gianni Dessì, showing paintings, sculptures, and drawings. Through Sept. 15. . . . **BELLMAN,** 41 E. 57th St.: "The Apocalyptic Vision" is the title of a display of unsettling New Image paintings by Nancy Chunn, Peter Dean, Robert Morgan, and Michael Dvortcsak. Through Friday, July 15. . . . **BONNIER,** 420 West Broadway: Paintings and sculptures by Robert Ryman, Joel Shapiro, Brice Marden, and others. Through July 29. . . . **CDS GALLERY,** 13 E. 75th St.: An artists-choose-artists exhibit of paintings and sculptures, in which nominators and nominees are both represented; e.g., Carl Andre (showing a sculpture) picked Nancy Haynes (a painted-wood relief). Through Saturday, July 16. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **MARISA DEL RE,** 41 E. 57th St.: Works incorporating found objects by such artists as Nevelson, O'Keeffe, Man Ray, and Richard Pousette-Dart. Through July 28. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 137 Greene St.: "Great Drawings from the Collection of the Royal Institute of British Architects": The greats (who are not just British) include Palladio, Wren, Wright, and Inigo Jones. Through July 30. (Open Saturdays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **GLADSTONE,** 152 Wooster St.: Eleven artists (Jenny Holzer, Tim Rollins, Ida Applebroog, others) exhibiting paintings, video, photographs, etc., that fall into the category of social commentary. Through July 29. . . . **HAMILTON,** 20 W. 57th St.: Delicate wood cabinets with unusual screens and drawers by Loren Calaway; shaped canvases heavily encrusted with grimy-looking paint by Michael David; and figurative oils by Dona Nelson. Through July 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **KNOWLTON,** 153 Mercer St.: Abstract and semi-abstract landscapes and urban scenes by Gregory Amenoff, Porfirio Di Donna, Peter Flaccus, and George Peck. Through July 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MILLER,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Paintings and works on paper by Louisa Chase, Roberto Juarez, and Robert S. Zakanitch. Through July 29. . . . **NOSEI,** 100 Prince St.: Two enigmatic figure paintings by Sabina Mirri, a young Italian newcomer, are included in the summer show of works, which are mostly by familiar gallery artists. Through July 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PEARL,** 38 E. 57th St.: Paintings from the fifties by Clinton Hill, Mark Rothko, Stephen Greene, Michael Loew, and others. Through July 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PROTETCH MC NEIL,** 214 Lafayette St., between Broome and Spring Sts.: Large-scale sculptures by Scott Burton, Jackie Ferrara, Mary Miss, and four others. Through Sept. 2. (Opens at noon.) . . . **TOLL,** 146 Greene St.: Gail von der Lippe, Arch Connelly, Muriel Wolf, David Humphrey, and others showing paintings and sculptures derived from forms in nature. Through July 22. . . . **VANDERWOUDE TANANBAUM,** 24 E. 81st St.: Five sculptors and four painters who either have had a show here this season or will have next. Among the artists are Heide Fasnacht, Will Horwitt, Abbie Zabar, and David Shapiro. Through Aug. 19. . . . **WEBER,** 142 Greene St.: Lucio Pozzi organized this exhibit, in which nine artists (Michael Hurson, Susanna Tanger, for instance) have paintings and sculptures. Through July 22. . . . **WITKIN,** 41 E. 57th St.: The Way Out West Show is centered on two New Mexico artists, Howard Cook (drawings and prints) and Barbara Latham (prints). Ansel Adams, Laura Gilpin, Maynard Dixon, Maria Henle, Timothy O'Sullivan, and others are also represented. Many photographs, of course. Through Aug. 12. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ZABRISKIE,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Three French artists—Pierre Buraglio (wood-and-glass constructions based on windows), Bertrand Lavier (painted file cabinets and other recognizable objects), and Georges Rousse (photographs of his works, which are drawn on the walls of abandoned buildings and are, understandably, awkward to move to a gallery space). Through Sept. 10. . . . **ZARRE,** 41 E. 57th St.: "Painting in General," a show of works by Esteban Vicente, Budd Hopkins, Susan Crile, and others. Through July 29. (Closed Mondays.)

¶ Many galleries are closed in the summer. A number mount group shows of works by

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gallery members, sometimes varying the content from week to week. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **ACA,** 21 E. 67th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **BOUCKAERT,** 100 Hudson St. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **CASTELLI,** 420 West Broadway and 142 Greene St. (Both closed Mondays.) . . . **COOPER,** 155 Wooster St. . . . **CORDIER & EKSTROM,** 417 E. 75th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **DAVIS & LANGDALE,** 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. (Closes at 4.) . . . **DEUTSCH,** 20 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **EINSTEIN,** 243 E. 82nd St. . . . **ELKON,** 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. . . . **FORUM,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE,** 24 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **HOFFMAN,** 429 West Broadway. . . . **KIND,** 136 Greene St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St. . . . **MILLIKEN,** 98 Prince St. . . . **OSCARSSON HOOD,** 41 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PACE,** 32 E. 57th St. . . . **PROTETCH,** 37 W. 57th St. . . . **ALEX ROSENBERG,** 20 W. 57th St. . . . **SACHS,** 29 W. 57th St. . . . **SHAFRAZI,** 163 Mercer St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **WILLARD,** 29 E. 72nd St. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

ESTHER BUBLEY—Prints from the forties (some of Texas and Central Park), plus a selection from her series on children. Through July 30. (Ledel, 168 Mercer St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Saturdays.)

RUDY BURCKHARDT—In a group of thirty photographs, there is a print from 1934 and one from this year. Through Friday, July 15. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

T. LUX FEININGER—Thirty photographs from the thirties and forties. Through Friday, July 15. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon Tuesdays through Fridays, and open Tuesday evenings until 7.)

LISETTE MODEL (1906-83)—Vacationers on the French Riviera and at Coney Island are among the subjects in photographs by an artist who died in March. Through Friday, July 15. (Parsons School of Design, 2 W. 13th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 9; Saturdays, 9 to 6.)

ALFRED STIEGLITZ (1854-1946)—A retrospective of some hundred and fifty photographs, selected in consultation with Georgia O'Keeffe, has been mounted by the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

GROUP SHOWS—At the **FREIDUS,** 158 Lafayette St.: Photographs by eleven photographers who live and teach in Georgia, Florida, or South Carolina. Through July 29. . . . **NEIKRUG,** 224 E. 68th St.: The sixth annual show of X-rated (mostly) photographs of nudes. George Platt Lynes, Robert Mapplethorpe, Charles Gatewood, and Arthur Tress are some of the artists. Through July 29. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . **PFEIFER,** 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Photographs of nudes—from Timothy Greenfield-Sanders' daughters, to Marly Stone's black child in the arms of a white woman at a nude beach, to E. Powis Jones' undressed mannequins. Through July 29. . . . **WOLF,** 30 W. 57th St.: Prints by gallery artists, who include Jan Groover, Sheila Metzner, and John Coplans. Through July 29.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Henry Moore retrospective show contains two hundred of his direct carvings in wood and stone, cast bronzes, drawings, and prints. Through Sept. 25. . . . ¶ The reinstallation of the Egyptian Wing has reached completion with the opening of ten new galleries, which house archeological and artistic works from 1991 to 1379 B.C. . . . ¶ An exhibit of works by American artist Charles Willson Peale includes the trompe-l'oeil portrait "The Staircase Group" and his "The Artist in His Museum" as well as a re-creation of part of the natural-history museum he founded in Philadelphia in the seventeen-eighties. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ Sixty-four paintings and oil sketches of the English countryside by John Constable. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ "La Belle Epoque," a show of costumes in period settings. Through Sept. 4. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** The work of Alfred Stieglitz. Through Aug. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

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MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 18 W. 54th St.—The permanent collections (including fifty works by Miró and Picasso) would be the main reason for a visit just now, while a Mondrian show, scheduled to open Thursday, July 14, is being installed. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Two shows of European paintings, one of postwar works by long-established artists on the order of Balthus, Dubuffet, and Tàpies, the other of representatives of the new wave who have attracted so much attention recently, such as Cucchi, Darboven, and Penck. Some of the works are loans that the museum hopes to add to its collections. Both through Sept. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Grant Wood's "American Gothic," which made its New York début at the Whitney fifty years ago, is the centerpiece of a retrospective of the artist's works. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ "Minimalism to Expressionism: *Painting and Sculpture Since 1965*" is the title for a show of nearly sixty works; the artists range from, among others, Carl Andre and Agnes Martin (late sixties) to Lynda Benglis and Steve Keister (seventies) to David Salle, Joel Shapiro, and Nam June Paik (eighties). Frank Stella is represented by paintings from both the early and late camps. Through Sept. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A selection of prints and drawings acquired for the museum by the late curator Gene Baro. A few of the artists are Laura Shechter, Alex Katz, and Mark Stock. . . . ¶ A diverse show honoring the Brooklyn Bridge. Both exhibits through Sept. 5. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—African textiles and their traditional manufacture constitute an exhibit that comes, for the most part, from the British Museum. Clothing, decorative cloth, puppets, looms, etc. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

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AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM I, 44 W. 53rd St.—A display of sculptural and functional wrought-iron works by artisans from around the world. Through Sept. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

ASIA SOCIETY, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—An array of thirteenth- to nineteenth-century dyed cotton textiles from India whose designs are considered the forerunners of calico, gingham, dungaree, and bandanna. Through July 31. (Open daily except Fridays. Hours: Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 5; Thursdays, 10 to 8:30; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of more than two hundred of the exquisite *objets de luxe* crafted by the Russian designer Carl Fabergé which come almost entirely from the personal collections of Queen Elizabeth II. Through Sunday, July 10. . . . ¶ Joseph Pennell, John Marin, Richard Haas, and David Macaulay are four of the artists represented in a show of twentieth-century American prints of urban architecture. Through Sept. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of works by nine Jewish artists who emigrated to Great Britain in the first half of this century. It includes sculptures by Jacob Epstein and paintings by Jankel Adler and Josef Herman. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays and Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

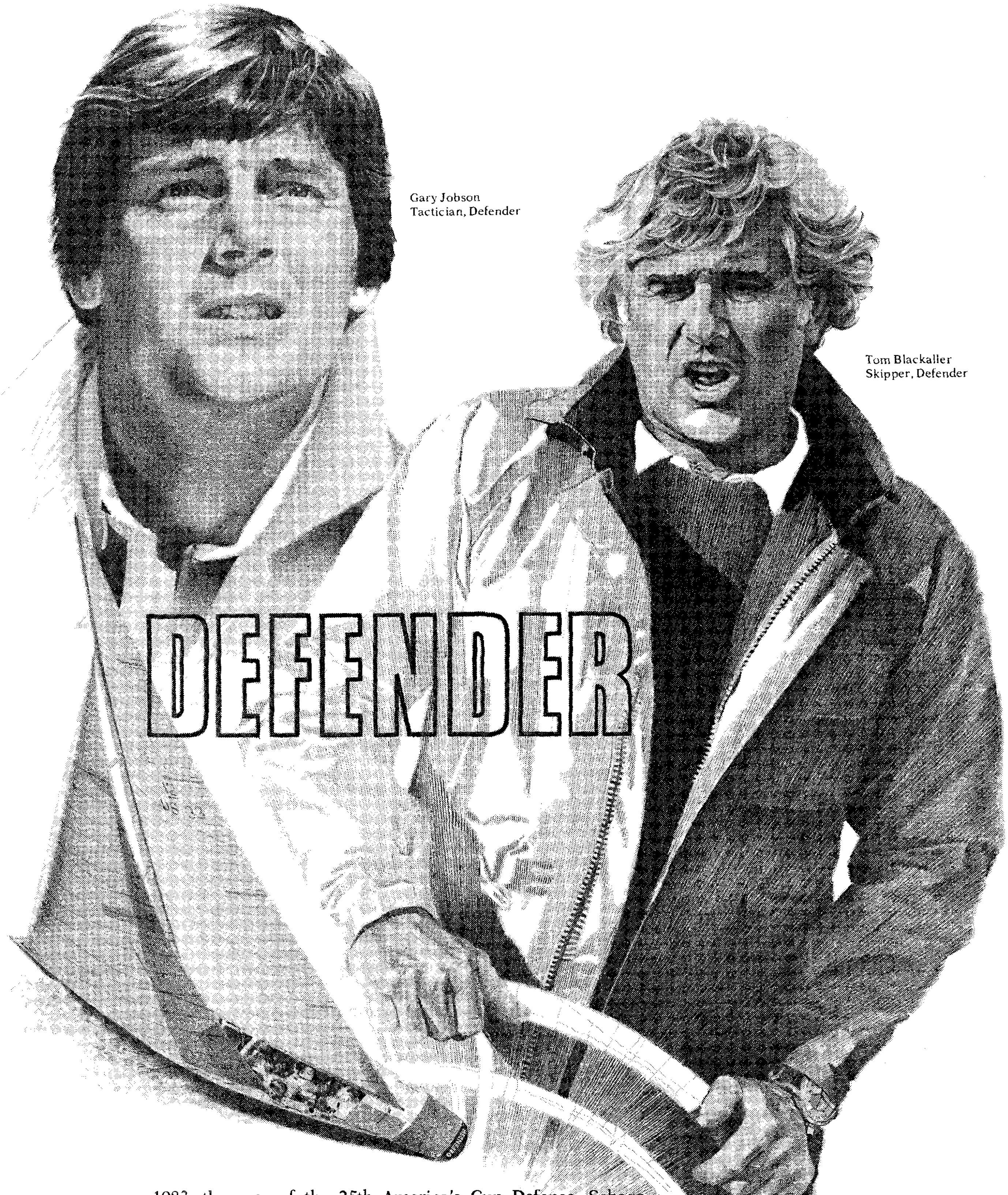
MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"Holbein and the Court of Henry VIII" is the title for an exhibition of seventy portrait drawings and one painted miniature by Hans Holbein the Younger, all of which come from the collection of Queen Elizabeth II in the Royal Library at Windsor Castle. As background material, the Morgan has provided paintings and books from its own collections, and original letters and documents by a number of the subjects featured. Through July 30. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—A show of twenty-four Pennsylvania Amish quilts in which all the classic geometric patterns (and many variations) are represented. Through Sept. 18. Complementary shows, under the auspices of the museum, are at City Gallery, 2 Columbus Circle (Indiana Amish quilts); and at the Equitable Building, 1285 Sixth Ave., at 52nd St. (Amish crib quilts). (The museum is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A display of forty models, plus drawings, for residences designed by seven West Coast architectural firms. Through Sept. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A show of more than a hundred and fifty Tiffany lamps from the collection of Egon Neustadt. . . . ¶ An exhibition of Currier & Ives lithographs. Through Aug. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 144 W. 125th St.—Contemporary artist Richard Yarde has put together a large installation here that re-creates the Savoy Ballroom's bandstand and dance floor, populated with representations of musicians and dancers. Also, fifteen studies in watercolor. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ A selection from the museum's permanent collections includes more than seventy paintings, sculptures, prints, photographs, and drawings. Through Sept. 11. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, 10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MUSIC

New York City Opera—Opening performances of their first combined summer-fall season, which will continue through Sunday, Nov. 13. Thursday, July 7, at 8: "Turandot," with Judith Telep-Ehrlich, Judith Haddon, Jon Fredric West, and Harry Dworchak; conducted by Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday, July 8, at 8: "La Bohème," with Elizabeth Hynes, Marianna Christos, Bruce Reed, and Frederick Burchinal; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 9, at 2: "Carmen," with Joy Davidson, Wilhelmenia Fernandez, Riccardo Calleo, and Justino Díaz; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 9, at 8: "Die Fledermaus," (in English), with Heather Thomson, Leigh Munro, Abram Morales, and Charles Roe; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 10, at 1: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Gianna Rolandi, Chris Merritt, Frederick Burchinal, and Justino Díaz; Jorge Mester. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 10, at 7: "Turandot," with Judith Telep-Ehrlich, Judith Haddon, Jon Fredric West, and Harry Dworchak; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 12, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Gianna Rolandi, Chris Merritt, Frederick Burchinal, and Justino Díaz; Jorge Mester. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 14, at 8: "Turandot," with Judith Telep-Ehrlich, Judith Haddon, Jon Fredric West, and Harry Dworchak; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday, July 15, at 8: "Candide," with Erie Mills, Deborah Darr, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, David Eisler, and John Lankston; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 16, at 2: "Candide," with Claudette Peterson, Deborah Darr, Beverly Evans, Cris Groenendaal, and Joseph McKee; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 16, at 8: "Candide," with Erie Mills, Deborah Darr, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, David Eisler, and John Lankston; Scott Bergeson. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570.)

Summermusic at the Y—Final performances—Wednesday, July 6, at 8: A program of music by J. S. Bach, J. C. F. Bach, Handel, and Haydn, with Anthony Newman, harpsichord; Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute; Sharon Robinson, cello; Jaime Laredo, violin; and Michael Tree, viola. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 7, at 8: A Haydn–Debussy–Ravel program, with Hiroko Yajima, violin; Joseph Kalichstein, piano; Nancy Allen, harp; Michele Zukofsky, clarinet; Miss Robinson, and the Messrs. Tree, Rampal, and Laredo. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410.)

Mostly Mozart Festival—Opening performances of a seven-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs, which will run through Saturday, Aug. 27. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Monday, July 11, and Wednesday, July 13: Gerard Schwarz conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Horacio Gutiérrez, piano, and Yo-Yo Ma, cello. (No pre-concert recital on Monday.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 12: The Tokyo String Quartet, with Bella Davidovich, piano, and Raphael Hillyer, viola. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 14: The Tokyo String Quartet, with Garrick Ohlsson, piano, and Walter Trampler, viola. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 15-16: Gerard Schwarz conducting the orchestra, with Emanuel Ax, piano, and Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Thursday, July 7, at 8:30: Salvatore Accardo, violin, and Luis Batlle, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 8, at 7: Tom Krause, baritone; Jules Eskin, cello; and Gilbert Kalish, piano, in an all-Brahms program. . . . ¶ Friday, July 8, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony in a Brahms–Richard Strauss program, with Leontyne Price, soprano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 9, at 8:30: Leonard Slatkin conducting a Rouse-Brahms-Prokofieff program, with Mr. Accardo. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 10, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa directing a performance of Haydn's oratorio "The Creation," with Kathleen Battle, soprano; Goesta Winbergh, tenor; Mr. Krause; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 14, at 8:30: A recital by Miss Battle. . . . ¶ Friday, July 15, at 7: Joseph Silverstein, violin; Burton Fine, viola; and the Messrs. Eskin and Kalish playing Brahms' Piano Quartet in G Minor. . . . ¶ Friday, July 15, at 9: Eugene Ormandy conducting the Boston Symphony in a Barber–Richard Strauss–Brahms program, with Radu Lupu, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 16, at 8:30: Edo de Waart conducting an all-*Brahms program, with the Messrs. Silverstein* and Eskin. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 17, at 2:30: Edo de Waart conducting a program of music by Brahms, Henze, Falla, and Ravel, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. (Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 28. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1666.)

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Caramoor Festival—Thursday, July 7, at 4:15: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble, with Barbara Martin, mezzo-soprano, and Aleck Karis, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 9, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra in a *Haydn-Mozart-Dvořák* program, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano; Stephen Taylor, oboe; Dennis Godburn, bassoon; Naoko Tanaka, violin; and Myron Lutzke, cello. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 10, at 5:30: The Waverly Consort in a program of Renaissance music. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 14, at 4:15: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble in a Haydn-Ravel-Brahms program. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 16, at 8:30: Michael Feldman conducting the orchestra in a program of music by Rossini, Beethoven, Stravinsky, and *Mozart, with Ruth Laredo, piano.* . . . ¶ Sunday, July 17, at 5:30: Michael Feldman conducting the ensemble in an all-Bach program, with Elizabeth Pruett, soprano. (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 28. On Saturdays, buses leave at six from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 1-914 232-5035.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—The New York City Ballet in a three-week season (tentative schedule) that ends Saturday, July 23. Wednesday evening, July 6: "Swan Lake," "Rossini Quartets," and "Piano Pieces." . . . ¶ Thursday matinée, July 7: "Rossini Quartets," "Piano Pieces," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 7: "Swan Lake," "Glass Pieces," and "Souvenir de Florence." . . . ¶ Friday evening, July 8, and Saturday matinée, July 9: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, July 9: "Souvenir de Florence," "Glass Pieces," and "Symphony in C." . . . [**Note:** A special concert will be given by the Tubes and the Plimsouls on Sunday, July 10, at 8:15.] . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, July 12: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, July 13: "Ballet d'Isoline," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Scotch Symphony." . . . ¶ Thursday matinée, July 14: "Scotch Symphony," "Episodes," and "Souvenir de Florence." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 14: "Concerto Barocco," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Scotch Symphony." . . . ¶ Friday evening, July 15: "Delibes Divertissement," "I'm Old Fashioned," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, July 16: "Delibes Divertissement," "Episodes," and "Dances at a Gathering." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, July 16: "Rossini Quartets," "Episodes," and "I'm Old Fashioned." (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2. Through Monday, Sept. 5. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Summerfare '83—Opening performances of a five-week festival of theatre, dance, and music which will take place at the State University of New York, at Purchase, through Sunday, Aug. 7. *Un soupçon*—**THURSDAY, JULY 7, AT 8:** "Booth Is Back in Town," a musical, with a book by Austin Pendleton, lyrics by Gretchen Cryer, and music by Arthur B. Rubinstein. . . . **FRIDAY, JULY 8, AT 8:** "Booth Is Back in Town." . . . **AT 8:30:** The Pennsylvania Ballet. . . . **AT 11:** Gretchen Cryer and Nancy Ford in a cabaret show. . . . **SATURDAY, JULY 9, AT 3:** The Pennsylvania Ballet. . . . **AT 6:** Benjamin Britten's opera "Noah's Flood." (No tickets necessary.) . . . **AT 8:** "Booth Is Back in Town." . . . **AT 8:30:** The Pennsylvania Ballet. . . . **AT 9 AND 11:** Gretchen Cryer and Nancy Ford . . . . **SUNDAY, JULY 10, AT 3 AND 7:30:** "Booth Is Back in Town." . . . **AT 8:** The Pennsylvania Ballet. . . . **WEDNESDAY, JULY 13, AT 8:** "Booth Is Back in Town." . . . **THURSDAY, JULY 14, AT 8:** "Booth Is Back in Town." . . . **AT 8:30:** "Calonorang," a drama-dance ritual from Bali. . . . **FRIDAY, JULY 15, AT 8:** "Booth Is Back in Town." . . . **AT 8:30:** The Lar Lubovitch Dance Company and "Calonorang." . . . **AT 9 AND 11:** The David Amram quintet. . . . **SATURDAY, JULY 16, AT 3:** The Lar Lubovitch Dance Company. . . . **AT 6:** The David Amram quintet and string orchestra. . . . **AT 8:** "Booth Is Back in Town" and the Brooklyn Philharmonic in an all-Copland program. . . . **AT 8:30:** The Lar Lubovitch Dance Company and "Calonorang." . . . **AT 9 AND 11:** The David Amram quintet. . . . **AT 10:30:** Marta Renzi and Dancers. (No tickets necessary.) . . . **SUNDAY, JULY 17, AT 3:** "Booth Is Back in Town" and Berky, Garbo & Moschen, a vaudeville and circus trio. . . . **AT 7:30:** "Booth Is Back in Town." . . . **AT 8:** Emanuel Ax, piano; Yo-Yo Ma, cello; and Gerard Schwarz, trumpet, in a mostly Mozart program; Berky, *Garbo & Moschen; and The Lar Lubovitch* Dance Company. . . . **AT 8:30:** "Calonorang." (For information about tickets, call 1-914 253-5900.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 9: The Paul Taylor Dance Company. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 12-16: Jazz Tap Ensemble. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30; Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; and Saturdays at 2 and 8:30. For information about tickets, call 1-413 242-0745.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Houston, Friday, July 8, at 8:05; Saturday, July 9, at 7:35; and Sunday, July 10, at 1:05. . . . ¶ Cincinnati, Tuesday through Thursday, July 12-14, at 7:35. . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Texas, Thursday and Friday, July 14-15, at 8, and Saturday, July 16, at about 2:20 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities start at 1, and will include a couple of innings involving old Yankee warriors and other players who appeared in All-Star games at the stadium).

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, July 25. The Astoria, Wednesday, July 6; the Coaching Club American Oaks, Saturday, July 9; the Tremont, Sunday, July 10; and the Sheepshead Bay Handicap, Saturday, July 16. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 3. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:20.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights at 7:30, except Saturday, July 16, when post time will be 5; through

LASZLO
THE BEACH SHOP

Saturday, Sept. 24. The Jersey Derby, Saturday, July 16.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Team America. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Wednesday, July 6, at 9. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 6. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 19. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8; through Friday, Aug. 12.

Yachting—Australia, Canada, England, France, and Italy in the second round of the preliminary trials for the right to challenge the United States in the America's Cup races. (Newport. Through Thursday, July 14.) . . . ¶ America's Cup observation trials, American yachts. (Newport. Saturday, July 16, through Wednesday, July 27.) . . . ¶ Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Starting Saturday, July 16.)

ET ALIA

Auctions—At Sotheby's, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)—Thursday, July 14, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century works of art.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **richard iii,** with Kevin Kline, Marian Seldes, Betty Miller, and David Alan Grier. The first of two productions to be presented in the Delacorte Theatre this summer. (Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Closes Sunday, July 31. For information about tickets, call 861-7277.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Ainslee Cox conducting the Guggenheim Concert Band in this summer's series of concerts. (Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 7.) . . . ¶ Martin Josman directing the National Chorale in an all-Gershwin program. (Saturday, July 9, at 8.)

Central Park Mall—Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company in the first two in a series of four Verdi productions. Wednesday, July 6, at 8: "Nabucco" in concert form, with Marisa Galvany, soprano, and Theodore Lambrinos, baritone. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 13, at 8: "Rigoletto," a staged production, with Anita Aronoff, soprano; Ann Plagianos, mezzo-soprano; Ronald Naldi, tenor; and Jay Willoughby, baritone.

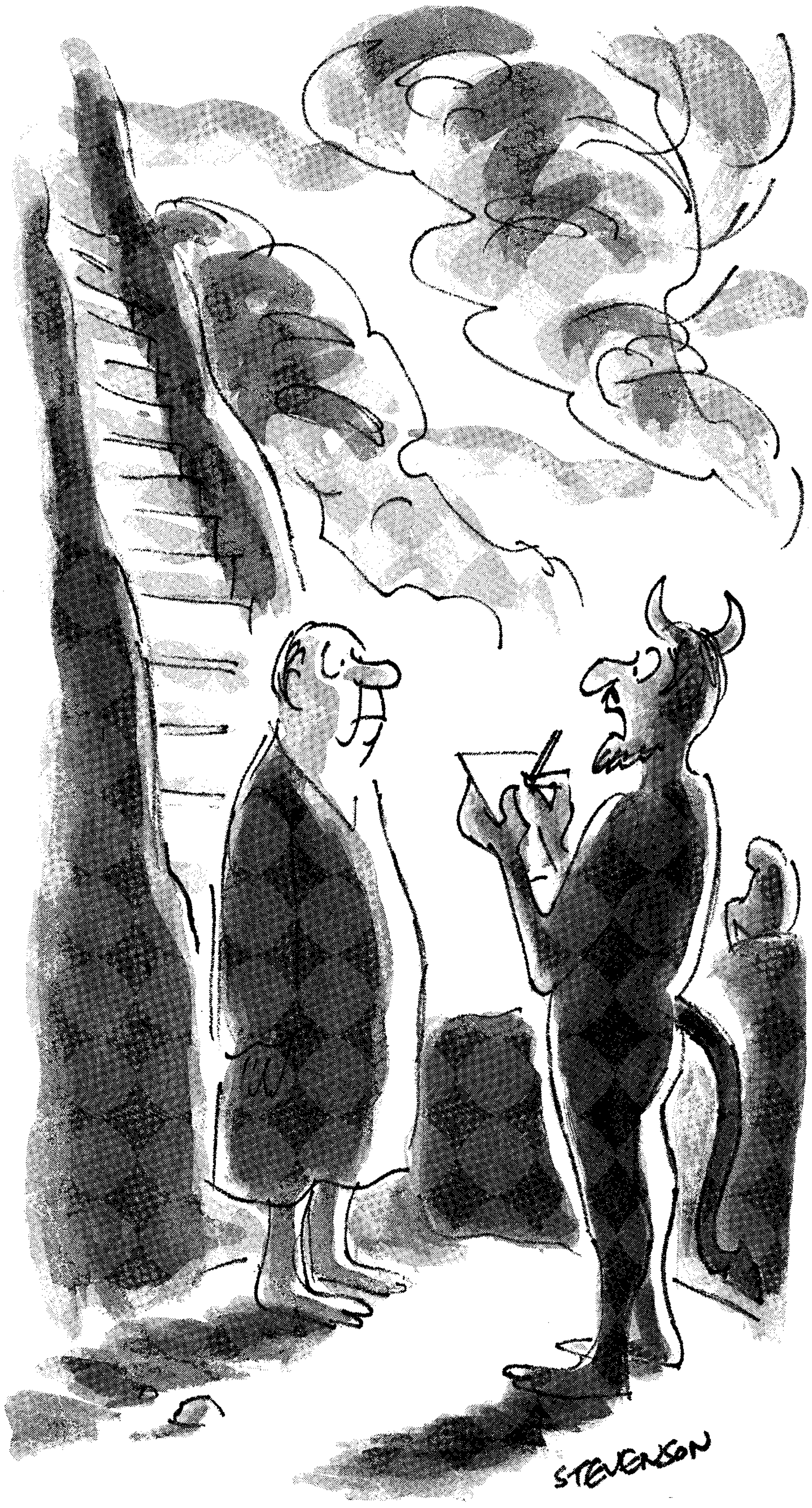
Music Festival on the Pier—The Miller beer people's summer upheaval, running through Thursday, Sept. 1. Wednesday, July 6: Peter Tosh and Dennis Brown. . . . ¶ Friday, July 8: The Beach Boys. . . . ¶ Monday, July 11: Southside Johnny & the Asbury Jukes and Gary. . . U.S. Bonds. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 13: The Tubes and the Plimsouls. . . . ¶ Friday, July 15: Chaka Khan and Mtume. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 16: The Ramones. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Evenings at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

I Love New York Concert Series—The first in a series of six concerts, this one featuring Wayne Newton. (World Trade Center's Austin J. Tobin Plaza. Saturday, July 9, at 8. For information about tickets, call 683-4960.)

Walking Tours—A conducted tour of Greenwich Village, sponsored by the Municipal Art Society. Saturday and Sunday, July 9-10, starting at Cooper Union, Fourth Ave. at 8th St., at 2. (For information about tickets, call 935-3960.) . . . ¶ A conducted tour of the East Seventies, sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, July 10, starting at St. Jean Baptiste Church, Lexington Ave. at 76th St., at 1:30. (For information about tickets, call 534-1672.)

Brooklyn Bridge Centennial—"The Eighth Wonder," a twenty-five-minute *son-et-lumière* show about the planning and building of the Brooklyn Bridge, using the recorded voices of Anne Jackson, Farley Granger, and Paul Roebling. The spectacle may be seen and heard at outdoor theatres on opposite sides of the East River, located in Manhattan at the end of Peck Slip, south of the bridge and north of the South Street Seaport, and in Brooklyn at the Fulton Ferry Landing at the foot of Cadman Plaza. (Wednesdays through Saturdays at 9:15 and 10. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

(*Advertisement*)



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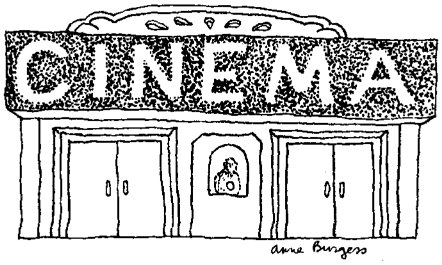
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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10	11	12	13	14	15	16

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 22.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

"Neige" (directed by Juliet Berto and Jean-Henri Roger; in French), with Berto.

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)

Through July 7: "Death in Venice" (†) and "The Damned" (†).

July 8-14: "East of Eden" (1955; Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris and James Dean; and "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955; Nicholas Ray), with James Dean and Natalie Wood.

From July 15: "Gandhi" (†).

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)

Through July 7: "Blue Thunder" (†); and "Absence of Malice" (1981; Sydney Pollack), with Paul Newman and Sally Field.

From July 8: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

"Stroker Ace" (Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Ned Beatty.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"Octopussy" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)

"Superman III" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "WarGames" (†).

Theatre 2: "Trading Places" (†).

Theatre 3: "Return of the Jedi" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"Twilight Zone—The Movie" (John Landis, Steven Spielberg, Joe Dante, and George Miller).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

Through July 14: "Octopussy" (†).

From July 15: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

"Twilight Zone—The Movie" (John Landis, Steven Spielberg, Joe Dante, and George Miller).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"Porky's II: The Next Day" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"L'Etoile du Nord" (Pierre Granier-Deferre; in French), with Simone Signoret and Philippe Noiret.

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: "Superman III" (†).

Theatre 2: "Superman III" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: Through July 12: "S.O.B." (†). From July 13: "The Grey Fox" (Phillip Borsos), with Richard Farnsworth.

Theatre 2: "Flashdance" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

A Woody Allen festival:

July 6: "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" (1972), with Allen; and "Stardust Memories" (1980), with Allen and Charlotte Rampling.

July 7: "Bananas" (1971), with Allen; and "Annie Hall" (1977), with Allen and Diane Keaton.

From July 8: To be announced.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: "Fanny and Alexander" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Draughtsman's Contract" (Peter Greenaway), with Anthony Higgins and Janet Suzman.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "Octopussy" (†).

Theatre 2: "Stroker Ace" (Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Ned Beatty.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

Through July 14: "Hammett" (Wim Wenders), with Frederic Forrest.

From July 15: "Zelig" (Woody Allen), with Allen and Mia Farrow.

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "WarGames" (†).

Theatre 2: "Yellowbeard" (Mel Damski), with Graham Chapman.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"The Return of Martin Guerre" (Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Trading Places" (†).

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)

Through July 16 (tentative): "Betrayal" (David Jones), with Jeremy Irons and Ben Kingsley. (See page 95, this issue.)

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"WarGames" (†).

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: "Return of the Jedi" (†).

Theatre 2: "Trading Places" (†).

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

"Stroker Ace" (Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Ned Beatty.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: "Octopussy" (†).

Theatre 2: "Superman III" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: Through July 12: "Prix de Beauté" (1930; directed by Augusto Genina; in French), with Louise Brooks; and "A Conversation with Louise Brooks" (1974; Richard Leacock), a short film. From July 13: "Quest for Power: Sketches of the American New Right" (Saul Landau and Frank Diamond); and "Target Nicaragua: Inside a Covert War" (Saul Landau).

Theatre 2: July 6: "Teorema" (1969; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Terence Stamp and Silvana Mangano; and "Orpheus" (1949; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Périer. July 7-9: "La Strada" (1954; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina; and "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina. July 10-11: "Pygmalion" (†) and "The Importance of Being Earnest" (†). July 12: "Red Desert" (†) and "Gate of Hell" (†). July 13: "Umberto D." (†) and "Miracle in Milan" (†). July 14-16: "The Seventh Seal" (†) and "Smiles of a Summer Night" (†).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: Through July 7: "Baby, It's You" (John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano. From July 8: To be announced.

Theatre 2: "Yellowbeard" (Mel Damski), with Graham Chapman.

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "WarGames" (†).

Theatre 2: Through July 7: "Jour de Fête" (†) and "The Red Balloon" (†). July 8-14: "Say Amen, Somebody" (†). From July 15: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "Angelo My Love" (Robert Duvall).

Theatre 2: "Hammett" (Wim Wenders), with Frederic Forrest.

Theatre 3: "Diva" (†).

Theatre 4: "Hammett."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

Through July 12: "The Ruling Class" (†).

From July 13: "Gandhi" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

Through July 14: "Gandhi" (†).

From July 15: "Staying Alive" (Sylvester Stallone), with John Travolta.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)

"Flashdance" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"Say Amen, Somebody" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Through July 13: "Betrayal" (David Jones), with Jeremy Irons and Ben Kingsley. (See page 95, this issue.)

From July 14: To be announced.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"La Traviata" (Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Teresa Stratas and Placido Domingo.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"Fanny and Alexander" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Yellowbeard" (Mel Damski), with Graham Chapman.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "La Nuit de Varennes" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Night of the Shooting Stars" (†).

Theatre 3: Through July 7: "Angelo My Love" (Robert Duvall). From July 8: To be announced.

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "Drugstore Romance" (Paul Vecchiali; in French).

Theatre 2: "They Don't Wear Black Tie" (Leon Hirszman; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: A Woody Allen festival: July 6: "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" (1972), with Allen; and "Stardust Memories" (1980), with Allen and Charlotte Rampling. July 7: "Bananas" (1971), with Allen; and "Annie Hall" (1977), with Allen and Diane Keaton. From July 8: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through July 12: "Playtime" (†). From July 13: "The First Time" (Charlie Loventhal).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)

Theatre 1: Through July 7: "Yellowbeard" (Mel Damski), with Graham Chapman. From July 8: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through July 14: "Stroker Ace" (Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Ned Beatty. From July 15: To be announced.

Theatre 3: Through July 7: "WarGames" (†). From July 8: To be announced.

Theatre 4: Through July 7: "Superman III" (†). From July 8: To be announced.

New Yorker I and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

Theatre 1: "Twilight Zone—The Movie" (John Landis, Steven Spielberg, Joe Dante, and George Miller).

Theatre 2: "Octopussy" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: "Hammett" (Wim Wenders), with Frederic Forrest.

Theatre 2: Through July 7: "Blue Thunder" (†) and "Taxi Driver" (†). From July 8: "Querelle" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Brad Davis and Franco Nero; and "The Stationmaster's Wife" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Kurt Raab.

Theatre 3: Through July 14: "Psycho II" (Richard Franklin), with Anthony Perkins and Vera Miles; and "Cat People" (†). From July 15: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (†).

Theatre 4: Through July 14: "The Road

"Warrior" (†) and "Blade Runner" (†). From July 15: "Gandhi" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "Superman III" (†).
Theatre 2: "Porky's II: The Next Day" (directed by Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan.
Theatre 3: "Chained Heat" (Paul Nicholas), with Linda Blair and John Vernon.
Theatre 4: "Breathless" (Jim McBride), with Richard Gere and Valerie Kaprisky.
Theatre 5: "The Man with Two Brains" (†).
Theatre 6: "Tootsie" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Flashdance" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Flashdance" (†).
Theatre 3: "Blue Thunder" (†).
Theatre 4: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Return of the Jedi" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: Through July 7: "The Survivors" (Michael Ritchie), with Robin Williams and Walter Matthau. From July 8: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "Trading Places" (†).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Don't Go in the Woods."

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"48 Hrs." (†).

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: Through July 14: "Psycho II" (Richard Franklin), with Anthony Perkins and Vera Miles. From July 15: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (†).
Theatre 2: "Stroker Ace" (Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Ned Beatty.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Octopussy" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 7: "Hammett" (Wim Wenders), with Frederic Forrest. From July 8: "Screwballs."

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: "WarGames" (†).
Theatre 2: "Twilight Zone—The Movie" (John Landis, Steven Spielberg, Joe Dante, and George Miller).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Breathless" (1959; directed by Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
July 6: "Trash" (1970; Paul Morrissey), with Joe Dallesandro and Holly Woodlawn; and "Eraserhead" (1977; David Lynch).
July 7: "Eboli" (1980; Francesco Rosi; in Italian), with Gian Maria Volonte.
July 8-9: "Swept Away" (1975; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Mariangela Melato; and "Seven Beauties" (1976; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Fernando Rey.
July 10-11: "Z" (1969; Costa-Gavras; in French), with Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas; and "The Battle of Algiers" (1965; Gillo Pontecorvo; in French and Arabic).
July 12: "Sisters, or the Balance of Happiness" (1982; Margarethe von Trotta; in German), with Jutte Lampe and Gudrun Gabriel; and "One Sings, the Other Doesn't" (1977; Agnès Varda; in French).
July 13: "The Honeymoon Killers" (1970; Leonard Kastle), with Shirley Stoler and Tony Lo Bianco; and "Night of the Living Dead" (1968; George A. Romero), with Duane Jones.
July 14: "Scenes from a Marriage" (1974; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann and Erland Josephson.
July 15-16: "Putney Swope" (1969; Robert Downey); and "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975), performed by the BBC-TV Python team.

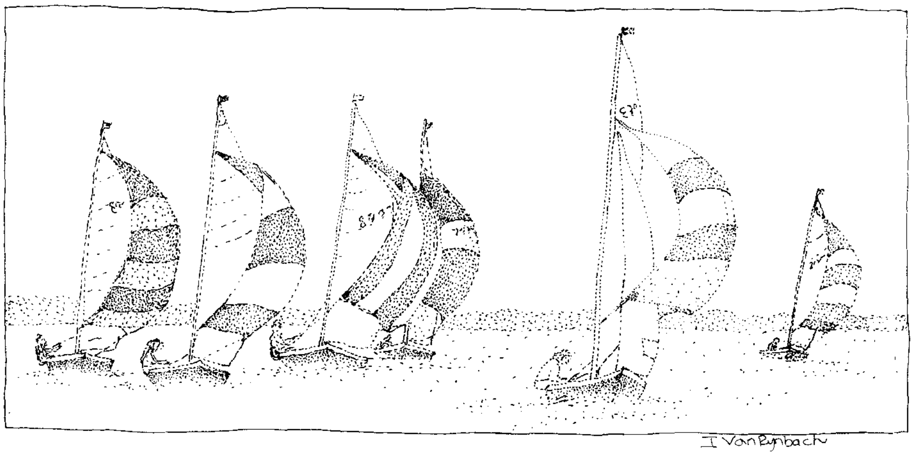
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through July 7: "The Last Metro" (1981; François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve, Gérard Depardieu, and Jean Poiret; and "Day for Night" (1973; François Truffaut; in French), with Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jean-Pierre Léaud, and Valentina Cortese.
July 8-9: "Fat City" (1972; John Huston), with Stacy Keach and Jeff Bridges; and "Easy Rider" (1969; Dennis Hopper), with Peter Fonda, Hopper, and Jack Nicholson.
July 10-12: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "A Clockwork Orange" (1971; Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri.
July 13-14: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (1972; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Stéphane Audran, and Delphine Seyrig; and "Viridiana" (1961; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Francisco Rabal and Silvia Pinal.
July 15-16: "An American Werewolf in London" (1981; John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter; and "Animal House" (1978; John Landis), with John Belushi.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
July 6: "Brimstone and Treacle" (1982; Richard Loncraine), with Sting and Joan Plowright; and "Rude Boy" (1980), with the Clash.
July 7: "Fame" (1980; Alan Parker), with Maureen Teefy, Gene Anthony Ray, and Paul McCrane; and "Cat People" (†).
July 8-9: "Yol" (1982; Yilmaz Güney; in Turkish); and "Midnight Express" (1978; Alan Parker), with Brad Davis, Randy Quaid, John Hurt, and Mike Kellin.
July 10: "Reds" (1981; Warren Beatty), with Beatty, Diane Keaton, Jack Nicholson, and Maureen Stapleton.
July 11: "Emmanuelle" (1974; Just Jaeckin; in French), with Sylvia Kristel; and "Emmanuelle: The Joys of a Woman" (1976; Francis Giacobetti; in French), with Sylvia Kristel.
July 12: "Wrong Is Right" (1982; Richard Brooks), with Sean Connery and George Grizzard; and "Five Days One Summer" (1982; Fred Zinnemann), with Sean Connery.
July 13: "Time Bandits" (1981; Terry Gilliam), with John Cleese and Sean Connery; and "Life of Brian" (1979; Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman.
July 14: "Sophie's Choice" (1982; Alan J. Pakula), with Meryl Streep, Kevin Kline, and Peter MacNicol; and "Kramer vs. Kramer" (1979; Robert Benton), with Dustin Hoffman and Meryl Streep.
July 15-16: "Fast Times at Ridgemont High" (1982; Amy Heckerling), with Sean Penn; and "Rock 'n' Roll High School" (1979), with the Ramones.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
July 6: "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz" (1974; Ted Kotcheff), with Richard Dreyfuss, Jack Warden, and Joseph Wiseman; and "The World According to Garp" (1982; George Roy Hill), with Robin Williams.
July 7-9: "A Place in the Sun" (1951; George Stevens), with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters; and "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (1958; Richard Brooks), with Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman, and Burl Ives.
July 10-11: "The Teahouse of the August Moon" (†); and "Sayonara" (1957; Joshua Logan), with Marlon Brando, Red Buttons, and Miiko Taka.
July 12-13: "The Harder They Come" (1973, Perry Henzell; a Jamaican film, in Jamaican patois), with Jimmy Cliff; and "Reggae Sunsplash" (1980), a concert with Bob Marley, Third World Band, Peter Tosh, and Burning Spear.
July 14-16: "O Lucky Man!" (1973) and "If . . ." (1969), both films directed by Lindsay Anderson, with Malcolm McDowell.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through July 7: "Little Big Man" (1970; Arthur Penn), with Dustin Hoffman and Faye Dunaway; and "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" (1971; Robert Altman), with Warren Beatty and Julie Christie.
July 8-9: "Gallipoli" (1981; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson and Mark Lee; and "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.
July 10: "Ben-Hur" (1959; William Wyler), with Charlton Heston, Jack Hawkins, and Stephen Boyd.
July 11-12: "First Blood" (1982; Ted Kotcheff), with Sylvester Stallone; and "The Dogs of War" (†).
July 13-14: "Slap Shot" (†) and "The Longest Yard" (†).
July 15-16: "The Wild Bunch" (1969; Sam Peckinpah), with William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan; and "The Dirty Dozen" (1967; Robert Aldrich), with Lee Marvin.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
July 6: "The Life of O-Haru" (1952; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese), with Kinuyo Tanaka; and "My Love Has Been Burning" (1949; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese).
July 7: "Baby Doll" (1956; Elia Kazan), with Karl Malden, Carroll Baker, Eli Wallach, and Mildred Dunnock; and "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Vivien Leigh, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden.
July 8: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (1983; Peter Weir), with Mel Gibson, Sigourney Weaver, and Linda Hunt; and "Missing" (1982; Costa-Gavras), with Jack Lemmon and Sissy Spacek.
July 9: "The Maltese Falcon" (1941; John Huston), with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre; and "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" (1948; John Huston), with Walter Huston, Humphrey Bogart, Tim Holt, Alfonso Bedoya, and Robert Blake.
July 10: "The French Lieutenant's Woman" (1981; Karel Reisz), with Meryl Streep and Jeremy Irons; and "Tess" (1980; Roman Polanski), with Nastassia Kinski, Peter Firth, and Leigh Lawson.
July 11: "Le Beau Mariage" (1982; Eric Rohmer; in French), with Béatrice Romand and Arielle Dombasle; and "The Marquise of O . . ." (1976; Eric Rohmer; in German), with Edith Clever and Bruno Ganz.
July 12: "Sawdust and Tinsel" ("The Naked Night;" 1953; Ingmar Bergman; in Swed-



ish), with Harriet Andersson and Ake Groenberg; and "The Invitation" (†).

July 13: "Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000" (1976; Alain Tanner; in French), with Jean-Luc Bideau; and "Messidor" (1979; Alain Tanner; in French).

July 14: "Dinner at Eight" (1933; George Cukor), with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore; and "Holiday" (1938; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Lew Ayres, Edward Everett Horton, and Doris Nolan.

July 15: "The Exorcist" (1973; William Friedkin), with Ellen Burstyn, Max von Sydow, Lee J. Cobb, and Linda Blair; and "Resurrection" (†).

July 16: "Mephisto" (1982; István Szabo; in German), with Klaus Maria Brandauer; and "Despair" (1979; Rainer Werner Fassbinder), with Dirk Bogarde and Andréa Ferréol.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

July 6: "The Sting" (1973; George Roy Hill), with Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and Robert Shaw.

July 7-9: "The Godfather, Part II" (1974; Francis Ford Coppola), with Al Pacino and Robert De Niro.

July 10-11: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" (1975; Miloš Forman), with Jack Nicholson, Louise Fletcher, and Will Sampson; and "Rocky" (†).

July 12-13: "Annie Hall" (1977; Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton; and "The Goodbye Girl" (†).

July 14: "The Deer Hunter" (1978; Michael *Cimino), with Robert De Niro, Christopher* Walken, Meryl Streep, John Savage, and John Cazale.

July 15-16: "Kramer vs. Kramer" (1979; Robert Benton), with Dustin Hoffman and Meryl Streep; and "Ordinary People" (1980; Robert Redford), with Donald Sutherland, Mary Tyler Moore, Timothy Hutton, and Judd Hirsch.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

July 6: "Zatoichi's Revenge" (1965; Akira Inoue; in Japanese), with Shintaro Katsu; and "Samurai Daughter" (1961; Kazuo Ikehiro; in Japanese), with Machiko Kyo.

July 7: "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter" (1968; Robert Ellis Miller), with Alan Arkin; and "Reflections in a Golden Eye" (1967; John Huston), with Elizabeth Taylor, Marlon Brando, and Brian Keith.

July 8-9: "Death in Venice" (†) and "The Damned" (†).

July 10: "My Life to Live" (†) and "A Woman Is a Woman" (†).

July 11: A program of cartoons.

July 12: "Othello" (†) and "The Prince and the Showgirl" (†).

July 13: "Ninja, a Band of Assassins" (1962; Satsuo Yamamoto; in Japanese), with Raizo Ichikawa; and "Return of the Band of Assassins" (1964; Satsuo Yamamoto; in Japanese), with Raizo Ichikawa.

July 14: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" (1971; Robert Altman), with Warren Beatty and Julie Christie; and "A Perfect Couple" (1979; Robert Altman), with Marta Heflin and Paul Dooley.

July 15-16: "Day for Night" (1973; François Truffaut; in French), with Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jean-Pierre Léaud, and Valentina Cortese; and "The Story of Adèle H." (1975; François Truffaut; in French), with Isabelle Adjani.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

July 6: "The Little Foxes" (1941; William Wyler), with Bette Davis and Herbert Marshall; and "Dodsworth" (1936; William Wyler), with Walter Huston, Ruth Chatterton, and Mary Astor.

July 7: "Mr. Skeffington" (1944; Vincent Sherman), with Bette Davis and Claude Rains; and "Old Acquaintance" (1943; Vincent Sherman), with Bette Davis, and Miriam Hopkins.

July 8-9: "Nothing Sacred" (1937; William Wellman), with Carole Lombard and Fredric March; and "My Man Godfrey" (1936; Gregory La Cava), with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Mischa Auer, and Alice Brady.

July 10: "Jamaica Inn" (1939; Alfred Hitchcock), with Charles Laughton; and "Shadow of a Doubt" (1942; Alfred Hitchcock), with Teresa Wright, Joseph Cotten, Patricia Collinge, Hume Cronyn, and Henry Travers.

July 11: "Le Corbeau" (†); and "The Wages of Fear" (1953; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Yves Montand.

July 12: "The Front Page" (1931; Lewis Milestone), with Adolphe Menjou, Pat O'Brien, and Frank McHugh; and "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger.

July 13: "She Done Him Wrong" (1933; Lowell Sherman), with Mae West and Cary Grant; and "I'm No Angel" (1933; Wesley Ruggles), with Mae West and Cary Grant.

*July 14: "All Fall Down" (1962; John Frank*enheimer), with Eva Marie Saint, Warren Beatty, and Karl Malden; and "The Manchurian Candidate" (1962; John Frankenheimer), with Frank Sinatra and Laurence Harvey.

July 15: "Show Boat" (1936: James Whale), with Irene Dunne, Helen Morgan, Allan Jones, and Paul Robeson; and "Roberta" (1935; William Seiter), with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Irene Dunne, Randolph Scott, and Helen Westley.

July 16: "The Third Man" (1950; Carol Reed), with Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Alida Valli, and Trevor Howard; and "The Trial" (1963; Orson Welles), with Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Susanne Flon, and Elsa Martinelli.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium II, 18 W. 54th St. (708-9490)—July 7 at 2:30: "La Kermesse Héroïque" (1935; directed by Jacques Feyder; in French, with English subtitles), with Françoise Rosay, Jean Murat, and Louis Jouvet. . . . ¶ July 7 at 6: "Tempête sur Paris" (1939; *Dominique Bernard-Deschamps; in French, with no English subtitles), with Erich von Stroheim, Arletty, and Marcel Dalio. . . .* ¶ July 8 at 2:30: "Quai des Brumes" (1938; Marcel Carné; in French, with no English subtitles), with Jean Gabin, Michèle Morgan, and Michel Simon. . . . ¶ July 8 at 6: "Hôtel du Nord" (1938; Marcel Carné; in French, with no English subtitles), with Annabella, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Arletty, and Louis Jouvet. . . . ¶ July 9 at noon: "Whistle Down the Wind" (1960; Bryan Forbes), with Alan Bates and Hayley Mills. . . . ¶ July 9 at 2:30: "Macao, l'Enfer du Jeu" (1939; Jean Delannoy; in French, with no English subtitles), with Erich von Stroheim, Sessue Hayakawa, and Mireille Balin. . . . ¶ July 9 at 5: "Les Otages" (1939; Raymond Bernard; in French, with no English subtitles), with Fernand Charpin and Annie Vernay. . . . ¶ July 10 at noon: "Whistle Down the Wind." . . . ¶ July 10 at 2:30: "L'Entraîneuse" (1938; Albert Valentin in French, with no English subtitles), with Michèle Morgan, Gilbert Gil, and Fréhal. . . . ¶ July 10 at 5: "Sans Lendemain" (1939; Max Ophuls; in French, with no English subtitles), with Edwige Feuillère. . . . ¶ July 11 at 2:30: "Hôtel du Nord." . . . ¶ July 11 at 6: "L'Entraîneuse." . . . ¶ July 12 at 2:30: "Tempête sur Paris." . . . ¶ July 12 at 6: "Menaces" (1939; Edmond T. Gréville; in French, with no English subtitles), with Erich von Stroheim, Mireille Balin, Ginette Leclerc, and John Loder. . . . ¶ July 14 at 2:30: "Les Otages." . . . ¶ July 14 at 6: "Faisons un Rêve" (1936; Sacha Guitry; in French, with no English subtitles), with Guitry, Raimu, and Jacqueline Delubac. . . . ¶ July 15 at 2:30: "Sans Lendemain." . . . ¶ July 15 at 6: "Retour à l'Aube" (1938; Henri Decoin; in French, with no English subtitles), with Danielle Darrieux and Pierre Dux. . . . ¶ July 16 at noon: "Bottoms Up!" (1934; David Butler), with Spencer Tracy, John Boles, Pat Paterson, and Sid Silvers. . . . ¶ July 16 at 2:30: "Menaces." . . . ¶ July 16 at 5: "Le Patriote" (1938; Maurice Tourneur; in French, with no English subtitles), with Harry Baur, Josette Day, and Pierre Renoir. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd. (570-3949)—July 6: "Kind Hearts and Coronets" (1949; Robert Hamer), with Alec Guinness, Dennis Price, Valerie Hobson, and Joan Greenwood. . . . ¶ July 7: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951; Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden. . . . ¶ July 8: "The Lavender Hill Mob" (1951; Charles Crichton), with Alec Guinness, Stanley Holloway, Sidney James, and Alfie Bass. . . . ¶ July 11: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (1958; Richard Brooks), with Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman, and Burl Ives. . . . ¶ July 12: "Cleopatra" (1934; Cecil B. De Mille), with *Claudette Colbert and Henry Wilcoxon.* . . . ¶ July 13: "The Man in the White Suit" (1951; Alexander Mackendrick), with Alec Guinness, Joan Greenwood, Cecil Parker, and Vida Hope. . . . ¶ July 14: "Suddenly Last Summer" (1959; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Katharine Hepburn, Elizabeth Taylor, and Montgomery Clift. . . . ¶ July 15: "The Captain's Paradise" (1953; Anthony Kimmins), with Alec Guinness, Celia Johnson, Yvonne de Carlo, and Charles Goldner. (All showings at 8.)

From Mao to Mozart—Isaac Stern in China—A documentary devoted to a tour of China that the violinist made in 1979. It covers not only his own concerts and master classes, with Chinese students playing Western music, but the teaching of his Chinese counterparts, on traditional Chinese instruments. (Symphony Space, B'way at 95th. 864-5400. Starting July 7, through Sept. 1, showings daily at 6, 8, and 10, plus 4 on Saturdays and Sundays.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Blade Runner (1982)—Ridley Scott's futuristic thriller is set in a hellish, claustrophobic city, dark and polluted, and with a continual drenching rainfall—Los Angeles in the year 2019. The congested-megalopolis sets are extraordinary: this is the grimy, retrograde future—the future as a black market, made up of scrambled, sordid aspects of the past. A visionary sci-fi movie that has its own look can't be ignored: it has its place in film history. But you're always aware of the sets as sets; it's 2019 back lot. The movie forces passivity on you. It puts you in this lopsided maze of a city, with its post-human feeling, and keeps you persuaded that something bad is about to happen. Harrison Ford is the blade runner, a police officer who kills "replicants"—the powerful humanoids manufactured by genetic engineers—if they rebel against their drudgery in the space colonies and show up on Earth. He tracks down four replicants (Brion James; Joanna Cassidy; Daryl Hannah, who has killer thighs and does a punk variation on Olympia, the doll automaton of "The Tales of Hoffmann;" and the blue-eyed scenery-chewer Rutger Hauer), but Ford's mission seems of no particular consequence. The whole movie gives you the feeling of not getting anywhere—of being part of the atmosphere of decay. With Sean Young as Rachael and William Sanderson as the toymaker. From the 1968 novel "Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?" by Philip K. Dick. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/12/82.) (Olympia Quad; through July 14.)

Blue Thunder—The plot is no more than hints and eavesdroppings about a sinister right-wing conspiracy within the government—it involves the use of a test-model helicopter with the deceptively romantic name "Blue Thunder." The director, John Badham, does a glamorous, showy job, and this is the sort of action film that can make you feel sick with excitement, yet it's all technique—suspense in a void. The battle between good and evil rages in the dirty looks that Roy Scheider, a police-officer pilot, exchanges with Malcolm McDowell as an Army colonel, a mad-twit racist. With Daniel Stern, Warren Oates, and Candy Clark. The cinematography is by John A. Alonzo; the script is by Dan O'Bannon and Don Jakoby—they obviously don't do people. (5/30/83) (Embassy. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia Quad; through July 7.)

Cat People (1982)—Working with his team—the visual consultant Ferdinando Scarfiotti, the cinematographer John Bailey, and the

DO YOU SEE A PRACTICAL CAR OR A PERFORMANCE CAR?

Take a close look at this inkblot.

We'd like to ask you a few questions about what you see.

Do you see power or economy?

A powerful engine and an economical engine are mutually exclusive concepts, right? In the case of Saab, the answer is a definitive "not necessarily."

Consider Saab's APC Turbo. On the one hand, the usually reserved *New York Times* had this to say about it: "When the [A. P. C.] turbo cuts in, there is a sensation of soaring, of gathering yourself up and flying faster with such a rush of adrenaline and no end in sight."

Yet all this power and exhilaration are achieved with better gas economy* than the old fuel-frugal Volkswagen Super Beetle.

Do you see a suspension system designed for racing or for safety?

Over the years, Saab has built up an impressive record on the international rally circuit. Their drivers give much of the credit to Saab's double-wishbone suspension and front-wheel drive system, which allow Saab to maneuver and take corners as well as a sports car. (*We* would say better than a sports car, since Saab regularly beats sports cars in such events.)

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Do you see a car designed for holding the road or for holding luggage?

To some Saab owners, Saab's aerodynamic hatchback design is another contributing factor to their cars' superb handling characteristics.

To others, it's been a legitimate excuse to postpone indefinitely the purchase of that unrelentingly utilitarian device—the station wagon.

(Saab's hatchback design affords its owners the carrying capacity of a station wagon.)

If you're still undecided as to whether you see a practical car or a performance car, don't worry.

Saab's version of the Rorschach test is much like the real one. Any answer is correct.

While our version may not reveal your personality traits, instinctual drives, or hidden neuroses, it should reduce any anxieties you might have about buying a Saab.

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The most intelligent car ever built.

Saabs range in price from $10,750 for the 900 3-door, 5-speed to $16,910 for the 900 4-door, 5-speed APC Turbo. Manufacturer's suggested retail prices. Not including taxes, license, freight, dealer charges or options.

**Saab 900 5-speed APC Turbo: ㉑ EPA estimated mpg, 34 estimated highway mpg. Use estimated mpg for comparison only. Mileage varies with speed, trip length and weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be less.*

composer Giorgio Moroder—the director Paul Schrader is perfecting an apocalyptic swank. Each shot looks like an album cover for records you don't ever want to play. The picture (it's set in New Orleans) is meant to be poetic and "legendary." It has all the furnishings for a religious narrative about Eros and Thanatos, but what's going on is that Nastassia Kinski and Malcolm McDowell—the sister and brother with black leopards inside them—are jumping out of their skins and leaving little puddles of guck behind. The obscure proceedings are often ludicrous (especially in the orange-colored primal-dream sequences), yet you don't get to pass the time by laughing because it's all so queasy and so confusingly put together that you feel shut out. Just when a scene begins to hold some interest, Schrader cuts away from it; the crucial things seem to be happening between the scenes. The film is comatose; you're brought into it only by the camera tricks or the special-effects horrors, or, perhaps, the nude scenes. With John Heard, Annette O'Toole, Ruby Dee, and Ed Begley, Jr. From a script by Alan Ormsby that's a total reworking of the much simpler 1942 film. (5/3/82) (Olympia Quad; through July 14. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; July 7.)

Le Corbeau (1943; "The Raven")—Henri-Georges Clouzot's gall-and-wormwood thriller about a town terrorized by a series of vicious poison-pen letters that drive various townspeople to crime and suicide. The plot—tracking down the blackmailer—is rather mechanical, but Clouzot can give an audience the cold creeps. At the time, the depravity and political corruption revealed in this slice of provincial life were nastily shocking; there's not a likable person in the entire film, and because it was released during the Occupation it was thought to serve the interests of the Nazis. When France was liberated, both Clouzot and the picture's star, Pierre Fresnay, were accused of unpatriotic activity. With Ginette Leclerc as the lame girl. (Remade in 1951, by Otto Preminger, as "The 13th Letter.") In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 11.)

The Damned (1969)—Luchino Visconti's view of the depravity in the Third Reich—grandiose, lurid, sluggish. The Nazis are rotten, scheming degenerates; green lights play on their faces, and they look like werewolves talking politics. When the young hero's impersonation of Marlene Dietrich is interrupted by the news that "in Berlin, the Reichstag is burning," he goes into a snit. Visconti is grimly serious about all this curling-lip-and-thin-eyebrow decadence. The centerpiece is the orgy and massacre of Roehm's homosexual Brown Shirts, with gorgeous boys in black lace panties; he doesn't seem sure what attitude to take, and he stages it immaculately, reverentially. Ingrid Thulin is the fag-hag mother, a Krupp-Borgia baroness who turns her son (Helmut Berger) into a dope-addicted transvestite; he molests little girls and eventually beds down with Mother—which is too much even for her and turns her into a zombie. It's really a story about a good boy who loves his wicked mother, and how she emasculates him and makes him decadent—the basic mother-son romance of homoerotic literature, dressed up in Nazi drag. With Dirk Bogarde, Helmut Griem, Charlotte Rampling, Florinda Bolkan, and Umberto Orsini. Though some of the actors speak their own English, this version of "The Damned" has all the disadvantages of a dubbed movie—everything sounds stilted and slightly off. The characters talk in a language that belongs to no period or country and sounds like translated subtitles. (R.K.O. Century Art; through July 7. . . . ¶ Thalia; July 8-9.)

Death in Venice (1971)—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carryings-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though. (R.K.O. Century Art; through July 7. . . . ¶ Thalia; July 8-9.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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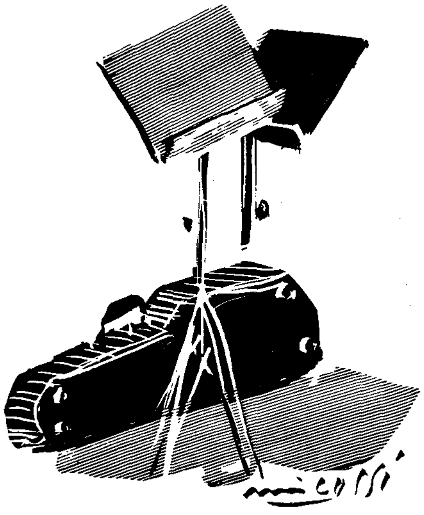
10	11	12	13	14	15	16

Diva (1981)—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Quad Cinema.)

The Dogs of War (1981)—A crisp, tough-minded action film about an international group of mercenaries who stage a coup in a small, decaying West African country run by an Idi Amin-Papa Doc-style despot. The casting of Christopher Walken as Shannon, the leader of the group, gives the film the fuse it needs. Walken, with his pale, flat-faced mask of pain, his glaring eyes and lithe movements, suggests a restless anger. We aren't asked to like the mercenaries, and Shannon kills a spy (set on him by his own employer, who doesn't trust him) in such a horrifying way that we really couldn't like him. But we do want to watch him. This is the first feature film by John Irvin, an English documentarian and TV director ("Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy"); he has studied a master—during the actual raid, some of the most feral images are almost direct quotations from Peckinpah's "The Wild Bunch." With Colin Blakely as a TV journalist who's tenacious about following a story, and Tom Berenger, Paul Freeman, and Jean-François Stevenin. Cinematography by Jack Cardiff; freely adapted from Frederick Forsyth's best-seller by Gary DeVore and George Malko. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; July 11-12.)

Fanny and Alexander—Ingmar Bergman's festive and full-bodied dream play—a vision of family life as a gifted boy might have perfected it, replacing his strict family (Bergman's father was a clergyman) with a generous-hearted theatrical clan. In what Bergman says is his final movie, his obsessions are turned into stories, and he tells them to us—he makes us a beribboned present of his Freudian-gothic dream world. The movie is scaled big; it runs for three hours and ten minutes, and its lovingly placed warm gingerbreading is enormously enjoyable. But the conventionality of the thinking in the film is rather shocking. It's as if Bergman's neuroses had been tormenting him for so long that he cut them off and went sprinting back to Victorian health and domesticity. In Swedish. (6/13/83) (Cinema I, and Cinema 3.)



Flashdance—A lulling, narcotizing musical, it sells the kind of romantic story that was laughed off the screen thirty years ago, and then made a comeback with "Rocky I, II, and III," and it's like a sleazo putting the make on you. The eighteen-year-old working-class Catholic heroine (doe-eyed face and darling smile by Jennifer Beals, dancing by Marine Jahan) is a welder by day and a dancer in a bar at night. And she has a dream: in her dreams she's a ballerina, handed bouquets, like a princess. The music throughout is synthesizer pop—some of Giorgio Moroder's throbbing specials along with bits of other whiplash disco songs; basically the movie is a series of rock videos. It has Vegas sound, thumping, thumping; the whole damn thing throbs, and it gives a hard sell even to the heroine's confessions to her priest. The dancing doesn't go the way a body goes; the dancing goes the way an eggbeater goes. Richard Colon, one of a group of black "breakers" who do the only real dancing in the movie, is so fast that he isn't subjected to the chop-chop editing—he's allowed to perform in his own time. Directed by Adrian Lyne, from a script by Tom Hedley and Joe Eszterhas. (6/27/83) (Coronet, Festival, Embassy 1, and Embassy.)

48 Hrs.—Walter Hill's fast and brutal action comedy is a roller coaster that hurtles along. Nick Nolte is a San Francisco police detective, and Eddie Murphy (making his movie début) is a young hipster thief who outsmarts him by his hustler's verbal finesse and his black man's sense of irony. The two set out as brawling and cursing enemies and, of course, become guffawing pals; the racial infighting is what gives the film its charge. It's like "The French Connection," "Dirty Harry," "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid," and a half-dozen other films all put in a compactor, smashed, and pressed into cartoon form. With Annette O'Toole, Frank McRae, James Remar, Sonny Landham, Brion James, Olivia Brown, David Patrick Kelly, and the Busboys. (1/10/83) (New Embassy 49th Street.)

Gandhi—A biographical epic, directed by Richard Attenborough, whose sensibility is conventional. Spanning fifty-five years, the picture covers some of the principal events in Gandhi's public life and tidies up his rather kinky domestic relations. Gandhi goes by in a cloud of serenity, and everyone who sees him knuckles under (with the exception of a few misguided fellows, of course). Ben Kingsley, who plays the Mahatma, looks the part, has a fine, quiet presence, and conveys Gandhi's shrewdness. Kingsley is impressive; the picture isn't. The first half builds up considerable interest in Gandhi; the second half is scattered—as if it had been added to or subtracted from at random. From a script by John Briley. (3 hours, 8 minutes.) (12/27/82) (Ziegfeld; through July 14. . . . ¶ Guild; starting July 13. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad, and R.K.O. Century Art; starting July 15.)

Gate of Hell (1954)—Famed for its use of color, this exquisitely stylized tragedy of passion tells a subtle story (which resembles "The Rape of Lucrece") of a warrior's desire for a married noblewoman and of her way of defeating him. It's as if the director, Teinosuke Kinugasa, had read those critics who compare every Japanese movie to a Japanese print and had decided to give them more than they could handle—delicately choreographed battles, the flow and texture of garments, and everywhere grace of movement and composition. The setting is twelfth-century Kyoto, where the abstract patterns of interiors and architecture suggest that modern décor has a long way to go to catch up with medieval Japan. With Machiko Kyo as the Lady Kesa and Kazuo Hasegawa as the demonic warrior Moritoh. In Japanese. (Film Forum; July 12.)

The Goodbye Girl (1977)—The prolific Neil Simon at it again; this time it's a tearful comedy that he wrote directly for the screen, and for Marsha Mason and Richard Dreyfuss. She's a thirtyish former chorus girl who

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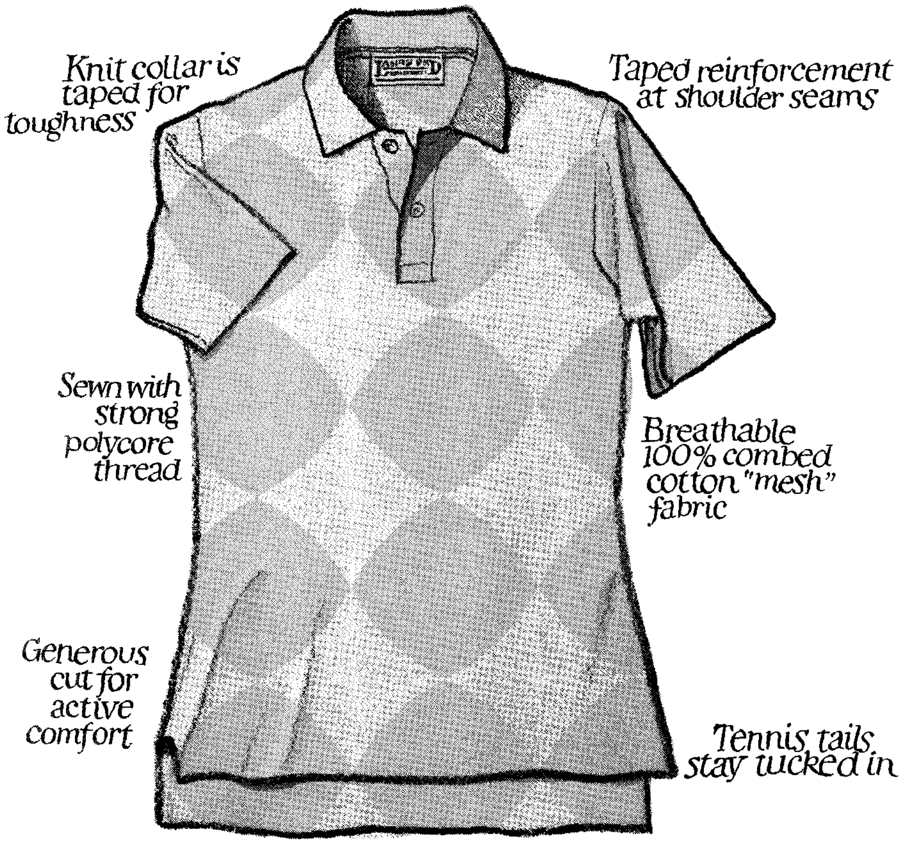
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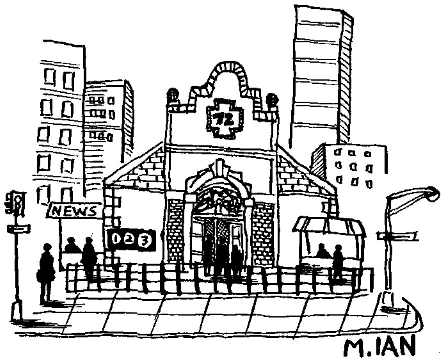
(Except Alaska and Hawaii call 608-935-2788) has been deserted by an actor husband and then by an actor lover, and has become so defensive that she's hostile toward a new actor (Dreyfuss) who, through elaborately contrived circumstances, comes to share the apartment she and her ten-year-old daughter (Quinn Cummings) live in. So she says gratuitously abrasive things to him, and he prisses his lips and tells her off. The forced snappiness of the exchanges suggests two woodpeckers clicking at each other's heads. Irritability provides the rhythm in Neil Simon's universe. The only relief comes when Dreyfuss is rehearsing in "Richard III"—Shakespeare's dialogue is a blessed sound. Simon's idea of depth is a tug at your heartstrings, and Marsha Mason's chin keeps quivering—her face is either squinched up to cry or crinkled up to laugh. This may be the bravest, teariest, most crumpled-face performance since the days of Janet Gaynor. Herbert Ross directed; the cast includes Paul Benedict, Barbara Rhoades, Theresa Merritt, and Marilyn Sokol. (Regency; July 12-13.)

The Importance of Being Earnest (1952)—Oscar Wilde's deliriously convoluted, perfect comedy—the most preposterous work of art ever written. Wit cascades through the play in a natural flow. Considered too high-style (and too dry-style) for general consumption, it was never filmed until this production, in color, directed by Anthony Asquith, who also did the adaptation and left the play alone as much as possible. The film is stagy, but highly enjoyable; Wilde's multiple-entendres about love and money are delivered in the required exquisite high, dry style by an extraordinary cast. Michael Redgrave is Jack Worthing; Edith Evans is triumphantly larger than life as Lady Bracknell; Joan Greenwood is the Hon. Gwendolen Fairfax; Michael Denison is Algernon Moncrieff; Dorothy Tutin is Cecily Cardew; Margaret Rutherford, her great jaw wobbling with emotion, is Miss Prism; and Miles Malleson is Rev. Chasuble. People who have seen this movie have been known to giggle with pleasure years later as they recall the timbre and phrasing that Edith Evans gives to such lines as "Prism! Where is that baby?" (Film Forum; July 10-11.)

The Invitation (1973)—A summery haze hangs over this wonderfully simple and tender film by the Swiss filmmaker Claude Goretta. This tale is about a middle-aged, shy office worker, delicately played by Michel Robin. He lives with his mother until she dies. After taking two months off from his job, he invites every member of the staff of his small office to a day-long party. They had expected to find their host living as humbly as before; they find him on an estate, attended by an exquisitely played hireling butler (François Simon). In French. (Metro Cinema; July 12.)

Jour de Fête (1950)—As a director, Jacques Tati has a spare, quick, improvisatory touch. As a comedian, buoyancy and impersonal eccentricity in the face of disaster are his special style. In this film, shot in the village of Sainte-Sévère-sur-Indre, with villagers playing many of the parts, the tall, ungainly Tati is the postman who attends the village fair and sees a documentary on the advanced, mechanized American postal system. He is overcome with enthusiasm for speed, and though he has no helicopter, he has his bicycle. He takes off, and what happens is unpredictable, even if you've already seen the movie—it's all so odd you forget it. Still, the film's melancholy humor is probably a little too mild or quaint for most American tastes. Written by Tati and Henri Marquet. It's not silent (it has sound effects and music), but it's not in French, either. Tati has devised a kind of unintelligible yet expressive gibberish. It's like the talk of robots who've got fouled up. (Greenwich Playhouse; through July 7.)

The Longest Yard (1974)—Burt Reynolds, as a sellout quarterback turned superstud gigolo, lands in prison; he rediscovers his manhood through helping a bunch of convicts fight for theirs. The picture is a brutal bash, but the laughter at the brutality has no meanness in it: everybody knows that the blood isn't real. Robert Aldrich directed this comic fantasy, centering on a football game between crazily ruthless convicts and crazily ruthless guards; for all its bone-crunching collisions, it's almost irresistibly good-natured and funny. With Ed Lauter, Eddie Albert, and Bernadette Peters. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; July 13-14.)



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The Man with Two Brains—As the world's greatest brain surgeon, Steve Martin is an exuberantly dirty-minded kid; sunny, grinning, lewd, Martin is wired up for the whole movie—a slapstick burlesque that moves along enjoyably. The surgeon perceives himself as a man of the world, but he's a guileless innocent compared with the flirty, dimply sadist (Kathleen Turner) who marries him for her convenience and coos with pleasure as she frustrates him. With David Warner as a soft-spoken mad doctor who keeps live human brains in candy jars before putting them in gorillas, Paul Benedict as his butler, and George Furth. There's at least one inspired love scene (between Martin and a brain, in a rowboat). This movie has the kind of maniacal situations that are so dumb they make you laugh, and since much of what children find hilarious has this same giddiness, they'd probably like the film a lot. But it also has the kind of raunchiness that may worry their parents (though it will probably just make the kids giggle). Directed (more gracefully than usual) by Carl Reiner, written by Reiner, Martin, and George Gipe. The cinematography, by Michael Chapman, has a graphic vitality that's unusual for a comedy. (6/27/83) (Criterion Theatres.)

Miracle in Milan (1951)—Part social satire, part fantasy, this Vittorio De Sica film suggests a childlike view of Dostoevski's "The Idiot." A fun-loving old lady finds a newborn baby in a cabbage patch. The baby becomes Toto the Good, the happy man who loves everyone; when he is frustrated in his desire to help people the old lady, now an angel, comes down and gives him the power to work miracles. Toto the hero, naïve and full of love, organizes a hobo shantytown into an ideal community, but the social contradictions are ludicrously hopeless—not even magic powers can resolve them. The failure of innocence here is touchingly absurd; the film is stylized poetry, and it is like nothing else that De Sica ever did. Francesco Golissano is perfect as Toto; the heroine, Brunella Bovo, is what Chaplin's heroines should have been but weren't. The film provides a beautiful role for that great, almost legendary lady of the Italian theatre, Emma Gramatica (many, many years before, she had taken over Duse's roles and acted under the direction of D'Annunzio); as the supremely silly old woman of De Sica's fairy tale, she is as yielding and permissive as his Umberto D. (see "Umberto D." below) is proud and stubborn. With Paolo Stoppa as the unhappy man. Cesare Zavattini adapted his own novel, "Toto il Buono." In Italian. (Film Forum; July 13.)

My Life to Live (1962)—Anna Karina as a shopgirl who drifts into prostitution. Jean-Luc Godard employed some innovative techniques of exposition; some work superbly, others seem mannered and foolish. Memorable though erratic. In French. (Thalia; July 10.)

The Night of the Shooting Stars—In its feeling and completeness, this film by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani may rank close to Jean Renoir's bafflingly beautiful "Grand Illusion." The story is a woman's memories of her adventures as a six-year-old in a Tuscan village and its environs during the summer of 1944, when the American troops were rumored only days away, and the Germans who had held the area under occupation were preparing to clear out—preparations that included mining the houses so they could blow them up. Yet this setting is magical, like a Shakespearean forest, and the woman's account has the quality of folklore and legend, and even its most tragic moments can be dizzyingly comic. With Omero Antonutti as the leader of the group of two or three dozen villagers who sneak away in the night to find the Americans. The script is by the Tavianis and the producer, Giuliani G. De Negri, with the collaboration of Tonino Guerra; the score is by Nicola Piovani; cinematography is by Franco di Giacomo. In Italian. (2/7/83) (Lincoln Plaza.)

La Nuit de Varennes—Descended from a long line of 'Gallic romps,' this is a creakingly cultured historical pageant set in the time of Louis XVI. As the decaying Casanova, Marcello Mastroianni (who is made to look toweringly tall) has a couple of superb moments—one with Laura Betti as a jolly touring opera singer, and one with Andrea Ferreol as a wealthy woman who declares her passion for him. Jean-Louis Barrault looks great as the scandalously popular, often pornographic writer Restif de la Bretonne, but the role has been written to make Restif a darling old reprobate, and Barrault just keeps smiling. Also with Hanna Schygulla as a royalist countess; Jean-Claude Brialy, who is almost a comic archetype as her devoted hairdresser; Harvey Keitel as Thomas Paine; and Daniel Gelin and Jean-Louis Trintignant. Written by Sergio Amidei and the director, Ettore Scola. A French-Italian co-production, in French. (3/21/83) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Octopussy—This is probably the most casual of the James Bond series, and in some ways it's more like the Bob Hope and Bing Crosby "Road" comedies than it is like the Bonds. It features a chase sequence in a crowded marketplace, with a great camera angle on a camel looking up and doing a double take as an automobile flies over its head. And among the disguises that Bond—Roger Moore—uses are a gorilla suit and an alligator outfit that doubles as a boat. Moore gets most of his effects here by the spark in his worried, squinched-up eyes; he may not be heroic, but he's game. This fourteenth in the Bond series (or thirteenth, if you don't include "Casino Royale") is set against a tourist-paradise India. It's not the latest-model Cadillac; it's a beat-out old Cadillac, kept running with junkyard parts. But it rattles along agreeably, even though the director, John Glen, seems to lose track of the story, and neither he nor the writers (George MacDonald Fraser, with Richard Maibaum and Michael G. Wilson) appear to have thought out the women's roles. The picture doesn't deliver on the chic perversities suggested by the inelegant title (and some of the décor). As Octopussy, the beautiful amazon Maud Adams is disappointingly warm and maternal—she's rather mooshy. (At one moment, she's a leader, and the next moment she's a dupe who doesn't know what's going on around her.) With Kristina Wayborn as the tall greasy-lipped blonde, and Louis Jourdan, Kabir Bedi, Steven Berkoff, Vijay Amritraj, and David and Tony Meyer as the knife-throwing twins. (6/27/83) (Bay Cinema, Gemini, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, New Yorker, and R.K.O. Century National Twin. . . . ¶ East-side Cinema; through July 14.)

An Officer and a Gentleman (1982)—This formula romantic melodrama seems to come out of a time warp, but the director, Taylor Hackford, has done a smashing job of making the retrograde love story whiz by. Richard Gere is the tightly wound-up loner who is determined to become a flier; the movie centers on his thirteen-week basic-training ordeal at Naval Aviation Officer Candidate School. Gere has a striking moment when the character cracks, after the tough drill sergeant (Louis Gossett, Jr.) has caught him in some petty chiselling and punished him. But after he has broken down he's still Richard Gere, lost in his own placid beauty. As the millworker heroine, Debra Winger brings the film sultriness; you pull for this heroine because her tough-chick little-girl insolence plays off the avid look in her eyes that tells you she longs to make human contact. Gossett plays the sergeant bone hard; it's a beautifully hammy austere performance. There are also impressive characterizations by David Keith and Robert Loggia. With Tony Plana as an officer candidate with a Mohawk haircut and Lisa Eilbacher as a woman candidate. The script is by Douglas Day Stewart. (8/23/82) (Embassy.)

Othello (1965)—A filmed record of the National Theatre of Great Britain production starring Laurence Olivier; the techniques employed are pitifully inadequate. But there he is: the most physical Othello imaginable—deep voice, with a trace of foreign music in it; happy, thick, self-satisfied laugh; rolling buttocks. He's grand and barbaric and, yes, a little lewd. As a lord, this Othello is a bit vulgar—too ingratiating, a boaster, an arrogant man. Who can afford to miss this performance? With Frank Finlay as the pale, parched little Iago—a man consumed with sexual jealousy—and Maggie Smith as the quietly strong, willful Desdemona. Also with Joyce Redman, Derek Jacobi, and Robert Lang. Stuart Burge, who directed this filming, doesn't always protect the actors: they speak as if they were on a stage, and they're sometimes seen very close (in stage makeup) when the camera should be at a discreet distance. The cinematography is by Geoffrey Unsworth. (Thalia; July 12.)

Playtime (1968)—Jacques Tati's most innovative work. M. Hulot is still here—high-belted trousers, short raincoat, loping walk, as if he were braced to smash a tennis volley—but his importance has receded, because Tati's view is that the hero of modern urban life is everybody. He sees something comic in every character in the picture, without ridicule. (Embassy 72nd St.; through July 12.)

The Prince and the Showgirl (1957)—This Ruritanian romance, directed by Laurence Olivier, is slanted to show off the talents of Marilyn Monroe as an innocent abroad. Olivier, perhaps with excess gallantry, makes his prince something of a cold cod, but even in this uningratiating role he has a high gloss—an irony that shines. Monroe's breathy little-girl voice and polymorphous-perverse non-acting have a special mock-innocent charm that none of her imitators seems able to capture. With Sybil Thorndike, Richard Wattis, and Daphne Anderson. The drawback of the film is that Terence Rattigan's script, though it improves on his play "The Sleeping Prince," still lacks invention and wit. (Thalia; July 12.)

Pygmalion (1938)—First-rate romantic comedy, and certainly the best G. B. S. picture ever done. It doesn't seem weighted down with talk, like most of the others, and though a trifle slow in spots, it has a very satisfying tempo. Wendy Hiller made her triumphant film début as Eliza, the Covent Garden flower girl, and Leslie Howard is marvellously high-spirited and combative as the smug Professor Higgins, who trains Eliza to speak like a lady. Gabriel Pascal produced. Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard directed, David Lean edited, Arthur Honegger did the score, and Harry Stradling shot it. The costumes are by Czettell, Worth, and Schiaparelli; the cast includes Wilfrid Lawson as Doolittle, Marie Lohr as Mrs. Higgins, Scott Sunderland as Col. Pickering, Jean Cadell as Mrs. Pearce, David Tree as Freddy, Esmé Percy as Count Karpathy, and Leueen MacGrath, Everley Gregg, Violet Vanbrugh, Iris Hoey, Stephen Murray, Irene Brown, Cathleen Nesbitt, and Ivor Barnard. Though several writers worked on the screenplay, the Academy Award for it was given only to Shaw (who wrote some new scenes for the movie). (The play was later turned into the musical comedy "My Fair Lady," which was filmed in 1964.) (Film Forum; July 10-11.)

The Red Balloon (1956)—Albert Lamorisse's celebrated thirty-four-minute film without dialogue, about a small boy (his son, Pascal) who wanders all over Paris trailed by a balloon. It is an allegory on innocence and evil, set in a child's dream world. Elegantly photographed and with a durable appeal to children, though it lacks the passionate beauty of the director's other film on the same theme, "White Mane." Lamorisse wrote and directed. Also with Sabine Lamorisse. (Greenwich Playhouse; through July 7.)

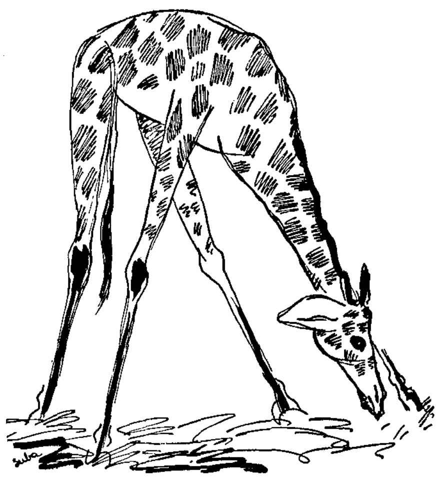
Red Desert (1965)—Boredom in Ravenna, and it seeps into the viewer's bones. Antonioni's fuzzy illustrations of emotional chaos may or may not have something to do with industrialism; he makes the hazy, polluted atmosphere so exquisite that one can't decide. With Monica Vitti and Richard Harris. In Italian. (Film Forum; July 10-11.)

Resurrection (1980)—Ellen Burstyn dies, has an "out of body" experience, then returns with the gift of healing through the power of love. The picture is even and smoothly tasteful—a vat of nondenominational caramel custard. Lewis John Carlino was commissioned to write the script for Burstyn, and he shaped it to her; she bestrides the movie, glowing with love and wholesome humor. (Her simulation of beatific ordinariness is a little frightening.) The director, Daniel Petrie, does some very polished, fluid work, but you're always aware of the planning and the calculation. Mysticism doesn't come easy to him. Carlino's script, which attempts to combine holistic healing and feminism, is an amazing fusion of old corn and modern cant. With Sam Shepard, who brings the film some sexy tension as a hell-raising kid whom Burstyn heals after he has been stabbed in a drunken fight, and Richard Farnsworth, Roberts Blossom, Lois Smith, Madeleine Thornton-Sherwood, and Pamela Payton-Wright. And as Burstyn's grandmother, Eva Le Gallienne wrinkles her nose and lifts her head so she can look out of her half-blind eyes, and she spouts homilies as if she'd lived her whole life onstage. Cinematography by Mario Tosi; Maurice Jarre did the music. (Metro Cinema; July 15.)

Return of the Jedi—Some of the trick effects in this concluding film of the "Star Wars" trilogy might seem miraculous if the imagery had any lustre, but this is an impersonal and rather junky piece of moviemaking. And every time there's a possibility of a dramatic climax, the director, Richard Marquand, trashes it. But children who have lived their imaginative lives with the Star Wars characters for six years may be so eager to get the payoffs to the story that they'll hardly notice. (5/30/83) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

The Road Warrior—Set in a post-apocalyptic Wasteland, this Australian film is a mutant, sprung from virtually all action genres. It's one continuous spurt of energy, and the jangly, fast editing suggests wit; so does the broad blacktop highway that cuts across the desert nothingness. And the rampaging vandals—punkish post-nuclear-war bikers, led by a masked bodybuilder called the Humungus—are s.-m. comic-strip terrors. But the picture is abstract in an adolescent way. Director George Miller's attempt to tap into the universal concept of the hero (as enunciated by Jung and explicated by Joseph Campbell in "The Hero with a Thousand Faces") makes the film joyless. He consciously uses his hero, Max (Mel Gibson), as an icon; that's enough to squeeze the juice out of any actor, and Max seems bland and apathetic. For all its huffing and puffing, this is a sappy, sentimental movie. With Bruce Spence and Vernon Wells; the script is by Terry Hayes and Miller, with Brian Hannant. (9/6/82) (Olympia Quad; through July 14.)

Rocky (1976)—A low-budget winner—a romantic fable about a Philadelphia palooka who gains his manhood, written by and starring muscle-bound Sylvester Stallone, who is repulsive one moment, noble the next. He's amazing to watch: there's a bull-necked energy in him, smoldering, and in his deep caveman's voice he gives the most surprising, sharp, fresh shadings to his lines. The picture is poorly made, yet its naïve, emotional shamelessness is funny and engaging. Directed by John G. Avildsen. With Talia Shire, Carl Weathers, Burt Young, and Burgess Meredith. Cinematography by James Crabe; music by Bill Conti. Academy Awards: Picture, Director. (Regency; July 10-11.)



The Ruling Class (1972)—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. Peter O'Toole gives an interesting, romantic performance as a paranoid schizophrenic who thinks he's Christ and inherits the earldom in the teeth of most of the family. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in stereotypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (Guild through July 12.)

Say Amen, Somebody—A sensitive and absorbing documentary about the lives of the pioneers of gospel music. It features Thomas A. Dorsey, an eighty-three-year-old hepcat who is still bouncing to the jazz rhythms that he brought into black people's churches in the Depression years. The music keeps its singer-evangelists young, radiant, hearty. That's the film's unspoken message. At seventy-eight, Willie Mae Ford Smith has astonishingly firm and strong contralto tones. And the three middle-aged Barrett Sisters sing so exhilaratingly that they create a problem for the young filmmaker, George T. Nierenberg. They bring the film to an emotional pitch, and we in the audience want to go on soaring; we feel let down when we get more reminiscences and only snatches of song. With the twin O'Neal brothers, and a sensationally attractive St. Louis singer, Zella Jackson Price (she looks better than she sounds). (4/4/83) (57th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Greenwich Playhouse; July 8-14.)

The Seventh Seal (1956)—Ingmar Bergman's medieval morality play about man in search of the meaning of life is set in fourteenth-century Sweden. But it's a magically powerful film—the story seems to be playing itself out in a medieval present. A knight (Max von Sydow), tormented and doubting, returns from ten wasted years on the Crusades, and Death (Bengt Ekerot) comes to claim him. Hoping to gain some revelation or obtain some knowledge before he dies, the knight challenges Death to a game of chess. As they play, the knight observes scenes of cruelty, rot, and suffering that suggest the tortures and iniquity that Ivan Karamazov described to Alyosha. In the end, the knight tricks Death in order to save a family of strolling players—a visionary, innocent, natural man, Joseph (Nils Poppe), his wife (Bibi Andersson), and their infant son. The knight, a sane modern man, asking to believe despite all the evidence of his senses, is childlike compared with his carnal atheist squire (Gunnar Björnstrand). The images and omens are medieval, but the modern erotic and psychological insights add tension, and in some cases—as in the burning of the child-witch (Maud Hansson)—excruciation. The actors' faces, the aura of magic, the ambiguities, and the riddle at the heart of the film all contribute to its stature. In Swedish. (Film Forum; July 14-16.)

Slap Shot (1977)—Fast, noisy, profane comedy set in the world of minor-league ice hockey. The theme is that the public no longer cares about the sport—it wants goonish vaudeville and mayhem. The director, George Roy Hill, has heated up his technique, and the picture is also geared to giving the public "what it wants"—it has a forced, antagonistic feeling. Hill is making a farcical hymn to violence. Dede Allen's hot-foot editing moves the action along from zinger to zinger, and the Maxine Nightingale record "Right Back Where We Started From" punches up the pacing. The beat gives the film a relentlessness, and expletives are sprinkled around like manure to give it funky seasoning. (Perhaps as a result, the public rejected the film.) Hill lacks the conviction or the temperament for all this brutal buffoonishness, and he can't hold the picture together; what does is the warmth supplied by Paul Newman, as Reggie, a player-coach. Reggie is scarred and bruised, and there are gold rims on his chipped teeth; you don't see much of his eyes. He has never grown up—he's a raucous American innocent, an overage jock, thinskinned but a little thickheaded. Newman's likeableness in the role is infectious. With Michael Ontkean, Lindsay Crouse, Jennifer Warren, Allan Nichols, Yvon Barrette, M. Emmet Walsh, Paul Dooley, and Jeff and Steve Carlson and David Hanson as the three Hanson brothers, and Kathryn Walker, Swoosie Kurtz, Jerry Houser, Strother Martin, and Melinda Dillon—there's a luscious infantile carnality about her scene in bed with Newman, who's nuzzling her. Screenplay by Nancy Dowd; cinematography by Victor Kemper. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; July 13-14.)

Smiles of a Summer Night (1955)—Ingmar Bergman achieves one of the few classics of carnal comedy: a tragicomic chase and roundelay that raises boudoir farce to elegance and lyric poetry. This film is the culmination of Bergman's "rose" style; as writer and director, he ties up his persistent, early battle-of-the-sexes themes in an intricate plot structure. And in this fin-de-siècle houseparty setting, with its soft light, its delicate, perfumed atmosphere, and its golden pavilion, the women are *all* beautiful, and epigrams shine. The film becomes an elegy to transient love; a gust of wind, and the whole vision may drift away. As the hostess, the stage actress trying to win back the lawyer she loves, there is the great Eva Dahlbeck (in one inspired, suspended moment she sings "Freut Euch des Lebens"). Ulla Jacobsson is the lawyer's virgin wife; Harriet Andersson, a blonde here but as opulent and sensuous as in her earlier roles, is the impudent, love-loving maid; Margit Carlquist is the proud, unhappy countess. Gunnar Björnstrand is the lawyer, Björn Bjelvenstam is his son, Jarl Kulle is the strutting count, and Naima Wifstrand is the actress's aged mother, who is carried about for her game of croquet. With Åke Fridell as the groom, and, in a bit part, Bibi Andersson. Cinematography by Gunnar Fischer. (Used as the basis for the American stage and screen musical "A Little Night Music.") In Swedish. (Film Forum; July 14-16.)

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs (1938)—The famous Disney animated film, with the virulently wicked stepmother, the Prince Charming, the poisoned apple, and the birds and the flowers. It has its lurid touches and its cheap effects, but it's undeniably a classic. (Eastside Cinema, Greenwich Playhouse, Olympia Quad, and Rivoli; starting July 15.)

S.O.B. (1981)—A sour mixture of slapstick, cynicism, and sentimentality. Robert Preston covers his thick head of graying hair with glory in the role of a hearty, imperturbable Dr. Feelgood, who gives all-purpose injections; Larry Storch has a bright scene as a guru; and Richard Mulligan is involved in a few funny sight gags. He plays a producer who cracks up after his hugely expensive film starring his wife (Julie Andrews) opens and closes practically simultaneously; wandering about his Malibu home in a suicidal stupor, he sinks through a hole in the second-story bedroom floor that has been covered with a large rug and lands gracefully in the middle of an orgy. But Blake Edwards, who wrote and directed this broadside against Hollywood, uses a tired plot about turning the disastrous picture into a hit by having Julie Andrews bare her breasts. Edwards is snide in a square, unfunny way—he thinks he's showing us how corrupt the movie business is by casting Shelley Winters as a treacherous woman agent who wears tent-size caftans and shares her bed with a cutie-pie black woman. The picture is acknowledged to be based on Edwards' own experiences when his picture "Darling Lili" was a colossal flop. But "Darling Lili" wasn't a flop for the reason suggested—that it was innocent and charming at a time when the dirty-minded public wanted nudity and sex. (As a matter of bleak record, Julie Andrews did a striptease in "Darling Lili" that wasn't so very different from the breast-baring here.) With William Holden, Marisa Berenson, Larry Hagman, Stuart Margolin, Robert Loggia, Loretta Swit, Benson Fong, Robert Vaughn, Robert Webber, John Pleshette, and the director's daughter, Jennifer Edwards, as Lila. (Baronet; through July 12.)

Superman III—With Christopher Reeve and Richard Pryor, directed by Richard Lester. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Murray Hill, Manhattan, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through July 7.)

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Taxi Driver (1976)—Robert De Niro is in almost every frame of Martin Scorsese's feverish, horrifyingly funny movie about a lonely New York cabdriver. De Niro's inflamed, brimming eyes are the focal point of the compositions. He's Travis Bickle, an outsider who can't find any point of entry into human society. He drives nights because he can't sleep anyway; surrounded by the night world of the uprooted—whores, pimps, transients—he hates New York with a Biblical fury, and its filth and smut obsess him. This ferociously powerful film is like a raw, tabloid version of "Notes from the Underground." Scorsese achieves the quality of trance in some scenes, and the whole movie has a sense of vertigo. The cinematographer, Michael Chapman, gives the street life a seamy, rich pulpiness. From Paul Schrader's script; with Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, Jodie Foster, Peter Boyle, Albert Brooks, Leonard Harris, Harry Northup, Joe Spinnell, Diahnne Abbott, and Scorsese himself. (Olympia Quad; through July 7.)

The Teahouse of the August Moon (1956)—John Patrick's Pulitzer Prize-winning play, adapted from Vern J. Sneider's novel, is a whimsical comedy-fantasy about the foolishness of the American military bureaucracy's attempts to impose American ideas on occupied countries—in this case Okinawa. Many people thought the play magical, but this M-G-M version, miserably directed by Daniel Mann, is an almost total mistake. Everybody in it, whether American or Okinawan, seems childish and stupid; the squeals and giggles of the native women are enough to drive one out of the theatre. Marlon Brando starved himself to play the pixie interpreter Sakini, and he looks as if he's enjoying the stunt—talking with a mad accent, grinning boyishly, bending forward, and doing tricky movements with his legs. He's harmlessly genial (and he is certainly missed when he's offstage), though the fey, roguish role doesn't allow him to do what he's great at and it's possible that he's less effective in it than a lesser actor might have been. But this whole production is so talky and rhythmless that it's hard to see how even a specialist in the fey arts could have got the role airborne. As the American captain who tries to turn an Okinawan village into a well-scrubbed Yankee community and then is converted by the natives, Glenn Ford grimaces, twitches galvanically, and stutters foolishly. It's the kind of role and the kind of performance that make you hate an actor. With Machiko Kyo, Paul Ford, Eddie Albert, and Henry Morgan. The adaptation is by the playwright himself. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; July 10-11.)

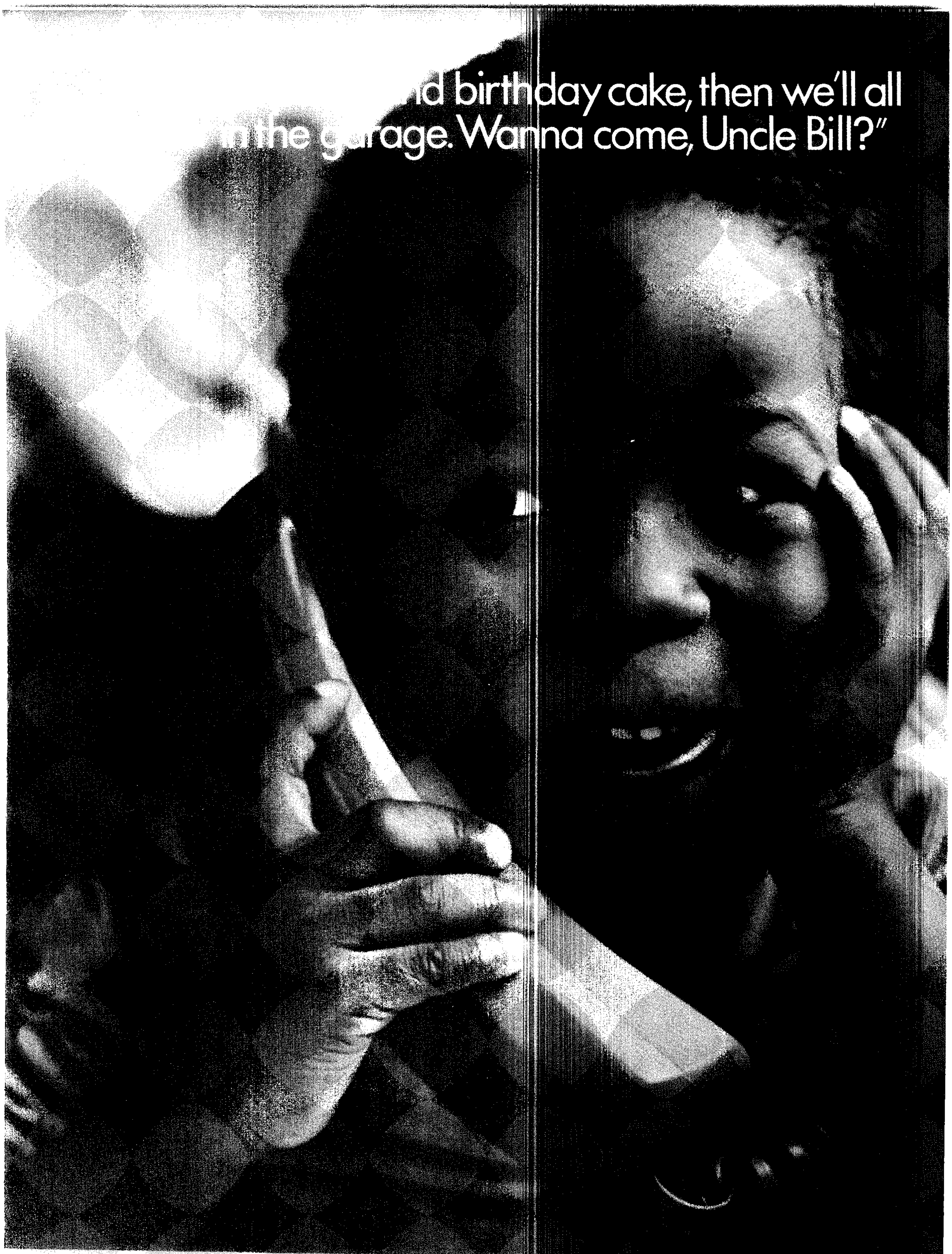
Tootsie—Marvellous fun. Dustin Hoffman plays Michael Dorsey, a brilliant, "uncompromising" New York actor whom no one wants to hire because he makes things hell for everybody. When Michael's girlfriend (Teri Garr) goes up for an audition for a role in a soap and is rejected, he makes himself up as a woman, presents himself as Dorothy Michaels, and lands the job. And Michael finds himself when he's Dorothy—he's such a dedicated, fanatical actor that he comes fully alive only when he's playing a role. Michael is still in the guise of Dorothy when he meets his dream girl—Jessica Lange, who's like a shock absorber to him. With Bill Murray, Charles Durning, George Gaynes, Doris Belack, Dabney Coleman, and, as Michael's agent, Sydney Pollack, who also directed. Pollack does some of his best work yet in the opening sequences—a crackling, rapid-fire presentation of the hopes versus the realities of out-of-work actors' lives. The script is credited to Larry Gelbart and Murray Schisgal, but Don McGuire wrote the first draft, and Elaine May and many others worked on it. (12/27/82) (Criterion Theatres.)

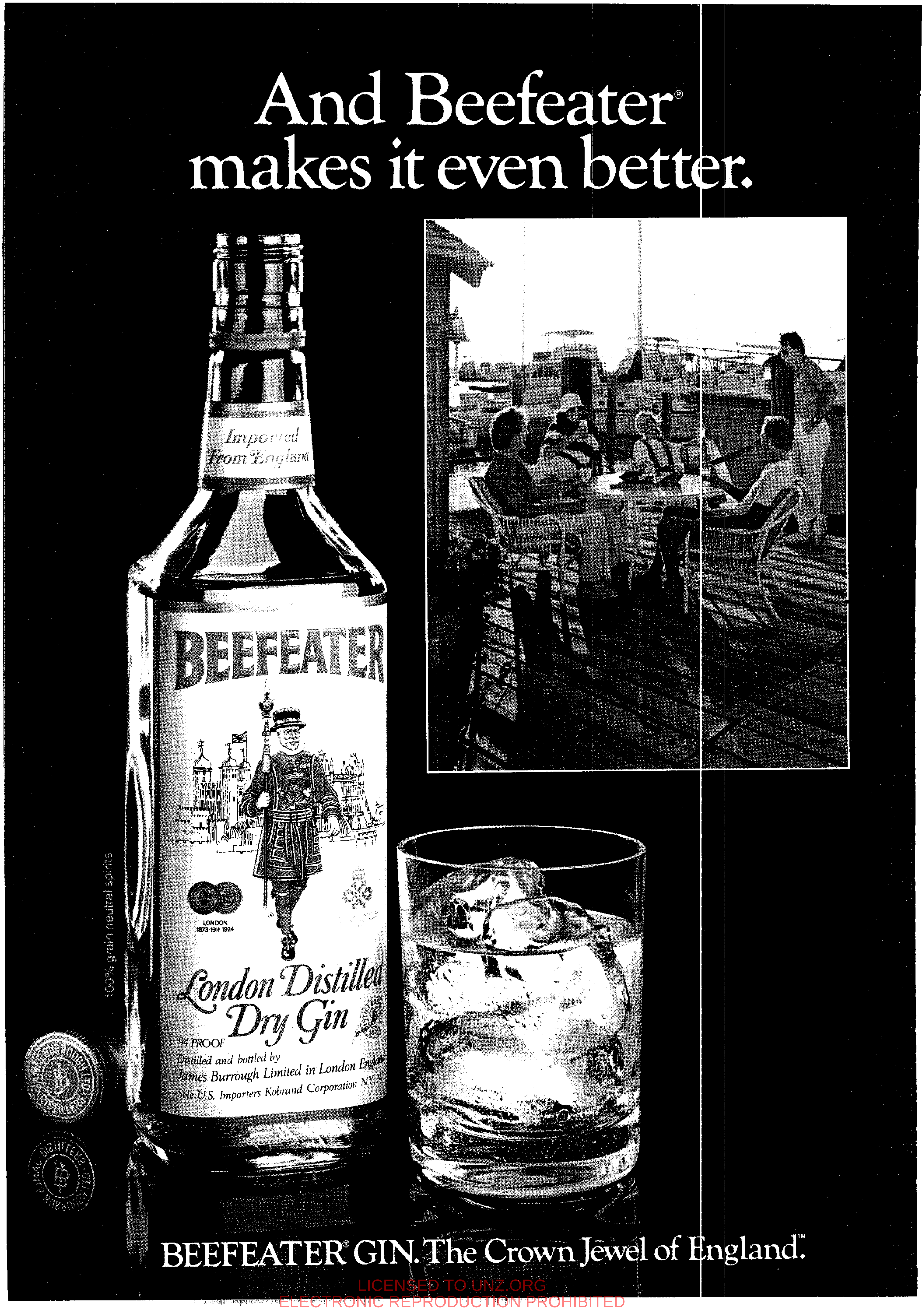
Trading Places—With Dan Aykroyd and Eddie Murphy, directed by John Landis. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Tower East, Loews Orpheum, and Loews State.)

Umberto D. (1952)—Vittorio De Sica's Umberto D. is a stubborn old gentleman with bourgeois standards and no means, isolated in an impersonal modern city, unable to communicate with anyone except his dog (Flick in the subtitles but pronounced Flike). Umberto's alienation has pride and spirit in it, even though his skinny frame is stiffening. Someone has said that this picture goes a long way toward making us aware of what it is to be a man—and also, for that matter, of what it is to be a dog. There are graceful, beautiful episodes—such as a sequence of a young servant girl rising—that would be unthinkable in a conventional movie, or even in a documentary of the time, since the sequence doesn't illustrate any social thesis but is there for itself, for what Cesare Zavattini, who wrote the script with De Sica, called "the love of reality." This work stands apart from De Sica's other films, with the possible exceptions of "The Children Are Watching Us" and "Shoe-Shine"—its moral passion has a special purity. Zavattini wrote that "no other medium of expression has the cinema's original and innate capacity for showing things . . . in what we might call their 'dailiness.' " Perhaps what makes this film singular is that its "dailiness" is infused with so much awareness that the screen seems luminous. There isn't a minute of banality in this simple, direct film, and there's none of the usual Italian post-synching—even the background sound is live and was recorded at the time. Cinematography by G. R. Aldo. With Carlo Battisti, a retired professor, as Umberto, Maria Pia Casilio as the servant, and Lina Gennari as the landlady. In Italian. (Film Forum; July 13.)

WarGames—The film begins as a comedy about a teen-age boy in Seattle who is caught up in the fascination of computers and video games; he has all this miracle-working technology and not a thought in the world about what to do with it. Matthew Broderick plays the role with great charm, but when this boy accidentally plugs into the Defense Department's war-games system and gets into what he thinks is just another video game—Global Thermonuclear War—the machines take over. There's also the noise of speechmakers—the director John Badham, loses his easy touch, and the picture goes flooey. It's at its worst when John Wood is on screen as a saintly computer scientist who's so brainy and bitter that he rolls his eyes from side to side and wears his hair in bangs. With Ally Sheedy, Dabney Coleman, Barry Corbin, and Eddie Deezen as Mr. Potato Head. From a script by Lawrence Lasker and Walter F. Parkes. (6/13/83) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, U.A. 85th St. East, Greenwich Playhouse, and R.K.O. Century Warner Twin. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through July 7.)

A Woman Is a Woman (1961)—Godard's parody-imitation of an American musical: an experiment that he, fortunately, never repeated. With Anna Karina, Belmondo, and Jean-Claude Brialy, and all too damned cute. In French. (Thalia; July 10.)


nd birthday cake, then we'll all
in the garage. Wanna come, Uncle Bill?"
Reach out and touch someone.
Bell System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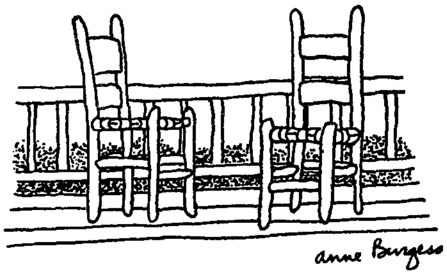
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

DIGESTING croissants and statistics at the same sitting taxes us, but we did our best the other day when the Whirlpool Corporation summoned reporters to the Plaza Hotel's Terrace Room for breakfast and the release of a study on "America's Search for Quality: Consumers in the 80s." The search had taken pollsters up the airy mountain, down the rushy glen, and into the living room, where, in interviews with one thousand and two randomly selected consumers, they discovered a "high level of satisfaction with goods": eighty-five per cent of these Americans rated themselves either "very" or "somewhat" satisfied with the products they bought; ninety-two per cent said that "if you are willing to shop around you can get your money's worth;" and a pound-wise eighty-five per cent agreed with the statement "If you want quality, you have to be prepared to pay for it." By far the largest group of consumers ranked workmanship as the most important indicator of product quality. "People have a great attitude toward craftsmanship, toward the human factor," Whirlpool's director of communications, Lenard Schweitzer, said. "So many people are talking high tech, but our survey shows consumers want 'high touch.' " Other experts at the meeting talked about "personal purchase optimism" and the "cultural awakening to what is 'doable' and possible with what's available." It was an impressive report, and a fine breakfast.

Not long afterward, we read another recent study—this one issued by the Community Service Society and titled "Revisiting the Default Debtor." It followed the tribulations of more than two hundred and fifty debtors who had been sued in Brooklyn Civil Court in 1981 by furniture stores, finance companies, and a large-scale landlord, and found that in a majority of the cases the debtor failed to heed a summons and appear in court, a default judgment was entered against him, and his wages were attached. We looked up Frank Caro, the principal author of the report, and he outlined for us how such cases start. "Well," he said, "somebody really wants to have a television set. He doesn't, however, have the cash to buy it. In a store, he sees one that costs—oh, three hundred and fifty dollars, but that store won't give him credit. In another store, he sees the same set, and its price tag might happen to be—oh, eight hundred dollars. But this store has credit easily available. And though under the terms of the credit agreement the TV may end up costing him fifteen hundred or sixteen hundred dollars—and maybe he'll be paying for several years—there's almost nothing down. So he buys it. Then what may happen is that the item he saw in the store isn't the one that's delivered, or it's defective. Someone brings him a box and he signs for it, and then the fellow who delivered it is gone by the time the box is opened. Or the buyer may just not have the money to keep up the payments. Characteristically, people make payments for a while and then they stop." After they stop, the furniture store goes to court, and a summons is issued. Though summonses are supposed to be personally delivered, only about three and a half per cent of the debtors in the report said that the document had been handed to them. Half said that it had come in the mail, and forty-two per cent said they had never received it. "A process server would not want to be in a lot of the areas where these people live at the time of day when you find people home," Caro said. And in those cases where the summons was received very few of the debtors took any action. "They're not the sort of people who would have lawyers, and the legal services available to poor people concentrate on criminal cases. Anyway, some of these people are really quite intimidated by courts, and that is too bad, because if consumers have some legitimate beef about defective goods they can be quite effective in court on their own." In many cases, the debtor does not know that he has been sued and has lost until the day he first gets a paycheck with deductions for the cost of the item, the cost of the credit, and the cost of the furniture store's lawyer. In some cases, this happens even to cosigners—particularly if the debtor is on welfare and hence has no wages to garnishee. "Some guy cosigns for his girlfriend, and then they break up, and months later he finds that the money is being taken out of his paycheck. Often people don't understand what it means to cosign something. They think maybe they're just giving a reference."



Several of the people in the Community Service Society report were in debt for the purchase, from door-to-door salesmen, of pants-pressing machines. "The salesmen sold them machines—expensive machines—for pressing their trousers," Caro said. "When the machines arrived, they were apparently big commercial units that would hardly even fit into their homes. Once they had the machine, they realized that actually they had no business having it, but there was no one to return it to, and by this time the obligation had been sold to a finance company and they were getting bills from someone they had never heard of." All we could think of was the Whirlpool report, with its satisfied consumers busy shopping around for good workmanship, expressing personal purchase optimism, and making sure they got their money's worth. These people share with the trouser-press purchasers only one thing—their residence in a consumer society. Both groups' TV sets, no matter how they've been paid for, show the same commercials.

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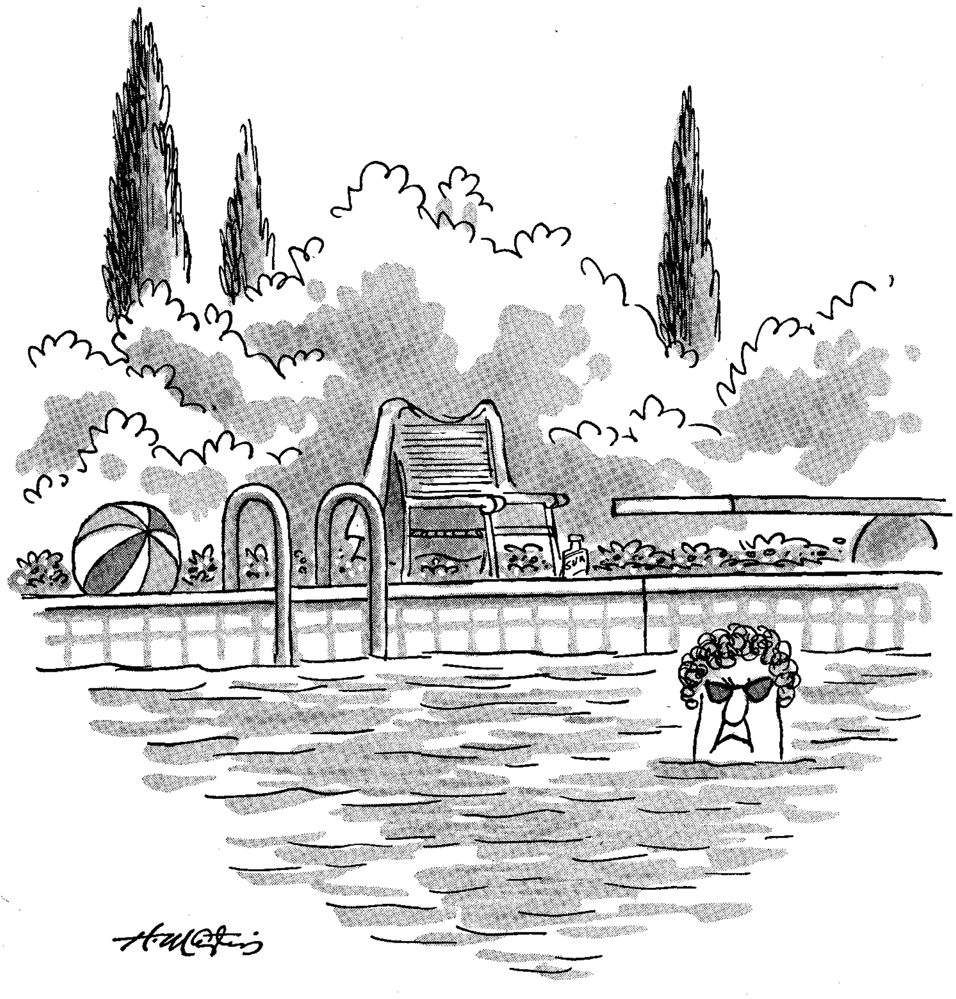
A FRIEND writes:

Thirty-five years ago, the transistor was unveiled at a Bell Telephone Laboratories press conference in Manhattan. The exact date was June 30, 1948. My own introduction into the world followed this by some two months. I did not, however, become a bona-fide member of the semiconductor set until a decade later, when, on the occasion of my tenth birthday, my parents presented me with a red-and-white Emerson transistor radio. It was about the size of a hefty paperback book and was powered by a nine-volt battery; its convenient portability allowed me to connect easily with a world that extended beyond my limited realm of experience. I found comfort in the awareness that the Emerson would keep my knowledge of rock-and-roll lyrics current, inform me of how the Yankees were faring, and provide other bits of cultural information that made me feel not only closer to my peers but also part of a society that seemed carefully and thoughtfully orchestrated. Twenty years later, I visited Castro's Cuba and, in Havana, met a young man who dreamed of the United States in a way no native could. His images of the land of opportunity had been filtered almost exclusively through KAAY, an AM station in Little Rock, Arkansas, which he listened to in bed every night on a transistor radio. His English was filled with fragments of song lyrics and punctuated by the staccato mannerisms of disc jockeys. And a few weeks ago I happened to walk into a small coffee shop near the corner of Bleecker and Sullivan Streets, in the Village. A family—mom, dad, a teen-age girl, and a boy about eleven—were seated at a table. They were all wearing headphones, which were plugged into separate radios or cassette players worn on their belts. The four were eating in silence, none speaking with any of the others, and each head nodding to a different beat.



The Tip of the Iceberg

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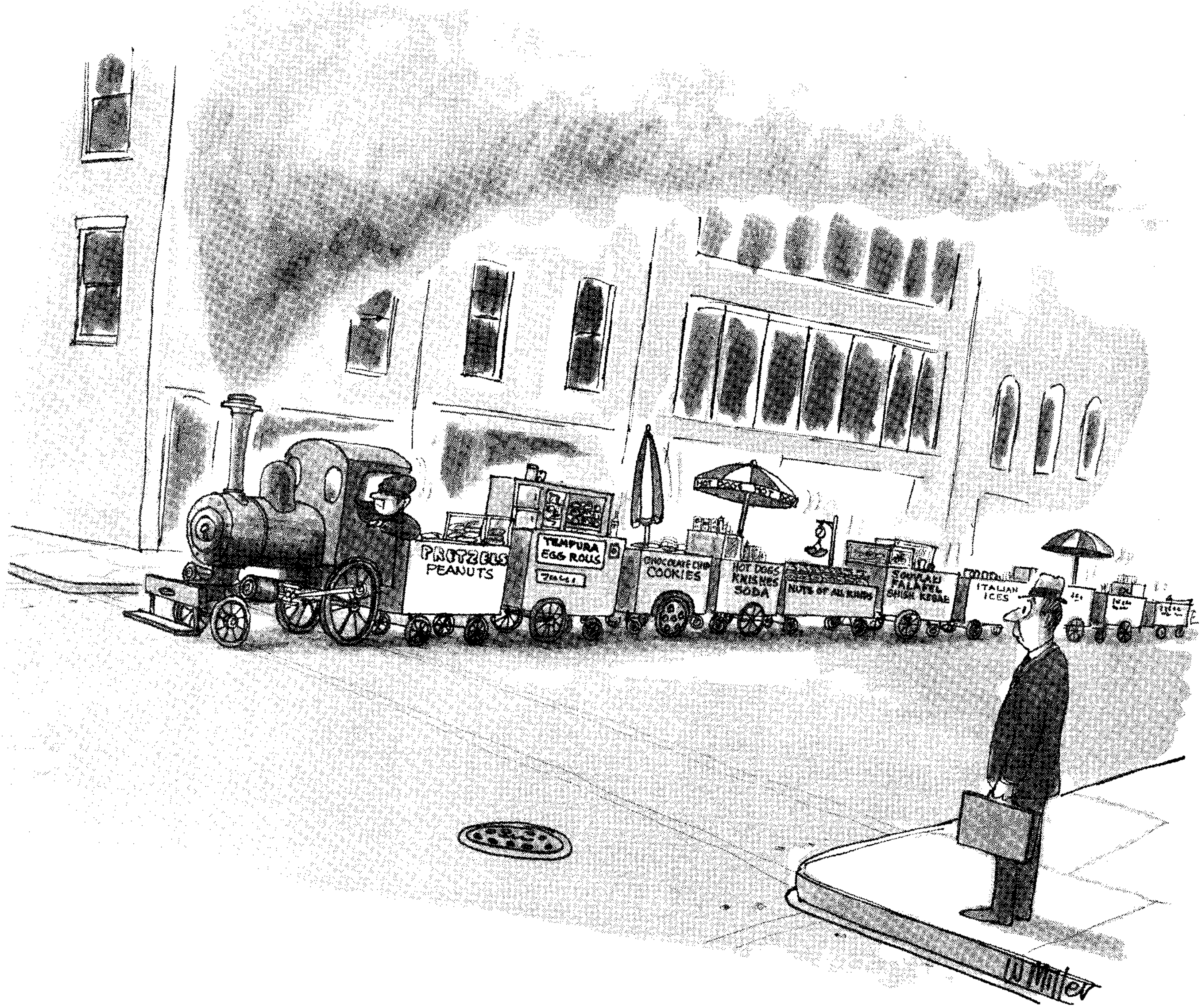
Nothing Doing

THE rain begins to fall in the bottom of the third inning. Fans retreat to the shelter of the stands, the ground crew rolls out the tarp, the players adjourn to the clubhouse for cold cuts and liar poker. If you play a hundred and sixty-two baseball games in a summer, some afternoons or evenings it will rain, and what can you do but wait? But in the broadcast booth such delays breed panic and alarm and a feverish casting about for something to say, since the airwaves can tolerate anything except silence. Someone fetches the assistant trainer, who must deliver a discourse—in layman's terms, please—on the right Achilles tendon of the left fielder. The pitching coach tells of phenoms laboring in Double A—fellows who can throw smoke but have a few problems with control. Scores are read and jokes are told, and the time is somehow filled until the skies clear up or the umpire finally sends everyone home. Jeremiah Murphy and Lisa Breslof, two municipal Urban Park Rangers, should be able to sympathize with the plight of the play-by-play boys. One Saturday afternoon last month, they spent several hours entertaining a crowd of about forty that had come to Brooklyn's Marine Park to watch horseshoe crabs mate. Around them on the beach were five carcasses of abandoned automobiles, several sunbathers (including one man with a superb belly), two fisherwomen, and the corporeal remains of several former horseshoe crabs. But there were no horseshoe crabs scuttling around and certainly no horseshoe crabs mating, and so the Rangers—having pointed



toward the center-field bleachers with a flyer all but guaranteeing the "awesome spectacle" of horseshoe crabs engaged in perpetuating their species—were filling in like crazy. They discussed the clam worm, a favorite horseshoe-crab repast, which comes with jaws and can nip the fleshy web between your fingers. Ranger Breslof, a fact-filled and very pleasant Ranger whom we met on a ship-watching expedition last fall, did an impression of a horseshoe crab eating a clam worm—a process that involved repeated and vigorous shrugging of her shoulders. "Horseshoe crabs only eat while they're walking," she said. "If they're not walking, they're not eating."

She asked the crowd to guess how many eyes a horseshoe crab viewed the world through.

"Two," someone ventured.

"A thousand," said someone else.

"Four," said Ranger Breslof.

* *

This was all well and good, but it was not horseshoe crabs mating—a sight we were all the sorrier to be missing once Ranger Breslof had explained what it entailed. "The female attracts males with a special scent. And then one or more males—sometimes as many as five—grab her with special buckler devices. She hauls them up the beach, digs a pit, and lays her eggs, and then the males fertilize them, and they head back to sea." It's a procedure that has to be a metaphor for *something*. Anyway, to appease the growing restlessness the Rangers assured the crowd that the tide was rising and, with it, the odds of romantic crabs emerging.

A few feet offshore, Ranger Murphy actually found a male crab swimming around, and, hoisting it in the air, he brought it back to the beach to show off its charms. "The tail is not poisonous, and he cannot shoot it at you like a spear," Ranger Murphy said. He explained that horseshoe crabs have few natural enemies, because of their "high shell-to-meat ratio," but that fertilizer companies have lately taken to crunching them up. "And I've read that somewhere—in the Middle Western states, I believe—people dine on them," he said. Later, Ranger Murphy put his specimen in the water to show how fast it could swim. Each time the crab headed for open sea, however, Ranger Murphy corralled it.

"Why don't you let him go?" some liberal asked.

"Because I may need him again for a visual aid," Ranger Murphy replied.

An hour after the appointed time, with still no reproduction under way, Ranger Breslof announced that she would lead a party to search for a nest of eggs laid a few days previously. Followed by a sizable crowd, she wandered along the beach looking for the distinctive trail of a horseshoe crab. "This is . . . a tire track," she said. Finally, though, she located a depression in the sand and, just a few inches beneath the surface, a sizable cache of tiny green eggs.

"It would take about six thousand of these to make a decent omelette," Ranger Murphy observed. Members of the audience, their flagging attention revived by the discovery, crowded around to look at the eggs. Most of the people in attendance were toting high-powered binoculars, even though horseshoe crabs are pretty slow about running away and are not at all hard to see. Several people with expensive cameras dutifully photographed the eggs.

Ranger Breslof explained how one could raise horseshoe crabs as pets. "They're very interesting," she said. "I was raising them for just half a year, and I got to watch them molt several times. You can feed them little pieces of brine shrimp. And you can grow your own brine shrimp at home, too."

By now, it had become clear that no mating would take place this day. "It's rather blustery, and there are a lot of motorboats shooting back and forth, and quite a few bathers, so the water is all churned up and the crabs don't want to come to shore," Ranger Murphy explained.

"But if you come back tonight, when the moon's out," Ranger Breslof added, "you'll probably be able to see a lot of them—hundreds, maybe—up on the beach, or swimming around in their little helmets."

But we had other plans.

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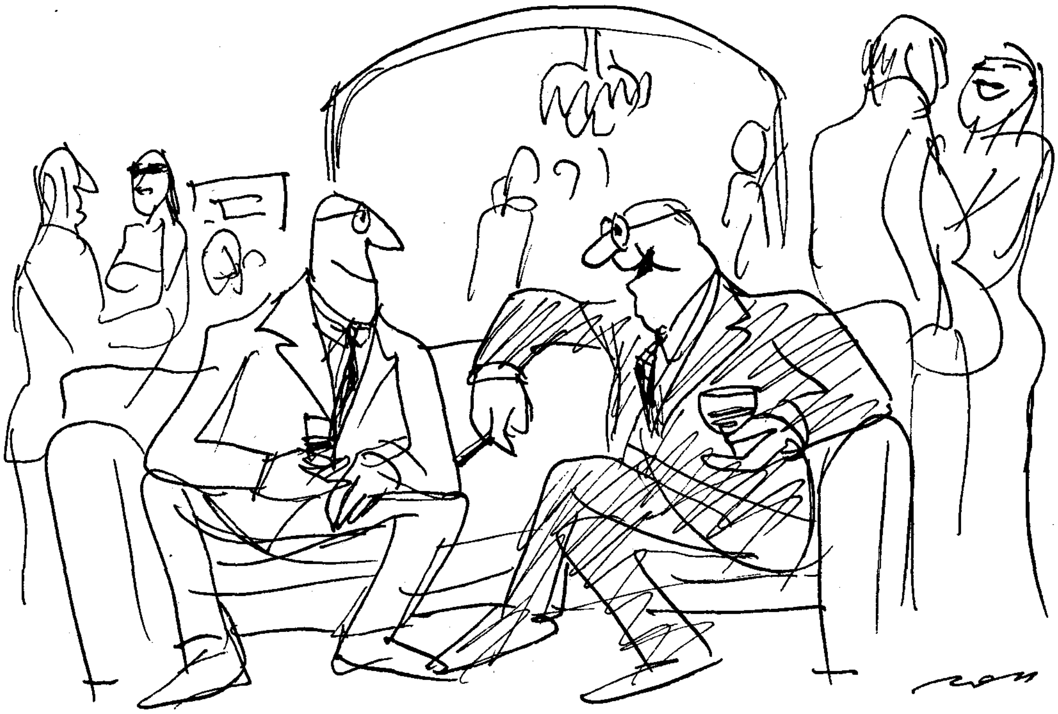
WE were, in fact, scheduled to accompany a friend of ours while he stood his first tour of duty as an officer of the city's auxiliary police force, which is a volunteer adjunct of New York's Finest, and whose members don't carry guns but do tote nightsticks and radios and wear uniforms. The uniform, a replica of a real cop getup save for a special "Auxiliary" patch and a different badge, transformed our friend, Jeff—we were used to seeing him in jeans—and got us all pepped up about walking the beat, for we are victims of that American malady Seen Too Much TV, one of whose symptoms is the equation of cops with glamour, daring, and happy endings. "I started the course in January," Jeff told us. "We covered everything from deadly force to lost children. If you see a lost child, tell it, 'Don't worry—*you're* not lost. You're right here. *Mommy's* lost.' We spent the last three weeks on self-defense. If you need to use the nightstick, you're supposed to go like this, and then like this, and then like this." Each "this" would have inflicted considerable pain. After picking up a radio and a partner—John Grome, a nine-year auxiliary veteran—Jeff headed out into the evening, or that portion of it lying in the Twentieth Precinct, which stretches from Fifty-ninth to Eighty-sixth Street and from Central Park West to the Hudson. "It takes a little while to get used to wearing this uniform," Jeff said. "When you walk by people, they stare at you," he added, not unhappily.

Trouble simmered elsewhere in the city—the police radio gave a crackling account of an escaped prisoner wearing red sweat pants—but summery peace reigned at the corner of Seventy-ninth and Broadway. Several women with bare shoulders strolled by, several joggers puffed by, and Jeff and John sauntered. We've sometimes wondered why police walk so slowly. Well, it's because when you're going nowhere special, how fast you get there hardly matters. "I've got to learn to look around when I walk—I tend to look in front of me," Jeff said.

At the Riverside Park boat basin, a number of skippers were flying the cocktail flag. A passing jogger was a little upset about some cars with diplomatic plates illegally parked inside the park. "It's disgusting," the man said. Auxiliary officers can't write tickets, but they can write down license numbers in their logbooks and take them back to the station house. Jeff and John promised to do this, and the concerned citizen jogged off with a smile on his face.

On the radio, a man with a knife was reported causing problems on East Sixty-seventh Street, but on Riverside Drive all was serene. "If you want to watch girls, the best post is Columbus Avenue. You wouldn't want to be on Riverside or West End if you wanted to watch girls," John said.

Walking up Eighty-second Street, Jeff frowned at a boy riding his bike aimlessly in an intersection and smiled at a little girl sitting on her stoop. He showed us his training manual, which had a glossary of police terms (including



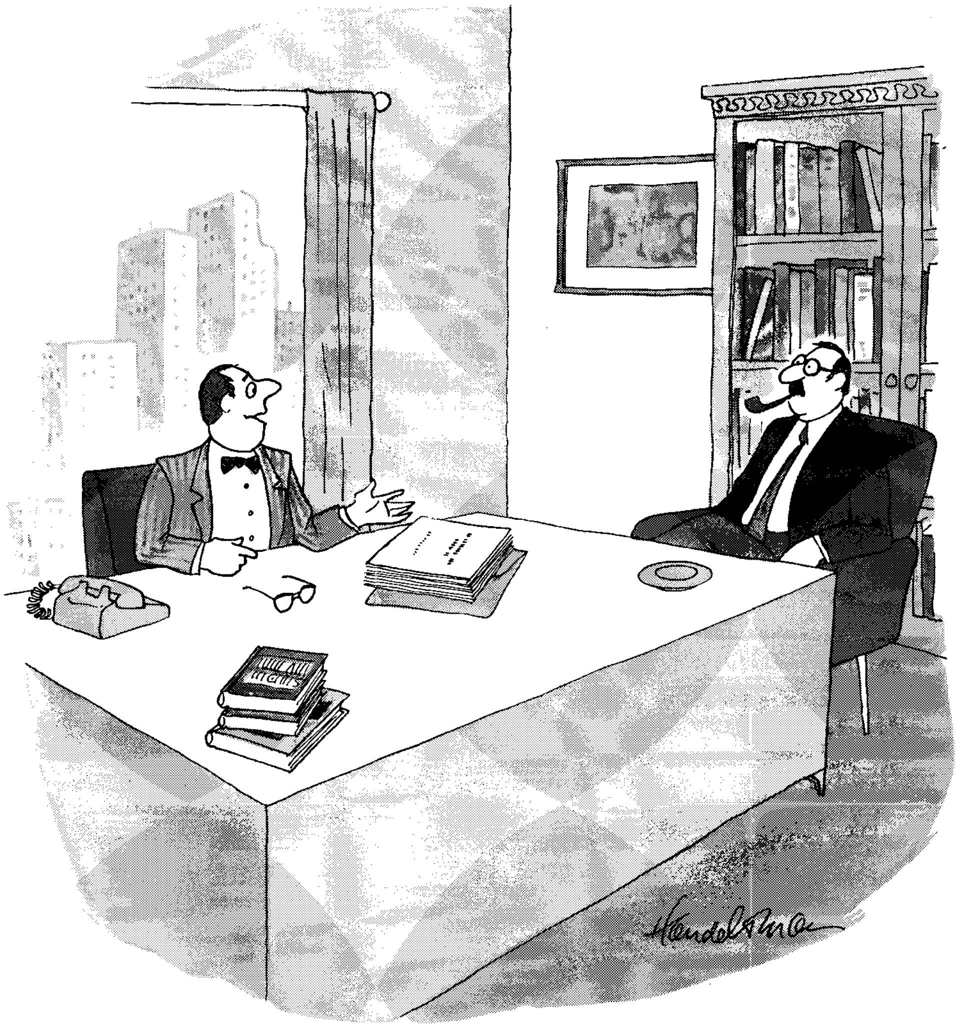
"Actually, my humor owes something to George Burns and something to Johnny Carson, but in the final analysis I'm me."

some he had scrawled in himself, like "hairbag," meaning "lousy") and a short description of the work of an auxiliary officer: "Crime results from the DESIRE to commit an unlawful act along with the BELIEF that the OPPORTUNITY to do so exists. Although we cannot do anything about decreasing a person's desire to commit a crime, maybe your presence will decrease the person's opportunity to commit an offense." The theory seemed to be working, for while on the radio a female E.D.P. ("That's emotionally disturbed person," Jeff told us) was waving a knife around in a movie line on East Eighty-sixth Street, on Columbus Avenue calm ran rampant. "I bet you could make a lot of arrests along here like for drinking red wine with fish," Jeff said as we strolled back toward the station house.

We remembered something that Officer Vincent Lupinacci, the precinct coördinator of the auxiliary forces, had said earlier in the evening: "In our business, when business is quiet, business is good."

Tolerance

WHILE participating in the last few decades, we acquired—at about the same time as the Peter Max wall hanging—a broad progressive streak, with the result that we now celebrate differences in race, sex, creed, and dietary habit. And even differences in years since birth; our heart harbors no "age-ist" tendencies, and we realize that people's talents, and not their years, should count. Equal opportunity and equal respect and equal everything else, regardless of age, that's our rule. Still, eight is pretty young. But there we were, a week or so ago at Elaine's, wineglass in hand, dutifully recording the opinions and plumbing the depths of two young men —boys, some might call them—who are starring in "Misunderstood," a film that is due out this fall. Inside info: Huckleberry Fox (he's the eight-year-old) was born George Fox, received his nickname without reading the book, has starred since infancy in commercials (as have his three brothers and two sisters), wears a Yale tie because he resides in New Haven, and noticed a lot of poor people while he was on location in Tunisia for "Misunderstood." Henry Thomas (eleven years old and the star of "E.T." who wasn't E.T.) lives in San Antonio, favors red plastic shades, and has recently christened his three terrier pups Big Mac, Quarter Pounder, and French Fries.



"You've described your experiences well enough, Mr. Frimley. The thing is that quite a few other people were also in World War II, and some of them have already written about it."

• •

Uniformly grown-up, the thirty-five or so other people present, most of them reporters, seemed perplexed as to just how to deal with media giants a third their size. One approach was to cast aside the age and height differences. Ignoring the fact that Huckleberry stopped where their belts began, reporters belonging to this school stood bolt upright and invariably began the conversation by telling the boys, "I admire your work. I admire it very much." While commendably progressive, the technique precluded serious conversation, since in a noisy room remarks directed to one's waist rarely travel the distance to one's ears. At the opposite extreme, a number of journalists hunkered right down, producing a rough equality of height (though not of stability; after several minutes in this position, thighs shake and strain, and columnists have been known to tumble). These scribes tended to ask "Are you having a good time?" or "What grade are you in?" or "What's that you're drinking?" (7Up) or "What's that you're eating?" (a candy called Nerds) or "How come you're such a cutie?" A number of more or less cantilevered approaches were also essayed, but no one managed to look comfortable.

Firm believers in nostrums technological, we persuaded the celebs to sit at a table with us.

Looking him right in the eye, we asked Huckleberry, "Do you ever get tired of hanging around with adults?"

"Sometimes," he said.

THE CURRENT CRISIS IN REMORSE

REMORSE is a fairly new area in social work so it's no wonder we get the short end when it comes to budget and staffing. Take me, for example. For three years, I was the *only professional remorse officer* in a Department of Human Services serving a city of *more than 1.5 million*, and not so long ago my supervisor (a man with no remorse background at all) told me I was "expendable" and that he would "shed no tears" if remorse was eliminated from the Department entirely. I had no office, only a desk across from the elevators, and I shared a phone with the director of the Nephew Program in Family Counselling. And it's not only me! Around the country, morale in remorse has never been lower.

We in remorse are a radical minority within the social-work community. We believe that not every wrong in our society is the result of complex factors such as poor early-learning environment and resultative dissocialized communication. Some wrong is the result of *badness*. We believe that some people act like jerks, and that when dealing with jerks one doesn't waste too much time on sympathy. They're jerks. They do bad things. They should feel sorry for what they did and stop doing it. Of course, I'm oversimplifying here, trying to state things in layman's terms, and I should add that we are professionals, after all, who are trained in behavioral methodology *including* remorse, but also a lot more—if you're interested, read "Principles of Deductive Repentance," by Morse and Frain, or Professor Frain's excellent "Failure and Fault: Assignment and Acceptance."

I did my training under Frain and graduated in 1976, just as remorse was coming to the forefront. People in the helping professions had begun to notice a dramatic increase in the number of clients who did terrible things and didn't feel one bit sorry. It was an utterly common phenomenon for a man who had been apprehended after months of senseless carnage to look at a social worker or psychologist with an expression of mild dismay and say, "Hey, I know what you're thinking, but that wasn't *me* out there, it wasn't *like* me at all. I'm really a very caring type of guy. Anyway, it's over now, it's done, and I got to get on with my own life, you know," as if he had only been unkind or unsupportive of his victims and not dismembered them and stuffed them into mailboxes. This was not the "cold-blooded" or "hardened" criminal but rather a cheerful, self-accepting one, who looked on his crime as "something that happened" and had a theory to explain it.

"I'm thinking it was a nutritional thing," one mass murderer remarked to me in 1978. "I was feeling down that day. I'd been doing a lot of deep-fried foods, and I was going to get a multi-vitamin out of the medicine chest when I noticed all those people in the park and—well, one thing just led to another. I've completely changed my food intake since then. I really feel *good* now. I know I'm never going to let myself get in that type of situation again!"

It wasn't only vicious criminals who didn't feel sorry, though. It was a regretless time all around. Your own best friend might spill a glass of red wine on your new white sofa and immediately *explain* it—no spontaneous shame and embarrassment, just "Oh, I've always had poor motor skills," or "You distracted me with your comment about Bolivia." People walked in and stole your shoes, they trashed your lawn and bullied your children and blasted the neighborhood with powerful tape machines at 4 A.M. and got stone drunk and cruised through red lights, smashing your car and ruining your life for the next six months, and if you confronted them about these actions they told you about a particularly upsetting life-experience they'd gone through recently, such as condemnation.

Marisabina

In 1976, a major Protestant denomination narrowly defeated an attempt to destigmatize the Prayer of Confession by removing from it all guilt or guilt-oriented references: "Lord, we approach Thy Throne of Grace, having committed acts which, we do heartily acknowledge, must be very difficult for Thee to understand. Nevertheless, we do beseech Thee to postpone judgment and to give Thy faithful servants the benefit of the doubt until such time as we are able to answer all Thy questions fully and clear up all Thy doubts."

IT was lack of remorse among criminals, though, that aroused public outrage, and suddenly we few professionals in the field were under terrible pressure to have full-fledged remorse programs in place in weeks, even days. City Hall was on the phone, demanding to see miscreants slumped in courtrooms, weeping, shielding their faces while led off to jail.

Fine, I said. Give me full funding to hire a staff and I'll give you a remorse program you can be proud of. My supervisor sneered. "Ha!" he said. He said, "Get this straight, showboat, 'cause I'll only say it once. You work for me, and I say remorse is Number Last on the list around here. Cosmetics! That's all City Hall wants and that's what we give them. A few tears. You can twist arms, step on toes, or use raw onions, but forget about funding."

His insensitivity shocked me. Remorselessness is a fundamental flaw, a crack in the social contract, and repair requires a major commitment. One man simply couldn't keep up with the case load.

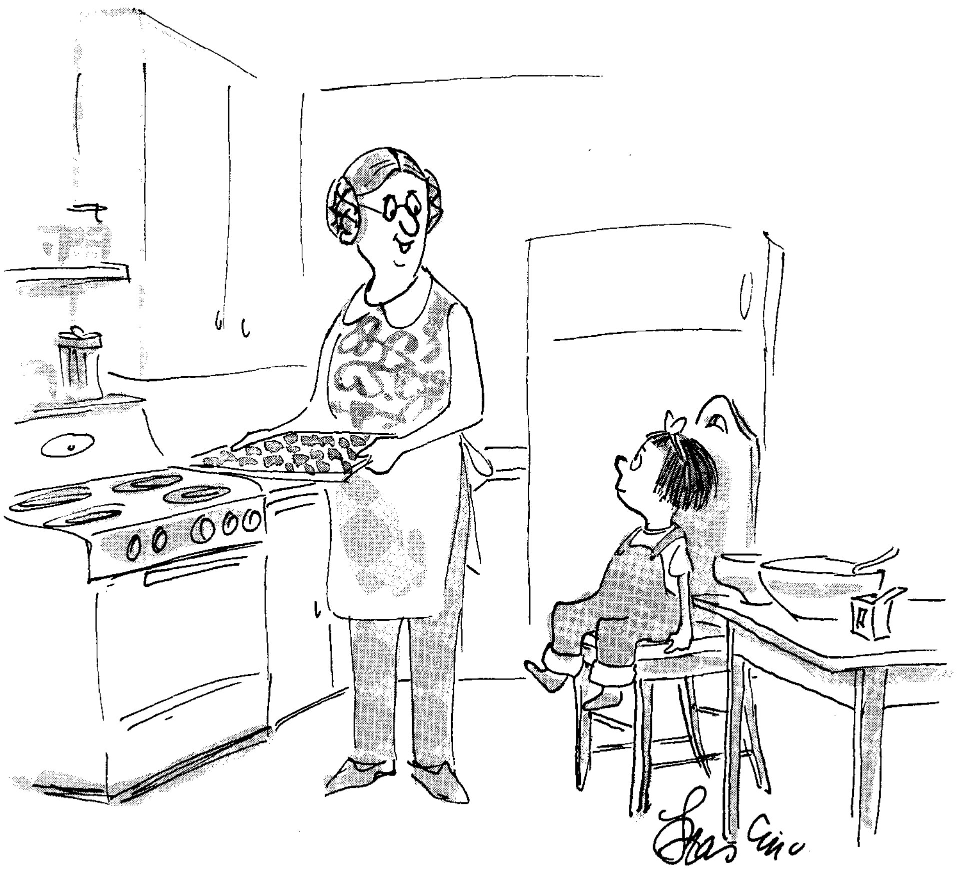
I spent two months on the president of AmTox, who was sent to me after his conviction for dumping tons of deadly wastes into a scenic gorge and killing thousands of trout and who took a Who—me? attitude toward the deed until finally I elicited a small amount of shame by requiring him to spend Saturdays panhandling in the bus depot, wearing a sign that said "Help Me, I'm Not Too Bright." But meanwhile hundreds of others got off scot-free. I'd put the screws to the guy who enjoyed touching pedestrians with his fender, but meanwhile the guys who bilked hundreds of elderly women of their life savings walked out the door saying, "Hey, what's the big deal? So we exaggerated a little. No need to get huffy about it."

It depressed the hell out of me. Here I was, swimming in paperwork with my hands tied, and out on the street were jerks on parade: unassuming, pleasant, perfectly normal people except that they had an extra bone in their head and less moral sense than God gave geese. And even most of the ones I did put through remorse didn't improve a lot. Six months ago, thirty-seven former clients of mine filed a class-action suit against the state demanding millions in restitution for the ethically handicapped and arguing neglect on the state's part in failing to provide remorse counselling earlier. "We have suffered terrible remorse," the brief said, "as we begin to recognize the enormity of our sins, including but not limited to: pure selfishness, vicious cruelty, utter dishonesty, blind insensitivity, gross neglect, overweening pride, etc. And that's fine. But where was this program ten years ago? Nowhere to be found! That was the Me Decade! Is that our fault? Therefore, in consideration of the vast black abyss of guilt to which we have been suddenly subjected, we demand that the court order . . . " My heart sank as I read it. They had even quoted my speech to the Council on Penitential Reform in 1981:

> Criminal non-remorse is the tip of a very large iceberg, and unless we initiate broad-based remorse reforms on the community level and start talking about an overhaul of our entire moral system—church, media, education, the parental system, personal networking, the entire values-delivery infrastructure—and recognize that it requires major investment by private *and* public sectors in professional training and research and that we're looking at a time frame of years, not months, and that we must begin now, we simply *must*, because, believe me, if we don't, that is a mistake we're going to live to regret!

The state, they said further, had failed to exercise due care in neglecting to warn them earlier and to inform them of the urgent necessity of changing their ways.

Three days later, the order came down that I was reassigned. By offering remorse assistance, it said, I had needlessly raised people's expectations of inner peace.



"No, honey, Grandma wore her hair this way long before anyone ever dreamed of Princess Leia."

• •

"That means you, lamebrain," the supervisor cackled, leaning across his desk and poking an index finger into my rib cage. "Let's see how you like it in the basement." He assigned me to "assist in the assembly and assessment" of ancient and dusty ascertainment files in a dim, airless room deep in the bowels of Human Services—useless and demeaning work that left me weak and dispirited after only a day, but I held on and did the work and didn't complain. He plugged the ventilator, reduced light-bulb wattage, denied me a radio. I spent three weeks in that hell-hole, reading lengthy case histories of clients long since deceased and sorting them into meaningless piles and attaching gummed labels that tasted like dead socks.

Suddenly one afternoon, he appeared in the doorway, his face drawn, his eyes filled with tears. "I read Frain last night," he said. "All night. Why— I— You should have told me. Oh God, oh God! What have I done to you? How can I make it up? You want my job? Take it."

"No, thanks. That's all right. No problem," I said. "I'm quitting."

He begged me to stay. "I can't live with my conscience if you won't let me do something for you. Let me at least take you to lunch. There's a terrific little seafood place a block from here that I've been keeping to myself—"

"Don't bother," I said. "Come five o'clock you'll never see me again."

I was true to my word. I'm a vice-president of Yakamoto now, where I've designed a remorse program for assembly-line workers to build stronger emotional responses to poor workmanship, tardiness, false sick days, and excessive lunch breaks. The job is challenging, the people pleasant, the fringe benefits outstanding, and the salary is three hundred and ninety-five thou a year. The Japanese place a high premium on shame. You don't see them treating other people like dirt. They even feel contrition for things that someone standing next to them did! They treat me like a prince. I'm a lucky man. I'm extremely happy here.

—GARRISON KEILLOR

OUT HERE

THEY line up, from oldest to youngest: Gretchen, Carola, Jill. Leonard frames them in his viewfinder. When they stand together, posed, he can see similarities—the arcs of cheekbones, almond-shaped eyes, thin lips—but if these women were strangers to him and he met them separately, he would never guess that they were sisters. Gretchen, Leonard's wife, is the tallest as well as the oldest. As she arranges herself, she shakes out her hair and laughs. Carola—hair shorter, mouth smaller than her sisters'—sighs loudly. Jill, standing barefoot next to her, jumps from one foot to the other on the hot cement.

"Hurry up, Leonard. I have to get dinner," Carola says.

"Just let me focus," Leonard says.

The sisters grumble and link arms. Through his camera, Leonard thinks, he has captured an image that has nothing to do with these women as individuals but, rather, with how they lean away from one another, how their arms strain against touching.

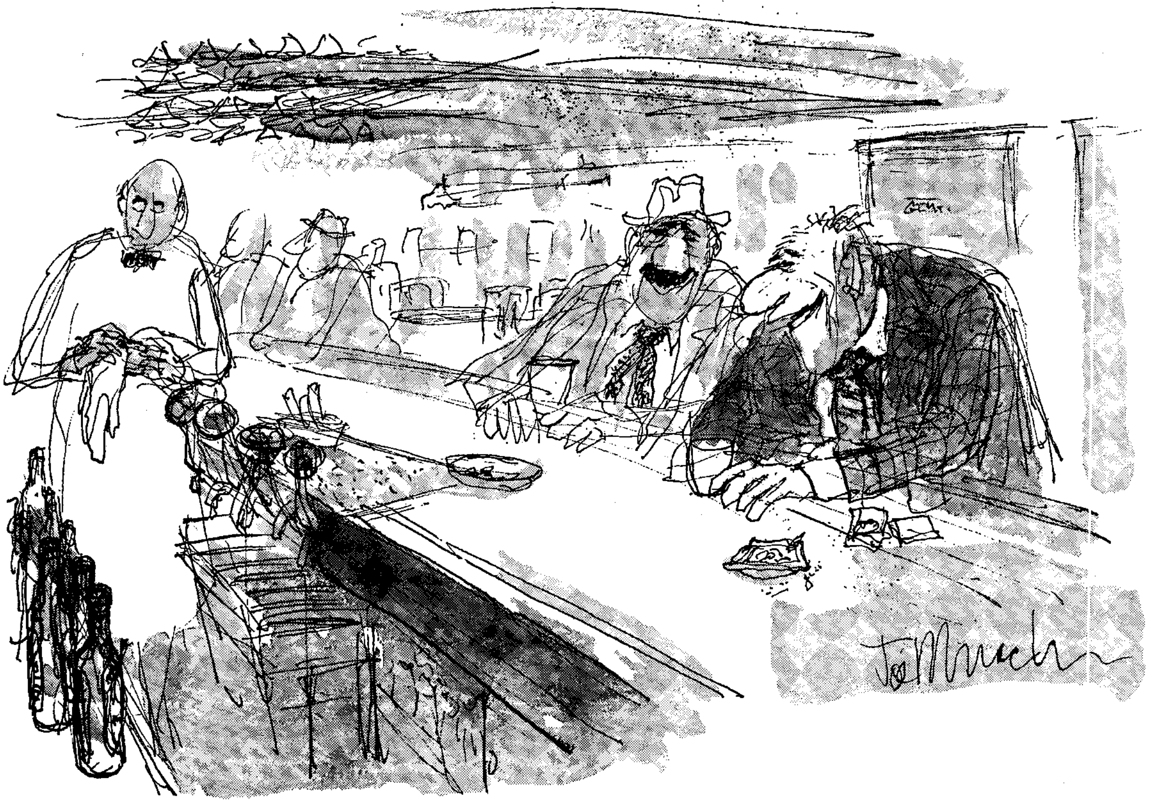
"It's too hot to stand like this much longer," Jill says. She unlinks her arm from Carola's to brush away a fly.

He takes the picture. The camera spews out a piece of photographic paper, fog green. Immediately the sisters disentangle and go back to what they were doing—Gretchen to the porch, Carola to the kitchen, Jill hopping from stone to stone across the lawn to where her friend Donna Lee sits leaning against a maple tree, reading. Leonard shades the picture with his left hand and, squinting, bends over to watch the image emerge.

EVEN though they both live in New York City, Carola and Jill hardly ever see each other, and never on social occasions. They have been meeting only to haggle about bank accounts, trust funds, their father's health-insurance policy. Carola works at a publishing company, in subsidiary rights, and lives on the East Side; Jill lives with Donna Lee in a nameless region below Tribeca, and is doing temp work to pay for a film course at N.Y.U. Gretchen has been living in Mill Valley, in Northern California, since college, and for the past three years she has been married to Leonard, who has a job with a software company. What has brought the sisters together again now is the death of their father. He died of emphysema, in his late sixties, and they have gathered in an old house in Connecticut that is not "the old house" but a house completely unfamiliar to them. Their father moved into it three years ago, after their mother's death and his almost immediate remarriage to a divorcée named Eleanor Manley. It is Eleanor's "old house." She died six months ago of a stroke; her children cleaned the house of its knickknacks, scrubbed it as best they could of early memories, and left it to the widower, whom none of them knew very well. In spite of this recent cleaning, there are still hints of another family's life that has nothing to do with Gretchen, Carola, or Jill. They have come to sort through the few things their father brought with him when he moved here.

Jill has never been to the house before. Gretchen and Carola visited once, two years ago, in the summer. Jill refused to come that time, without explanation. It is a nineteenth-century stone house, with turrets, and ivy climbing up the walls. "Stately," the Westport real-estate agents would say. That summer, Eleanor's mark was everywhere: the beds were made with flowered sheets, the halls lined with her photographs of Parisian street urchins. There were saltcellars and little pepper mills at each place at dinner, chairs with paws. The house, Carola thought, was so quintessentially Eleanor's domain that she doubted whether her father could have felt very comfortable there. Even Eleanor's children seemed to have no interest, no stake in it. Of course, Eleanor is gone now, and their father is gone. Still, his children walk the halls quietly, like invaders.

"Leonard and I are



"Admittedly, it's a complex situation, fraught with dangerous implications from conflicting interpretations of the facts and the pressure of historical enmities, but I'm sure we could come up with something if only I could remember what it was we were talking about."

going to think of this as a vacation," Gretchen said at dinner the first night they arrived, four days ago. "A healthful retreat." They would get up at six, she said, and run—five, six miles—and in the afternoon they would do exercises. She would work out a regimen for each of them. And they should eat as little sugar and salt as possible, Gretchen told Carola, who had put herself in charge of cooking. Gretchen ate hardly any salt, and was in marvellous shape—her skin bronzed, her hair golden, her body lean.

"You're not getting me up at six," Carola said, sticking out her tongue and with great deliberateness salting her meat.

"I'll run," Jill said. "And Donna Lee will run. Donna Lee used to be a track star."

Donna Lee, surprised to be mentioned, paused in the midst of putting a forkful of stuffing into her mouth, blushed, and smiled. Everyone looked at the table.

"Tomorrow morning, then," Gretchen said. "Carola can decide if she wants to join us."

NOW, in the late-afternoon sunlight, Jill, her face smudged, is climbing a tree. There are twigs in her clothes and in her hair, which hangs down to her waist. Donna Lee is watching her from behind her book, while on the porch Gretchen is watching Donna Lee. The porch is far enough away so that Gretchen can say to Leonard, "What *is* the story with that girl?"

He shakes his head, and gazes absently at the line of maples bordering the lawn. He is disappointed because no one cares about his photograph. He showed it to Gretchen, and she brushed it off—glanced at it, said, "Neat," and put it down next to her iced coffee.

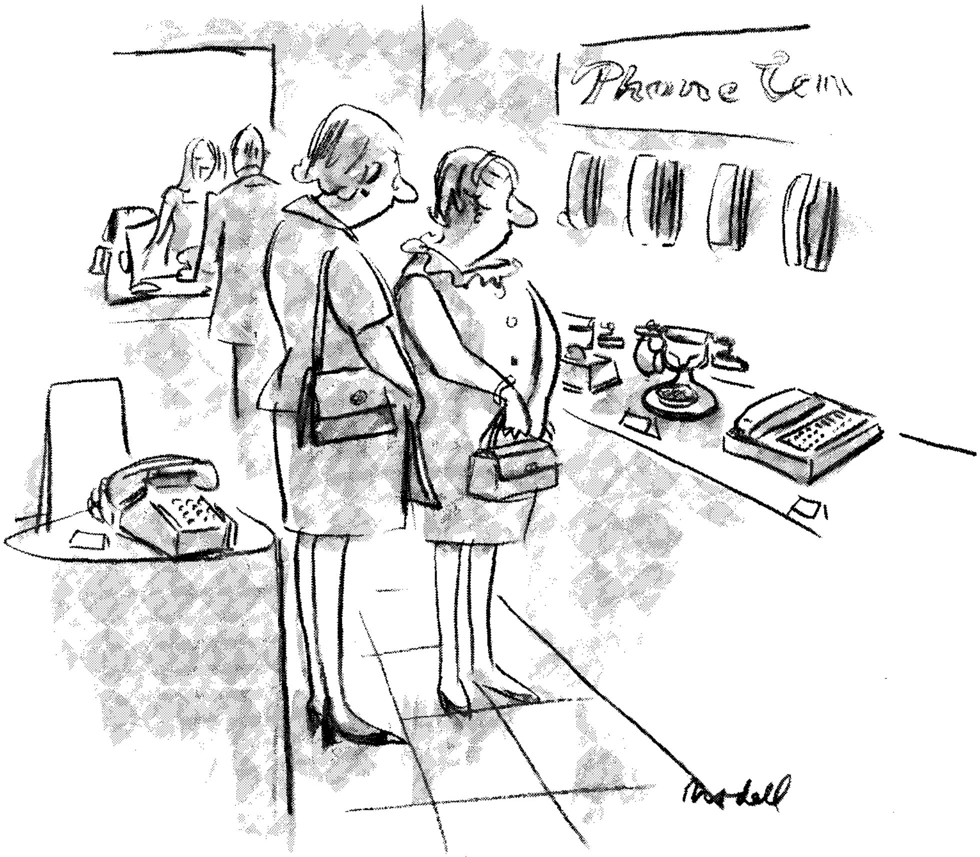
"I'm still puzzled," Gretchen says. "She's nice enough, I suppose, but she's so withdrawn. It's impossible to talk to her. She's on her guard every second."

"She's probably scared."

"Why?"

"Coming into a strange family is scary," Leonard says. "You feel like an intruder. Especially at a time like this."

Gretchen puts on her sunglasses and lies back in the chair. "Jill probably shouldn't have brought her," she says.



"Unfortunately, as in everything else, Jim's taste and mine are miles apart in telephones."

"Young love," Leonard murmurs.

"*What?*"

He turns, and Gretchen is staring straight at him.

Carola, in the kitchen, notices through the window how suddenly Gretchen has turned her head, and is pleased to see her taken off her guard, particularly by Leonard. The kitchen is hot. Carola has cooked every meal so far; she feels in control, at ease, only in the kitchen. This is why she refuses when Donna Lee and Gretchen offer to help. She knows they're only doing it to be polite, and she'd rather not have their help anyway. It has been her experience that people who try to help in the kitchen usually end up just milling around—getting in the way and nibbling at the food. Carola hates to have anyone touch the food before it's served. Her father used to infuriate her by eating spoonfuls of jam right from the jar. He and Gretchen and Jill always came into the kitchen and disrupted everything just when dinner was ready. Gretchen picked the bacon out of the salad, Jill refused to eat what their mother had prepared and made herself a grilled-cheese sandwich. And then they all disappeared when the dishes had to be done—all but Carola. She would stay and help her mother dry.

Outside the window, Gretchen and Leonard appear to have stopped talking for the moment. Jill has climbed down from the tree and is leaping about the yard, head back, flinging out her hair like a mane.

"She is a child," Carola says out loud, mostly to hear how it sounds, and breaks an egg into a bowl. As for Gretchen, she is simply selfish. Both of them all but abandoned the family these last years—especially when their mother got sick. Carola alone stuck around, stuck it out, sat day after day by the hospital bed when the cancer started to spread. She knows they resent her, out of guilt, but she also knows she did the right thing, no matter what Gretchen might say.

Tonight, as usual, they will wolf down the dinner she has made them and thank her for it only in the most cursory way, if at all. Especially Donna Lee. Carola does not like that woman. Last night, when everyone else had carefully counted out the shrimp, to make sure that each person got the same amount, Donna Lee simply reached the spoon onto the platter and took a huge heap—at least twice as much as anyone else. And then halfway through the meal, embarrassed, she tried to shovel them back onto the platter when no one was looking.

Leonard is rapping at the window, waving. Carola smiles at him. Her scalp itches from the steam, making her long to wash her hair. But she washes her hair too often, she has decided; it's getting brittle. She takes all of her hair in her left hand and pulls until it hurts, then lets it spring back.

Leonard walks into the kitchen. "What is she doing?" he asks Carola. He points out the window at Jill, who is galloping back and forth across the lawn, making wheezing noises.

"She's pretending to be a horse," Carola says.

Leonard looks at her, confused more by her nonchalance than by Jill's strange cavorting.

"She's done it forever," Carola says. "Since we were kids. She calls it playing horse."

"I see," Leonard says. "Are there rules to the game?"

"Oh, in Jill's mind there's probably a very complicated set of rules."

Leonard smiles, and returns to gazing out the window at Jill. In this strange house, Leonard is awed by the women who surround him—women who paint their fingernails, wear tiger-striped underwear, were once track stars. Women who run in circles pretending that they are horses.

Leonard has never before been to the East Coast. The world of the East is different, he has decided. Because his own family is so close-knit, he is puzzled by Gretchen's sisters, and wonders how they could have splintered and lost touch so easily. And he is puzzled by the landscape. He can cope with desert, and wild plains of brush, and yellow hills, but these green, green lawns and trees make him feel as if he were in some foreign land.

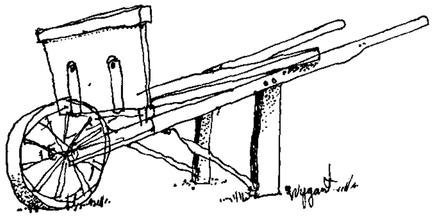
"Can I see your photograph?" Carola asks, and Leonard turns, suddenly shaken out of his reverie, to see that she is staring at him.

"Sure," he says, and fishes in his back pocket. "Here it is."

He hands her the snapshot, and immediately her face seems to break. "Oh, I look horrible," she says.

"No you don't," Leonard says, as he takes the picture back from her. "You look great. But something's missing. When I took this picture, I saw something that didn't have to do with any one of you. It had to do with all of you, really. I'm not good at explaining things. Whatever it was, it's not in the picture."

"It's not something that's missing," Carola says. "It's what's there. It's me. I'm ugly in pictures. Also, my hair's dirty; is there time for me to wash it before dinner?"



"Look at her," Leonard says, and gazes at Jill, who is still galloping across the yard.

Jill is still running back and forth, neighing, her hair flying, when Leonard goes back out to the porch. "Perhaps she really thinks she is a horse," he says to Gretchen, but she isn't listening. Across the lawn, Donna Lee leans against the maple tree, reading, or pretending to read. In fact she is absorbed by the gargantuan

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THE SWIMMING POOL

Once in, this expensive rectangle
Of blue, not quite the Caribbean,
Clear as a filtered tropical-fish tank,
Made going to the beach a dead issue.

A bay crowned with a bridge, a pond
Dammed overnight couldn't be more stunned
Than this sandy hole suddenly marine
Whose constant hum of plumbing soothes

An Atlantic uncluttered by waves and freed
Of a lifelong addiction to salt. Low tides
Bubble away in respective skimmers
Constantly doling out chlorine. A cloud,

Reflected less than a fathom deep,
Is surprised by the American way of life:
"So *this* is gardening," it says to itself,
Admiring free-form tendencies—its own

Ability to be both lamb and lion.
You who will be a shade of nature soon,
Look up—the now felled trees swim by
Casting a shadow by their very absence,

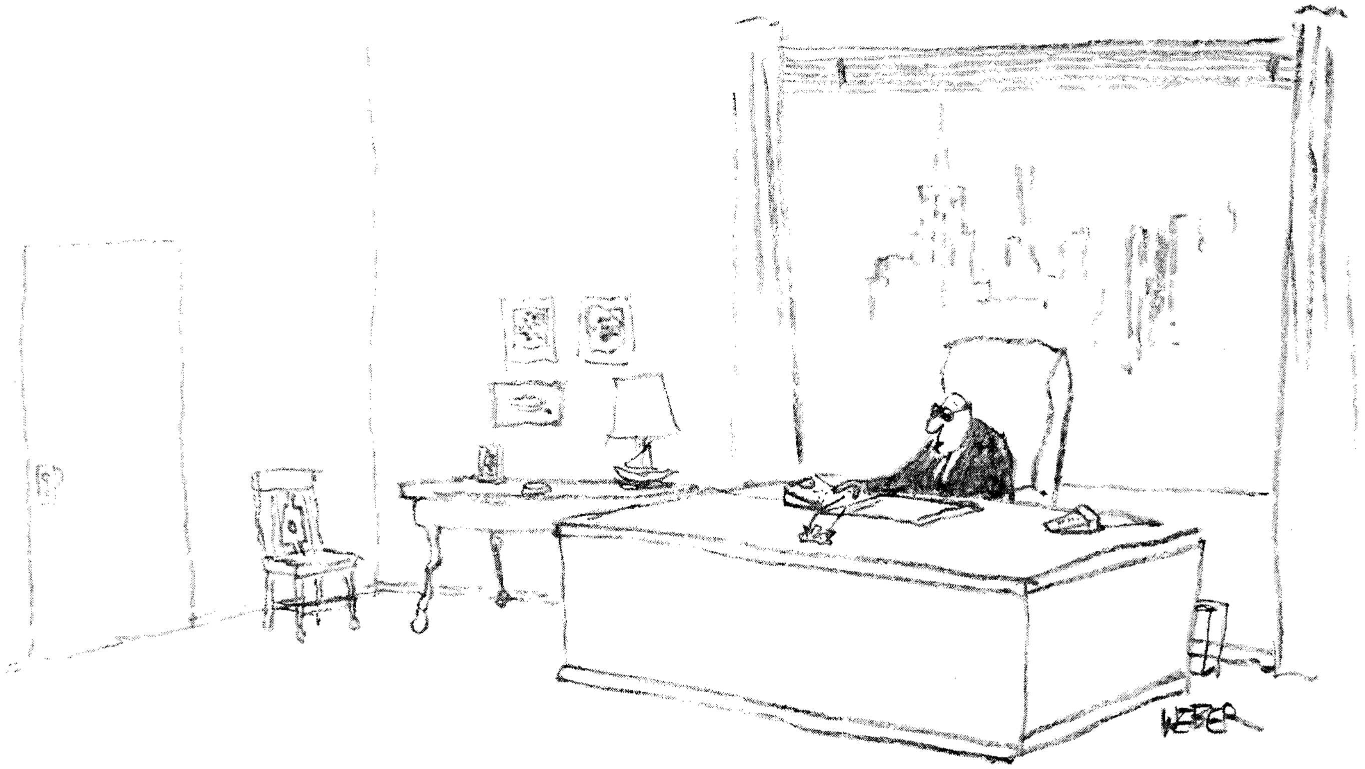
Just as in the city the opposite occurs:
Acetylene torches tear up time
As one more girder is hammered into space,
Wounding the sky with still another spire.

Yet here, on this delusive Côte d'Azur,
Something festive and childish has been added
To the scenery—a waterfront of sorts:
This Mediterranean in a matchbox,

Whose lanes are meant for short Olympic laps,
Promises crowds arriving for imagined
Meets, the deck alive with oohs and ahs,
A latticework of lights plying the surface,

And, compliments of small bodies of water,
Birds flying in from everywhere in droves,
The seeds of wild thyme in their beaks,
With credit ratings from all over.

—Howard Moss



"Miss Slinsky, I smell money. Check it out, will you?"

• •

image of her own eyeball, staring back at her, reflected in the left lens of her glasses. They always stare at her, Jill's sisters. They scrutinize her, their faces full of curiosity and disapproval. The other day, Gretchen asked her what her parents did. "My mother's a librarian," Donna Lee said. "Oh, I see," Gretchen said, and then—nothing. The long, horrible pause that comes when it is too early for a conversation to end, too late to keep it from starting.

Donna Lee puts down her book and stands up, arching her back against the tree. Jill stops in the midst of a gallop and, laughing, falls against Donna Lee, her breath coming hard. Donna Lee can see Gretchen and Leonard on the porch trying not to stare. She still wakes up each morning convinced that Jill will have tired of her, be gone. The winter they met, Jill wore a green down jacket that she kept buttoned down to her knees, and Donna Lee used to tease her, telling her she looked like a giant Chiclet. She loves Jill.

"I'm tired," Jill says, pulling Donna Lee down to the ground with her. "I haven't done that in ages. When I was a kid I could play horse for hours. I used to like to spin, too. I'd just twirl, like a top. Everyone thought I was nuts. But I liked the way everything blurred and only my own body stayed in focus."

CAROLA, in an upstairs window, looks down at them. She is standing in her father's bedroom, the room he died in. It is a woman's room, with a pink satin comforter on the bed, a huge armoire in the corner, a mirror surrounded by light bulbs. Since she began to clean the room out, Carola has found medicines, a pile of spy novels, rubbing alcohol, and brandy. She had hoped to find some pornographic magazines, some sign of impropriety and decay. She had hoped to find something she could hold against him.

Even now, two weeks after his death, the room smells of her father's cigars and after-shave. It was different when her mother was dying. Her mother left no smell. She packed up everything before she went to the hospital, and when she died she was gone without a trace. Carola never saw the body—just a stripped mattress where an hour before her mother had lain, pale and thin, and asked for a copy of *Vogue*. Carola had been living at home for three months, and visited the hospital every day. Yet when her mother died, it was not in her arms, or even in her presence. She died alone, while Carola was out of the room. When she came back, *Vogue* in hand, there was the stripped mattress, the half-empty water glass. Her mother had died while Carola was sitting in the cafeteria, drinking her coffee and thumbing through *Cosmopolitan*. It had not seemed fair to Carola, and she wanted to call out to her mother to come back, if only to say a proper goodbye. She wanted to rage against this abandonment. After her mother's death, there was no home to be responsible to anymore, and her father put the house on the market. She moved to New York, found an apartment and a job, but the life she has been leading does not seem real to her, and with perverse nostalgia she thinks back on the year of her mother's dying as the happiest of her life.

Carola does not like to remember these things. She moves to her father's bureau. Every day, she has forced herself to open one drawer and sort through its contents. Today it is the bottom drawer, which contains things of Eleanor's—some silk scarves, old photographs, jewels, and perfume bottles. Perhaps they are things her father could not bear to part with when Eleanor died. They remind Carola that her father loved Eleanor—perhaps more than he loved her mother, and while he was still married.

Eleanor and Carola met only once

before her father's second marriage. That was when she was seventeen, and travelling in Europe; her father arranged for her to stay with Eleanor in Paris, where she was living for the year. Eleanor was divorced by then. She courted Carola that week—took her out to dinner, and to Montmartre late at night. Every time they ate, Carola tried to pay for her share, but Eleanor wouldn't allow it. Before Carola left, Eleanor bought her an expensive orange silk scarf with streaks of brilliant blue. Back then, when she knew nothing, Carola idolized Eleanor. It was only years later that she was able to put the visit into a larger perspective.

There is no need to save these things. The photographs are of no one Carola knows, and the scarves are garish; besides, whatever meaning they once had is buried with her father. She has a hard enough time with her own nostalgia; she does not have room for his as well. But, Carola decides, she will keep the jewelry and the perfume bottles. Someone might want them, or they can be sold at a garage sale.

WHILE Carola is going through the drawer, Gretchen and Leonard move upstairs to their room and make love. In the next room, Jill and Donna Lee are resting. Donna Lee's arms are wrapped around Jill's waist, her face buried in Jill's stomach. She is snoring, and Jill—her eyes closed—is weaving her fingers through Donna Lee's hair.

THEY all sit down to dinner at eight o'clock. Gretchen is examining one of the perfume bottles Carola found, which Gretchen likes and has decided to keep. Leonard is telling everyone about some young men who hatched a plot to turn Marin County into a medieval fiefdom by setting up a laser gun on top of Mt. Tamalpais. They planned a strategic reorganization of society, re-creating a world of serfs and vassals, round tables, and court ladies. When a friend got wind of the plot, the young men murdered him in his garage, and were exposed. It was all baffling, insane, yet Leonard sometimes longingly imagines what castles would look like perched on the rough, dry hills, shrouded in fog.

"What I think is so funny," Gretchen says, "is the idea of Marin County as a fiefdom. Can you imagine? I mean, you can't tell the lord he's invading your personal space when he comes around to make you his serf." She laughs, and Carola stares at her. All through her girlhood, Gretchen had boyfriends; she would never give up one until she had found another. She had that kind of control.

Carola is not eating the meal she spent most of the afternoon preparing. Instead, she has brought in from the kitchen a Styrofoam cup of tea and a bowl of tomato soup, which she now stabs at with her fork. (She has forgotten to put out spoons.) She has poured most of her tea out of the cup and into her water glass and shredded the top half of the cup, making a little pile of Styrofoam pieces on her plate.

"Everyone thinks California is so weird," Leonard is saying, rather defensively. "If you ask me, it's the other way around. People are pretty strange out here. No one's polite, everyone pushes and shoves. I think California's fairly civilized, by and large."

No one says anything to this. Carola has captured everyone's attention by making a boat from her Styrofoam cup and floating it in the soup. Now she is pushing the cup back and forth. The red soup crawls slowly up the sides.

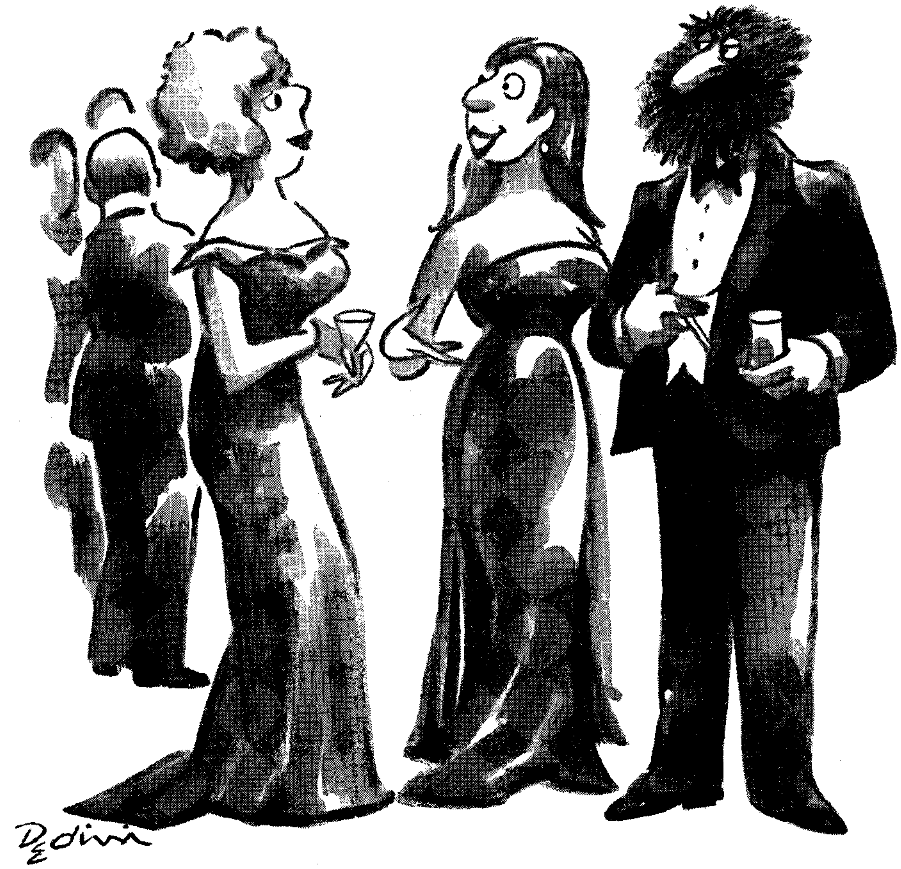
"I have a question for everyone," Carola says. "What if you got stuck on a desert island and you only had one piece of paper and one pen? What would you do?"

Sitting across the table, Gretchen puts her hand to her forehead and wonders how Carola has survived alone for so long. And now—right here, of all places—is she going to have a breakdown? She looks at Leonard, who will be no help to her; he never is in crises. And Jill will run away, as she always does.

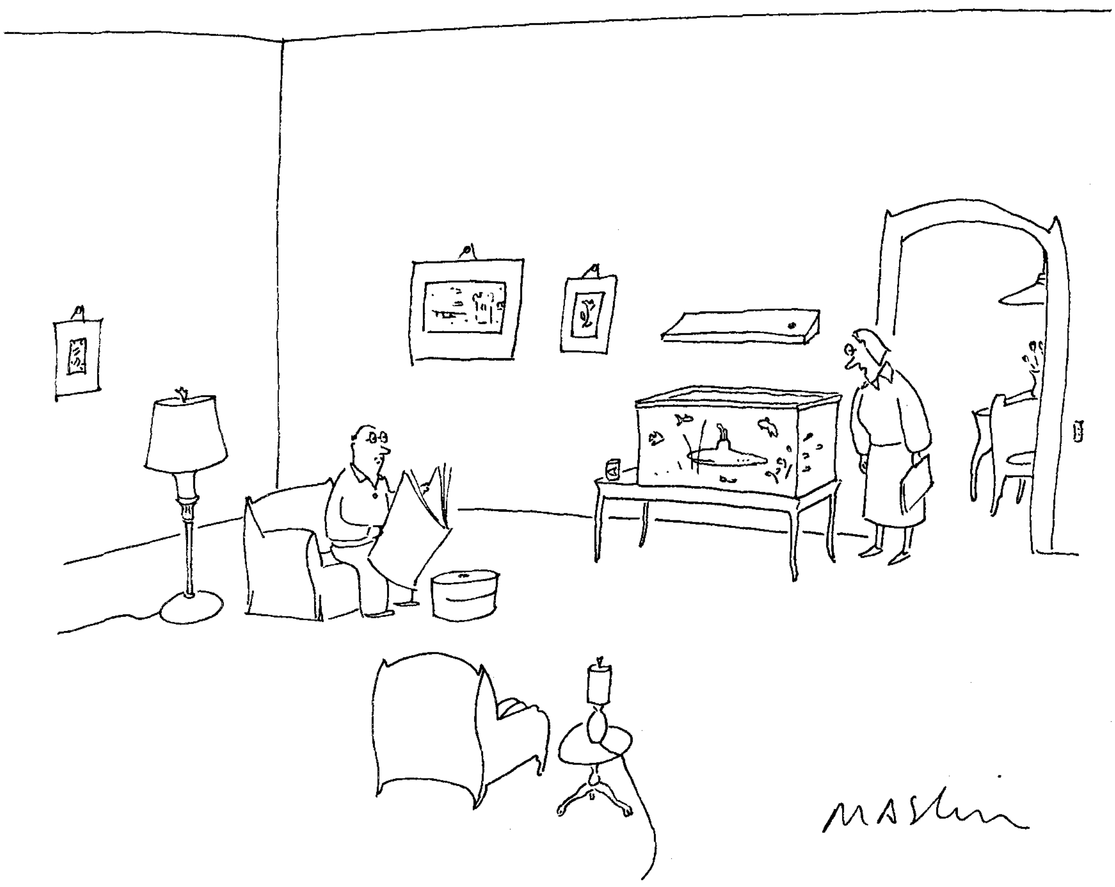
The Styrofoam cup has finally sunk. Carola is pathetic, Gretchen thinks. Sad. She could be pretty. Who but Carola would worry about being stuck on a desert island? If she would only take herself in hand and *do* something, half the problem would be solved right there. Gretchen wishes that she could sympathize with Carola, but instead she wants to take her by the shoulders and shake some sense into her.

"I think," Donna Lee says, "that I would only allow myself to write one sentence a week, and that in a very small hand. It would probably be a quite marvellous sentence, given that I'd have a week to think about it before writing it down." It is the first thing she has said at dinner all week that was not required of her.

Carola looks at Donna Lee and



"Ellen, I'd like you to meet Mr. McClure. Mr. McClure is into panning for gold."



"Orson, look. A little Russian submarine."

smiles. "It's good to know that I'm not the only person in the world who thinks about this kind of thing. Thank you."

Jill drops her fork and falls into a sudden convulsion of laughter. Carola, looking at her, begins to laugh, too, and then Leonard and Gretchen, not because they understand what Jill is laughing at but because the laughter itself is contagious. Only Donna Lee doesn't laugh. There is nothing left on her plate; adrift, she stares at Jill helplessly for direction.

"I'm sorry," Jill says. "I was just remembering that time when Mom was in a bad mood and Daddy put on one of her scarves and did a little imitation of her. He came up behind her and kind of growled and shook his hands. Even she started laughing, he looked so funny. I laugh every time I think of how he looked that day."

As soon as Jill starts to tell the story, everyone stops laughing. Another instance of her father's cruelty, Carola is thinking—to mimic her mother's sorrow, to make it so funny even she had to laugh. How could her mother have loved him so much? He had a lover and he made fun of his wife, yet she was devoted to him. In sickness, she insisted that he be with her, calling out for him in her sleep. He was always there, those last days. Toward the end, belief in responsibility was the only thing they shared.

The subject has switched now. Leonard is back on California, its joys and civilities. He's a little drunk, and he waves his fist as he speaks. "Where I grew up," he says, "family meant something. Connections meant something. My brothers and sisters and I always go home for Christmas, every year, and I call my mother every week. But your family! It's terrible how split up you are, all of you so isolated from your father. There's no shared ground, no homestead. It's been lost."

"It never existed," Carola says. "It never was in the first place."

"Oh, that's not true," Gretchen says. "There was lots of family feeling when we were growing up. You've just made yourself forget it."

"And you've made yourself forget all the nights of no one saying a word at dinner," Carola says. "Of Mom and Dad fighting. You and Jill couldn't wait to get away on your own."

"No institution," Jill says, "has been more destructive to women than the nuclear family."

They all look at her, rather puzzled by this generalization.

"What!" Leonard yells. "I'll tell you, I have six sisters, and growing up the way they did they're all better for it."

Jill smiles and shakes her head. "You miss my point," she says. "It's a means of exploitation. Since the sixteenth century, the nuclear family has fit in perfectly with the capitalist system and its whole exploitative program of gender roles. And nothing has caused more psychological damage to women. Fortunately, it's breaking up now."

"How breaking up? What do you mean?" Gretchen asks.

"I mean the divorce rate, the alternatives that women are finding."

Donna Lee looks at the table. Carola grips the edges of her chair. Her eyes are getting wide. "You're one to talk," she says, nearly inaudibly.

"What?"

"I said you're one to talk," Carola says again, slightly more loudly. She looks around, alarmed at having suddenly changed the tenor of the conversation. "I'm sorry," she says. "I just don't see where *you* come off attacking the family."

"Carola, please," Gretchen says, reaching across the table, touching her arm. "Do we have to talk about this now?"

"Oh, let's talk about it," Jill says. "Let's talk about it."

Carola pushes her chair back and sits straight up. "Look," she says. "I don't mean to be confrontational. All I know is it's easy for you to sit there and talk about the demise of the nuclear family and its being a bad thing. You never gave it a chance. You ran away as soon as you could. It's in sickness that families matter, in sickness that they have to pull together, and I just want to ask where were the two of you when Mother got sick?"

"Oh, let's not open this up again," Gretchen says.

"You have no right to say that,

Gretchen," Carola says. "I just think there is such a thing as family responsibility. I stuck it out with Mother, you didn't."

"It was your choice," Jill says.

"My responsibility."

"Your choice."

"You can't say I didn't visit," Gretchen says. "I visited three times."

"More than Jill can say," Carola says.

"I made a clean, healthy break and forged my own life," Jill says. "Don't blame me because you didn't."

"You ran away," Carola says.

"I didn't owe Daddy anything."

"When parents take care of you, support you, love you for years, you don't owe them anything? That doesn't work for me, I'm sorry."

"I just think you have to ask yourself something, Carola," Gretchen says. "When Mom got sick, did you stick around because she and Daddy needed you or because you needed them?"

Carola's mouth opens slightly. "Just what do you mean by that?" she asks.

"I don't think they needed you nearly as much as you needed them to need you. I think in some ways they would have been better off if you'd gone and made your own life. I'm sorry to be so blunt, Carola, but you asked for it."

Now Carola stands up, kicks her chair away. "Oh, damn you," she says. "Damn you, damn you. You were hardly even there."

"Don't blame us for leading our own lives," Jill says.

"Don't tell me I didn't have a life," Carola says. "It *was* my life. It had to be. Just because I didn't abandon my mother doesn't mean I wasn't alive."

"No one's saying that, Carola," Jill says.

"I really think we've talked about this long enough," Gretchen says. "I really don't think this is very productive."

"Well, in that case, let's all bow to Her Highness and never say another word," Carola says.

"I didn't start it."

"Yes. Of course. I start everything, don't I?"

Gretchen rubs her eyes. "Why are you doing this, Carola?" she asks wearily.

"Because you're talking about my life. You've made it easy for yourself, but you can't tell me I'm invalid. You just can't."

"No one's saying that, Carola," Jill says. "We're saying that you made a choice. We made choices, too."

BEE BALM

Today I'm sticking a shovel in the ground
and digging up the little green patch
between the hosta and the fringe bleeding heart.
I am going to plant bee balm there
and a few little pansies till the roots take
and the leaves spread out in both directions.

This is so the hummingbird will rage
outside my fireplace window; this is so
I can watch him standing in the sun
and hold him a little above my straining back,
so I can reach my own face up to his
and let him drink the sugar from my lips.

This is so I can lie down on the couch
beside the sea horse and the glass elephant,
so I can touch the cold wall above me
and let the yellow light go through me,
so I can last the rest of the summer on thought,
so I can live by secrecy and sorrow.

—Gerald Stern

• •

"You have to accept our lives if you want us to accept yours," Gretchen says. "You have to respect what we chose."

"Excuse me," Donna Lee says, pushing her chair away and walking out of the room. Jill looks over her shoulder.

Carola sits down again, slumping in her chair. There are tears in her eyes. "That's what you can't understand," she says. "Maybe for you, but for me there never was a choice."

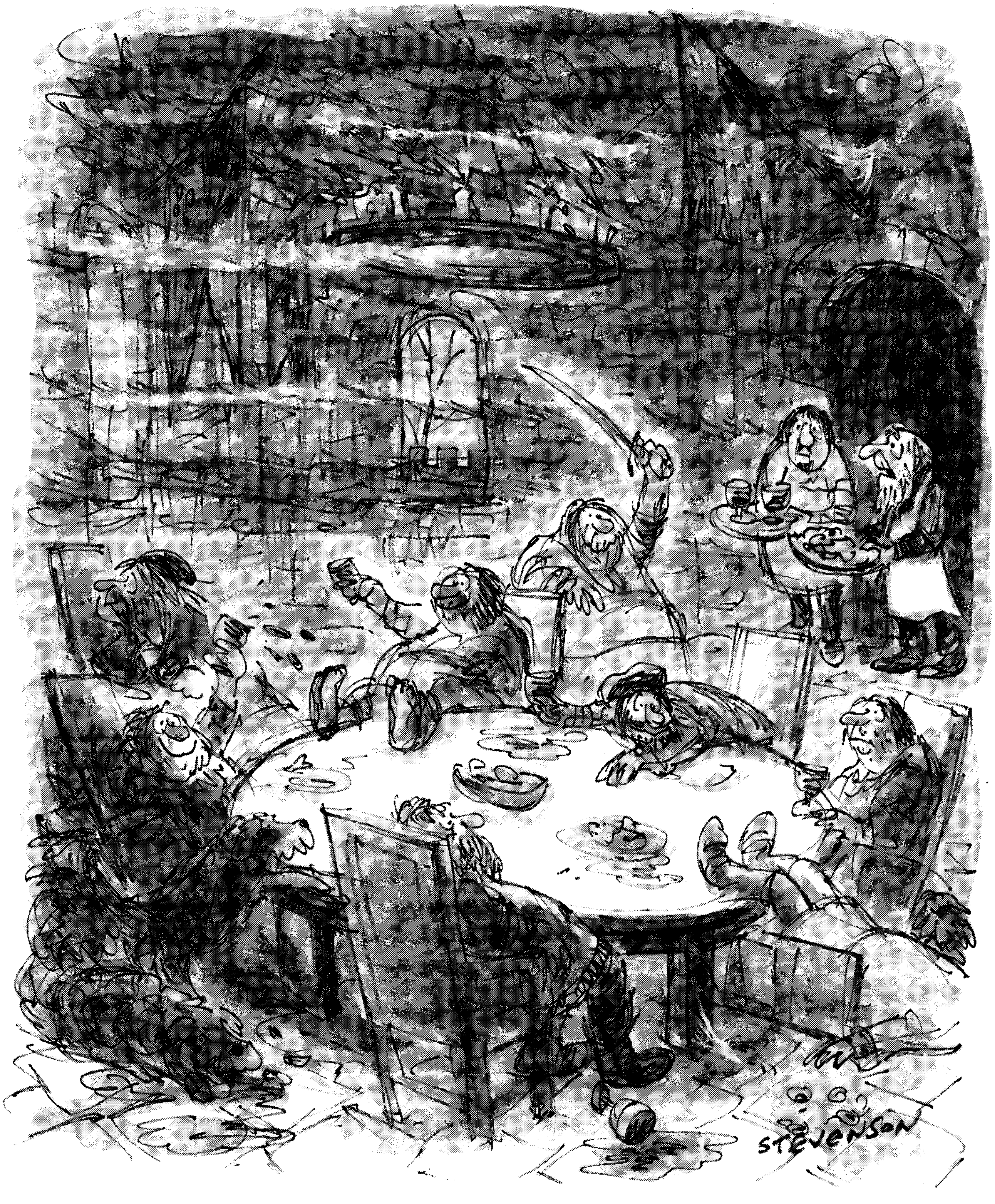
THE first time Gretchen visited her mother in the hospital, it was in response to a call from Carola. "She may be dying," Carola said, flatly—something of an exaggeration, Gretchen found out later. Her mother lay in bed, her weight dropping, her hair falling. The TV ran all day—cartoons, game shows, Mike Douglas, the news. Gretchen flew out on a Friday from California and found Carola in the room, sitting by the bed, crossing and uncrossing her legs. Her father was out getting something to eat. Earlier, Carola had managed to sneak her mother's dog into her room for a visit, and what Gretchen remembers most vividly is that the room smelled of dog—a much more pleasant smell, she thought, than the antiseptic odor she usually associated with hospital rooms. Their mother asked Carola to go to the hospital gift shop and buy her some magazines and eye makeup. Carola was immediately off, grateful to have a purpose. Then her mother beckoned Gretchen closer to her.

"I don't know what to do," she said. "Carola's driving me crazy. She's here every minute. I have to pretend I'm better, just to keep her from feeling guilty. Things are bad enough. I just want her out of here."

"Have you asked Daddy to talk to her?" Gretchen said.

"Yes, yes. He keeps putting it off. She doesn't realize that this has nothing to do with her. It's between me and your father. It's our business, not hers."

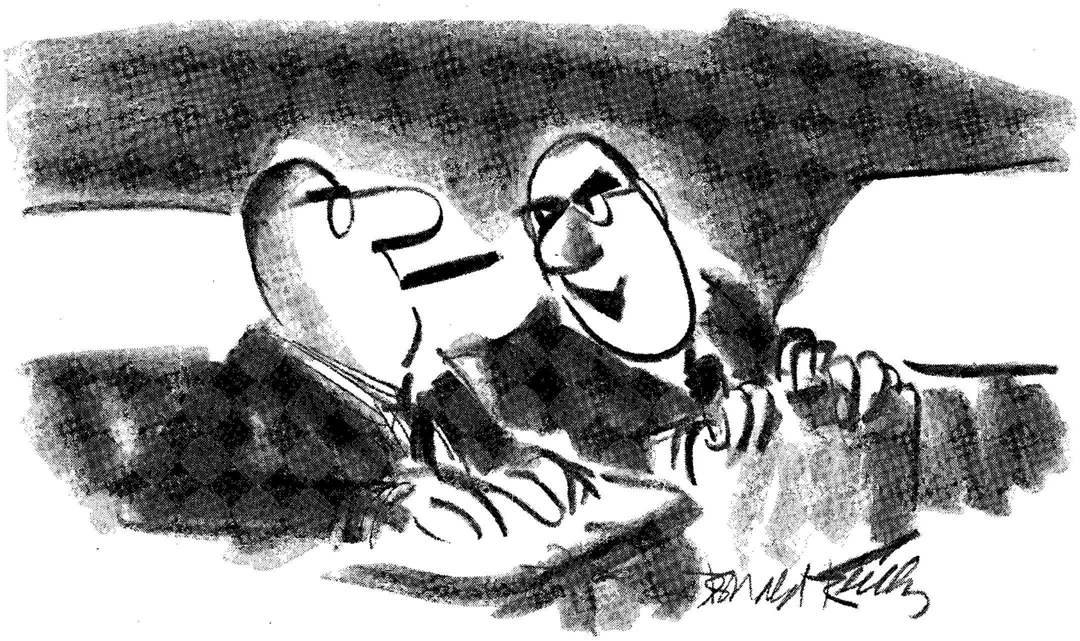
What friends of theirs would say, for years afterward, was that their mother used her sickness to keep a hold on him. Of course, it wasn't that simple. Gretchen is convinced that there was a bond—thin as a wire but incredibly tough—that held her parents together. Perhaps it was this bond



"You should have seen it when Arthur was king."

• •

that Carola had imposed upon. That night, her father finally had a talk with Carola. She stormed out of the house, red-eyed, screaming, "You're not being fair!" Her father followed her to the door, calling her name. Years earlier, he had demanded their dedication, when the number of business trips he took suddenly doubled and their mother started to cry, spontaneously, whenever she did the dishes. He had said, "I'd like you to stick around the house while I'm away, keep your mother company." Only Carola heeded his request, never went out on dates. And now, suddenly, with that generation gone, she is thrown on her own. Though Gretchen has suffered through depression and worry, real pain is something she has rarely felt. Her lack of empa-



“Why don’t we split the responsibility? You move, and I’ll shake.”

• •

thy disturbs her—a sort of dull ache. She knows it is nothing compared to what Carola must feel.

There was another confrontation, two months to the day after their mother’s death. Gretchen’s father had called the daughters together, in his office, to inform them of his plans to remarry. They sat in chairs in front of his desk, and he stood stiffly and would not look at them. “I’m planning to be married,” he said. “To Eleanor Manley. She’s been a dear friend for years, and a great comfort. I know this may be hard for you to accept, but I’ve made my decision. We’ll be married in two weeks.”

“Mother died so recently,” Gretchen said. “Are you sure this is wise?”

He looked at them. “I feel no need to justify this course of action to you,” he said. “It’s my decision, not yours.”

Gretchen clutched her chair, holding herself together against his attack. Jill began to button her coat. Only Carola’s eyes narrowed in anger. “How long have you been involved with her?” she asked.

He cracked his knuckles. “For quite some time,” he said. “Before your mother’s death, but she never knew.”

“She knew,” Carola said.

“This is none of your business, Carola,” their father said.

Jill went back to New York that afternoon. Gretchen and Carola stayed in his house, avoiding him and each other. The house no longer seemed theirs. When Gretchen woke up the next morning, Carola was already gone.

“I’D better go talk to her. Someone has to,” Gretchen says now to Leonard. They are sitting in the living room, alone. She gets up; Leonard watches her in silence, unsure of what to say or do.

There is a fragrant smell of shampoo in Carola’s room. She is sitting on the bed in her bathrobe, a towel wrapped around her head. Gretchen sits down next to her.

“I’ve decided to go back to New York before the week’s over,” Carola says. “I have things to do.”

“Fine,” Gretchen says. “We can finish up here. It’s more of a vacation for us.”

“Thanks.”

“I wanted to apologize,” Gretchen says.

“Of course, you know, you’re right,” Carola says. “About everything. About Mom and Dad. But I’m still angry. To move away—to move to New York, and find that apartment and that job, and keep them—you can’t know how hard it was for me just to sustain my life.”

“You’re right,” Gretchen says. “I can’t know. I only wish I could.”

WHEN she was a teen-ager, Donna Lee liked to become the confidante of girls with boyfriends, so that after the boyfriends left, as they always did, the girls would cry on her shoulder and she could embrace them. It wasn’t until years later that she realized what she was doing—contriving intimacy, setting herself up to be let down. Love is still a contrivance for Donna Lee, a yearning for Jill to trust her, to touch her unexpectedly in sleep. She fully expects Jill to forget her at any moment.

“I want to leave,” Donna Lee says to Jill after the scene at dinner. “I feel lost.”

“I’ll leave with you, then,” Jill says.

Donna Lee shakes her head, unable to keep from smiling in gratitude. “You should stay,” she says.

“This happens whenever I see them. They badger me about running away until I do it. Besides, I have other priorities. I have you to think of.”

“Don’t worry about me,” Donna Lee says, amazed that she could be *someone worth thinking of.*

In the morning, Jill and Donna Lee are standing on the front porch, packed and ready to go.

“Before you leave,” Leonard says to Jill, “let me just ask you one thing. What does it do for you, that horse game?”

Jill smiles. “Let’s call it my alternative to the nuclear-family dynamic.”

“I see,” Leonard says. He laughs and claps his hands. Gretchen smiles at him as if she were his mother. Soon Jill and Carola will be gone; it will be her job to finish the clearing out. She can be devastated, or she can go about it with a healthy contempt. For what remains in this house is a history about which she can hardly be nostalgic and memories she would like to move beyond. Perhaps now she can sort through her father’s belongings with a blunt dispassion, which is the essence of revenge. Perhaps she, too, can be cruel.

“Have a nice trip,” Leonard says. “Come visit us in California.”

Carola, leaning against the wall of the house, waves, thinking that if she were on that desert island she would not write a word on the piece of paper. She would invent an alphabet of folding—an impermanent origami language that would mean nothing to anyone but her. It’s her secret answer; she’s sure none of the others have thought of it.

—DAVID LEAVITT

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

QUILTS

I NEVER cared about patchwork quilts until I spent a week with my Aunt Lucy, in Ahoskie, North Carolina, not long ago. When I was fifteen, my mother threw out a quilt that her mother had made, and I was glad of it, because the quilt was so ragged it was unmendable, and at night, lying under it, you could slide your whole foot into the tears in the brittle old fabric. The quilt—a faded yellow-and-maroon calico—had been assigned to my room in wintertime and made, I felt, an unhappy contrast with the psychedelic mobile I had hanging from my overhead light, and with the posters of Jim Morrison and Douglas Fairbanks that I had taped up on my walls. A few years later, when I was at college and had discovered the expensive charm of Appalachian crafts, I scolded my mother for having thrown out a piece of Americana. But I didn't really care. Similarly, I was envious when friends in Boston and New York began spending hundreds of dollars to transform their apartments into rustic retreats, with quilts hanging on the walls or, in some cases, billowing in a vaguely Arabic manner from the ceilings. But the quilts themselves didn't move me, although I was taken with their names: Rising Sun, Brown Goose, Children of Israel, Churn Dash, Chips and Whetstones. It was only when I woke up after Norfolk on the overnight bus from New York to the Carolinas that I discovered in myself a pressing desire for a patchwork quilt. Ahoskie, in Hertford County, is a town of about five thousand that lies near the Chowan River, not far from the Great Dismal Swamp, in the flat terrain of forest and farmland which makes up the eastern borderland of Virginia and North Carolina. If you don't have a car, it's easiest to take the bus there. (In fact, the bus driver will let you out at Aunt Lucy's house, on Highway 13, if you tell him where to stop.) I was half awake, leaning back in the bus seat and staring out at the early-morning mist steaming in the sunlight over the fields of corn, tobacco, and soybeans and at the old frame houses that sagged as if they were melting into the fields, when the idea of owning a quilt simply presented itself to me, as if it had jumped in off the highway.

I told Aunt Lucy about it after dinner that night, and nagged her until she brought out two old quilts of her own to show me. They were appliquéd quilts (quilts in which a cutout design is sewn to a cloth ground, as opposed to pieced quilts, which are made of many fabrics sewn together)—the most beautiful I'd seen outside a museum. One of them, which her own aunt had made late in the last century, was stitched in a stylized pattern of red and green called Baskets, and the other was a fan pattern. "I made this one myself, around about 1935," Aunt Lucy said of the fan quilt. "I put in pieces of some of my favorite dresses." A kind of lust came over me when I saw the two quilts, and I began to beg Aunt Lucy in a shameless way to give me one of them, but I knew that such a gift wouldn't be fair, or likely. Although Aunt Lucy is childless, she has close relatives who should inherit the quilts. (I am not directly related to her. She is the sister of my mother's sister-in-law, and we have known each other through years of visits exchanged between Ahoskie and my family's house in Philadelphia.) Aunt Lucy is a widow in her early seventies who looks about fifty, with a girlishly pretty, rather wistful pink-cheeked face and a plaintive, gentle voice that conceals an iron streak of practicality and tenacity. She lives in a neat brick ranch house among fields—now rented out to tenants—which her husband left her, and examines events and objects that come her way with the unsentimental eye of one for whom there are but two categories of things in the world: the useful and the useless. Beyond this, she has the near-ferocious air of independence, the pride in solitary achievement that I

"What you have to understand is that loss, tragedy, dismay, and irony are all basic to the human condition."

have seen in other widows who labor alone against the encroachments of old age to maintain a house, a farm, a way of life. Once, when I was reading "Walden," she borrowed the book from me and read several pages.

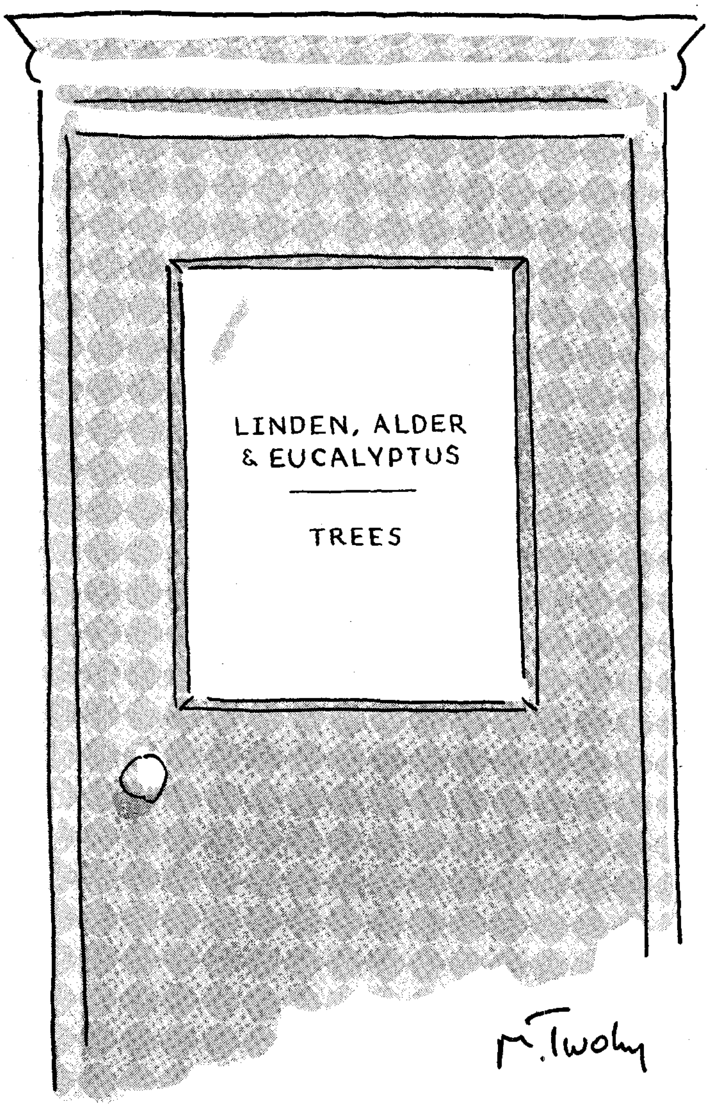
"Is this about a man who goes off to live away from other people?" she asked.

"Yes," I said. "What do you think of it?"

"It sounds sensible," she said.

Aunt Lucy was a Rooks before she married Uncle Sherman Hall. She and her surviving brother and sister are the descendants of Sally Rooks, a plantation owner's daughter from nearby Gates County, who in the seventeen-nineties had four children by Jacob Brady, a slave. Manumitted at birth, the children of Sally Rooks and Jacob Brady took the name Rooks, and became prosperous artisans and farmers, marrying into other free Negro families that, long before the Civil War, made up a sizable percentage of the population of Virginia and North Carolina. (The historian John Hope Franklin, of Duke University, has pointed out that the 1790 census for North Carolina shows over five thousand free Negroes in the state, the heaviest concentration of them living in the coastal and Piedmont counties, near Ahoskie.) Like the descendants of many of the old free Negro families in the Ahoskie area—the Chavises, the Archers, the Weavers, the Bentons, the Halls—the members of the Rooks family have so much English, Irish, and American Indian blood that in most of them it is difficult to see any signs of African ancestry. It is a curious thing to visit Ahoskie and hear a gray-eyed, white-skinned person describe himself as a black American.

The abundance of these venerable families of mixed blood is one of the peculiarities of this ancient region. The Chowan was first explored in 1585, by Ralph Lane. In the marshy wilderness, Negroes, whites, and Indians mingled early, and a tradition of liberalism and individualism, unusual in the Old South, allowed those born of the union of master and slave or indentured servant to live, in many cases, as free men and women. William Byrd, in his "History of the Dividing Line Betwixt Virginia and Carolina Run in the Year of Our Lord 1728," describes encountering in the Dismal Swamp "a Family of Mulattoes that call'd themselves free." The lists of members of the Revolutionary militia for the Gates and Hertford Counties area, around Ahoskie, include a substantial minority of free black soldiers, and their descendants are alive in the countryside today. Families like the Rookses live on land that has been theirs for generations, among fields that inevitably hold old family graveyards, fenced in or bricked in among the corn and the tobacco. Marriages among their own kind have made a dense web of reiterated kinships which reaches back into the eighteenth century and has helped to solidify this group of part-white families into what is almost an intermediate caste between black and white (although the boundaries of twentieth-century segregation make no official distinction between the light-skinned descendant of a free-issue family and the darker-skinned grandchild of slaves). Change came late to this ingrown society: it is only in the last twenty or thirty years that many children of these families have started marrying outside the traditional boundaries, and have begun leaving the coastal farmlands, to settle in cities all over the country. Aunt Lucy's nephews and their children—the latest generations of the Rooks family—live in Los Angeles and New York.



IN 1962, when I was nine, I spent a summer in Ahoskie. Every morning, Aunt Lucy would braid my hair, and then I would spend much of my time performing aerial stunts in a large chinaberry tree in the company of an exquisitely pretty, round-faced little neighbor girl named Mitzi. Tiring of that, we would hold endless, exhausting races through the cornfields near Aunt Lucy's house—races that were thrilling because we ran in separate rows, and you could tell your invisible opponent's progress only by the slight shiver of the dense corn leaves: the ending was always a surprise. I met a few old women who pinched my chin and declared that I favored my great-grandmother, who had been a Benton from Gates County. And I kidded around with Aunt Lucy's husband, Uncle Sherman, a wry-tongued jokester under whose hands every kind of land, every business prospered. Uncle Sherman swore that he would teach me to talk like a Tarheel. "Brang uh chyar," he would say, in a broad drawl, for "Bring it here." The first time I heard it, I mistakenly brought him a chair, and he nearly collapsed with laughter.

That summer, I developed a mania for whittling, and my ambition was to carve a miniature basket out of a peach pit—a difficult feat even for an ex-

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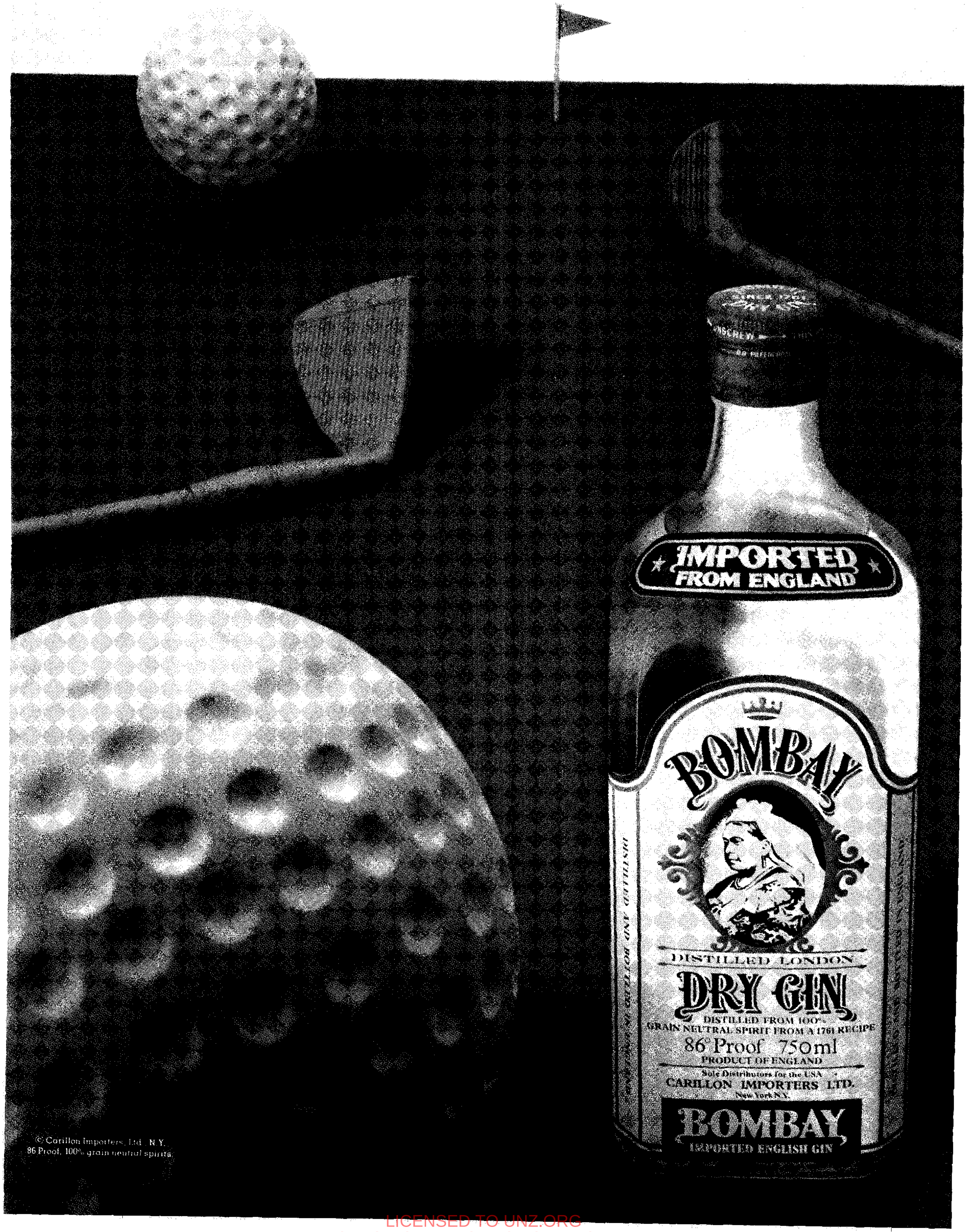
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The dollars and cents may not be crucial; the concept of relentless efficiency that such figures reflect, however, is as bracing as it is novel in the world of company cars.

So sanguine is Mercedes-Benz about the reliability of the 300 SD and its engine, incidentally, that it comes with a 36-month-or-36,000-mile warranty.†

This frugal diesel is meanwhile the most *powerful* such engine yet placed in a production automobile. Old images of "diesel lag" are obliterated in a turbinelike rush of energy and brisk acceleration, generated by a built-in turbocharger.

Five adults will find themselves extremely well cared for aboard the 300 SD. Its interior is almost 109 cubic feet worth of first-class repose, outfitted with only first-class amenities.

Yet so disciplined is its design that the car is less than 17 feet long and turns within just 39 feet. At 3,780 pounds, it is neither ponderous nor flimsy but athletically trim.

Its all-welded body achieves remarkable solidity and strength in part by using high strength, low alloy steels. Both the trunk lid and hood are fabricated in aluminum–part of the engineers' relentless quest to pare off weight wherever possible.

Not for boulevards only

If the 300 SD doesn't perform like the usual diesel, neither does it handle like the usual limousine in the clutch.

Mercedes-Benz, refreshingly, assumes that even company presidents must sometimes face switchback curves, slippery spots and potholes. The 300 SD is girded for such adversity: its fully independent suspension, zero-offset front suspension geometry and forged light-alloy wheels may be less showy than opera windows or carriage lamps.

There is no real need for a company driver to pilot the 300 SD. Its acute precision of response makes it deeply pleasurable to drive, across town or across country. A "driver's car," defined. For instance, note that its crisp four-speed automatic gearbox can also be shifted by hand.

120 safety features

Passengers are hardly ignored. Twin reading lamps are recessed in the rear of the cabin. There is even a separate ventilation console to serve the rear-seat occupants. The complement of standard features includes electronic cruise control, electric window lifts and front-seat adjustment, AM/FM stereo radio/cassette player with four speakers, and trimming in genuine hand-finished woods. No fewer than 120 safety features are also standard.

The 300 SD's history of value retention outstrips that of any luxury sedan extant. In fact, the *N.A.D.A. Official Used Car Guides* for 1982 calculate an average retained value for the 300 SD, over the past three years, of 90 percent. This helps place its $38,000 price in proper perspective.

A persuasive statement

There is one final argument for bringing a Mercedes-Benz 300 SD Turbodiesel Sedan into the firm. While efficiently serving the firm, it serves also as a fine advertisement–identifying your company as progressive-minded, and sensible, and shrewd. What limousine has ever made a statement quite like that?

*Approximate suggested advertised delivered price at port of entry. **EPA estimate for comparison purposes. The mileage you get may vary with trip length, speed and weather. †This is, of course, a limited warranty; you should consult your authorized Mercedes-Benz dealer for full details.

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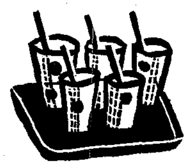
Engineered like no other car in the world

perienced whittler. I had seen a peach-pit basket once; it had been shown me by an old woman, a cousin of my grandmother's, who also came from this part of the country. At that time in my life, I weighted my dungaree pockets with talismans and lucky pieces of all sorts—horse chestnuts, broken bits of jewelry, quartz pebbles—and the tiny basket, blackened and shiny from the handling of a score of children over the years, fascinated me. I passed the long, light evenings of June and July—evenings when, after the despotic sun had vanished, the fields and ditches almost audibly exhaled coolness, like a long-repressed sigh—sitting on the back steps of Aunt Lucy's house stabbing my thumb with a penknife as I ruined peach pit after peach pit, my stomach gurgling from the number of peaches I'd eaten.



On my recent visit to Ahoskie—the first in many years—I felt the same inexplicable yearning for a quilt that I had felt for a carved peach pit. I couldn't have Aunt Lucy's quilts, and I was incapable of making one of my own, being, as Colette's mother once remarked of her, "like a boy with a needle," so I determined that I would find a wonderful quilt and buy it. Once I had told Aunt Lucy, and the information had been diffused in the slow but inexorable way in which news spreads in the country, things began to happen. First, Dessie Rooks, Aunt Lucy's sister-in-law and neighbor down the road, offered to take me to see Julia James, over in the town of Cofield. Miss Julia (she is a "Miss" out of respect, the way most elderly ladies are in this part of the world) was a Hall before she married, and, at ninety, she is well known for her quilts.

Early on the morning that Miss Dessie was to drive me to Cofield, Colice Hall, who is a cousin of Uncle Sherman's, came by on his motorbike to cultivate his half of a big vegetable garden that he shares with Aunt Lucy. Colice lives, with his wife, in a small pale-green house down the highway. He is about the same age as Aunt Lucy, with the same oddly youthful appearance. He is wiry, has freckles and very high cheekbones, wears thick, black-rimmed glasses, and has a way of rocking rapidly on his heels as he talks, like an impudent twelve-year-old. Colice's eyes have been weak all his life. As a young man, he farmed his family's land; then, after he married, he worked at a basket factory in town. Now he's retired. Most mornings, he pulls into the gravel driveway behind Aunt Lucy's house and calls through the screen door in a high, screechy voice, "Lu-cy!"

Aunt Lucy usually calls back, "Hoo-oo! Colice!" Then they begin their morning conversation, which goes something like this:

"How you this morning?"

"Pretty good. How you?"

"Pretty good. Nothing extra."

On my first day there, Aunt Lucy introduced me to Colice, and he looked so bashful that Aunt Lucy said, "Colice! You're shy!"

Colice, twisting his hands in his pockets, gave me a swift, small grin, showing tobacco-brown teeth. "No, sir!" he said, with the bravado of a very young adolescent. "I'm not shy! I don't usually run from the ladies—I run to them!"

Aunt Lucy told him that I lived in New York, and he looked pleased. Twelve years ago, he told us, he had visited the city with his cousins Sherman and Winfield Hall. "We was only there one day," he said. "We drove real slow all over the city—saw the Empire State, the Statue of Liberty, and Yankee Stadium. We saw all the street lights in town turn off that night—we only slept but one hour." He ended with a low whistle and a shake of his head, so that I could better understand the delicious extravagance of that excursion: the three country-dwellers, who were normally asleep by nine or ten o'clock, riding slowly through the city dawn as the lights blinked out on Broadway.

On June mornings at Aunt Lucy's place, it is so misty that you can't see the dark pinewoods beyond the fields. Bobwhites call steadily, and the sun appears and disappears in the haze. When I was visiting, the corn was already five feet tall—a restless green barrier standing around the house on three sides, filling the nights with a slight, continuous shivering sound, like that of moving water. The house itself had changed little since I carved peach pits on the back steps. Set close to the highway, it was still cool and dim in the daytime, with a big Victorian sofa and a grandfather clock in the living room, hooked rugs in the master bedroom, a ruffly pastel bedspread and pink throw rugs in the guest room, and, throughout, ornate prints of floral arrangements which revealed a streak of girlish romanticism in Aunt Lucy. There were several pictures of Uncle Sherman and a wonderful photograph of Aunt Lucy and her sister Mabel, taken in the twenties, when they were known as the prettiest girls in Gates County: they are sitting in a field, with their curls blowing across their flushed faces, and behind them is an immense, shiny Buick. The television room had a bookshelf holding a couple of Bibles, a copy of "Etiquette," by Emily Post, "Wuthering Heights," a *Yearbook of Agriculture* for 1940, and a book called "Two from Galilee." In the garage were the neatly arranged tools, buckets, and mud-caked rubber boots of a serious gardener. There was also a sink, for washing hands, and, on an oilcloth-covered table beside the sink, a few vegetables, in limbo between the garden and the kitchen: beet greens soaking in a pail of water, tiny greenish summer squash, big, sprouting seed potatoes.

Before the trip to Cofield, as I sat on the back porch eating a breakfast of biscuits, eggs, and country sausages which Aunt Lucy had left for me (she eats when she rises, at dawn), I watched her and Colice in the garden and listened to them talk.

"Pick that squash now, Colice," Aunt Lucy said in her sweet, frail voice, "because it'll be past its prime tomorrow."

"I got all my squash," said Colice.

"Oh Colice, go to grass!" said Aunt Lucy. "You leave half your vegetables to rot." She pushed leaves aside with a stick she was holding, to show Colice squash still on the vine. Then she laid down her stick and stood up facing the cornfield. "Look at that corn," she said. "Isn't it rank! Won't it be pretty when it silks out!"

Colice and Aunt Lucy looked very small in the big, lush garden, where, besides squash, they had planted pole beans, string beans, tomatoes, collard greens, beets, peppers, potatoes, and roasting ears. Aunt Lucy was wearing a green cotton hat that tilted up at the front like a child's sunbonnet, accentuating the expression of grave innocence on her pretty face. Colice's hat was a jaunty light-blue mesh cap, decorated with an insignia of crossed golf clubs, one pink and one blue. He and Aunt Lucy seemed alike as they worked together—not, particularly, in the look of their faces (although there is a blurred resemblance between most of the members of the old mixed-blood families) but in the way they moved and spoke, in the comfortable kind of accommodation each made for the other. They might have been old siblings or a couple married for fifty years; they are probably, in some obscure fashion, related by blood. "I reckon everyone in the area is kin," Colice told me once.

When Dessie Rooks drove up, Aunt Lucy hurried over to the car with the news that the man who cut her grass had found a copperhead that morning. "Ooh, I was like to die," she said. "There's one thing that I hate, and that's a snake."

"The corn has been right snaky this year," said Miss Dessie. She is a handsome woman of Aunt Lucy's age—brown-skinned, with an almost majestically slow way of talking. "Did you hear what happened over by Sam James' tenants' place?" she asked. "They came home and found a moccasin sleeping across the stove."

Aunt Lucy gave a plaintive little yelp, and Colice chuckled dryly. As I got into the car, Aunt Lucy said to Miss Dessie, "Please help this child to find a quilt. She is crazy about them."

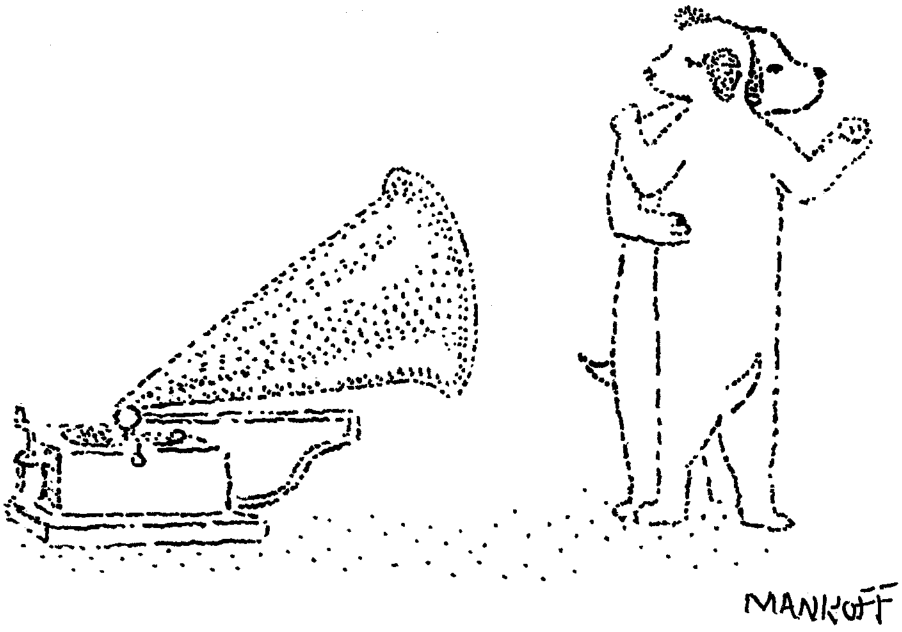
"Julia James will have a quilt," said Miss Dessie.

During the drive down Highway 13, Miss Dessie pointed out something that other people had proudly pointed out to me on my past trips to North Carolina: that the land stretching to the skyline along the nine-mile stretch of highway that joins Ahoskie and the small town of Winton is entirely owned by blacks—specifically, by the old free-issue families—and has been for generations. She indicated land boundaries and identified for me the frame farmhouses and the newer, suburban-style homes of her relatives and neighbors. Occasionally, when I asked about a dilapidated house or a shack, she would say, "Honey, I don't know—probably tenants." Ahoskie society seems as rigidly divided into castes as Edith Wharton's old New York was, with the prosperous descendants of the free-issue families forming a stratum distinct both from whites and from the poorer, usually darker-skinned blacks, who are often tenants or field workers. Aunt Lucy and Miss Dessie are generally aware of the identity of the tenants in the tumbledown houses, but they speak of them with innocent professions of ignorance, as if the tenants belonged to a different planet; similarly, they address white acquaintances in tones that are not quite deferential but suggest that the whites breathe a different air.

When Miss Dessie speaks of the people she "knows," she goes into minute genealogical detail, and her stories, like many stories I have heard out in the country, are seasoned with violence. In her slow, matter-of-fact voice, she told me about a nephew of hers who was killed in a tobacco-barn explosion; a farmer who had a stroke, fell into his hog pen, and was devoured by his hogs; a young boy who was struck by lightning as he ran in the fields with other children. Miss Dessie's calm in the face of natural cataclysm and human tragedy seems to stem from the same deep-rooted practicality that I see in Aunt Lucy, who accommodates the caprices of nature and fate in the same way that she accommodates the shortsightedness of Colice Hall in looking for squash.

Before Miss Dessie married, she was a Chavis, and at one point on the ride to Cofield she stopped at the Pleasant Plains Baptist Church, to show me the grave of her husband and the plot beside it where she will lie. The handsome brick church, first organized in 1851, as the Free Colored Baptist Church, lies across the highway from farmland owned by the Chavis family; and from Miss Dessie's future grave site—which she contemplates with the grand equanimity with which she regards all the rest of the world—you can see across cornfields to the old green-roofed white farmhouse where she was born, some seventy years ago. "After Dad died, I bought the others out of the property and sold the farm to my niece, because I thought it should stay in the family," she told me. "One of her nephews lives there on the property now. They have rented out the tobacco and pecan allotment, but they still grow corn and soybeans."

When we were back on the highway, Miss Dessie and I started talking about restaurants and fast-food places in Ahoskie—the fried chicken at the Golden Skillet, the fried trout, catfish, and hush puppies at O'Connor's, the new McRib sandwich at McDonald's. Miss Dessie had never tasted a McRib sandwich and was eager to do so. She and Aunt Lucy have little nostalgia for old-fashioned cooking or old-fashioned ways, and eagerly embrace anything—like a McRib—that speaks to them of modernity. It was the forward-thinking side of the two ladies that made them laugh rather pityingly at my interest in quilts. When I complained to Miss Dessie about the number of trailers that had sprung up around the old wooden farmhouses in the area, she told me calmly that trailers made nice houses if they were properly tied down against the wind. "In a trailer, everything's convenient to your hand, like on a ship," she said. In the same calm voice—the voice of one who does not yearn after the past—she told me more about her family's land. "Farming is different these days," she said, slowing down as a huge lumber truck laden with stripped pine trunks roared past. "It isn't the way it used to be. You can't get by with twenty acres—or fifty acres—anymore. You need machinery, and one piece of machinery will cost you maybe fifty thousand dollars. Our children aren't interested. Most of them have gone to the cities, and who can blame them? They'll make more money there than here. Nowadays,



Negroes are selling their land and the whites are buying it, and it's a pity. The way I see it, after I'm gone my family's land will probably be sold."

BY the time we got to Julia James' house—having passed a huge Perdue Chicken billboard in the middle of a tobacco field; a Continental Grain Company warehouse; several signs advertising night crawlers and crickets for sale; and the Cofield store (a one-story red tarpaper structure with two men, a black and a white, seated comfortably on straight-backed chairs on the front porch)—I was dreamily repeating to myself a list of quilt names I knew: Spider Web, Corn and Beans, Goose Tracks, Broken Dishes, Log Cabin, Grandmother's Fan. Miss Julia James did indeed have quilts, or, at least, quilt tops—the completed patchwork patterns of pieced fabric which need only to be hand-stitched to cotton or wool padding and to the breadths of yard goods that make up the quilt back. In her small bedroom, a red-and-white sheet of pieced rectangles was stretched on a pine frame and attached all around with loops of white string; a pair of scissors, a needle, and a spool of white thread lay on top. Miss Julia is a tall elderly lady with a very straight spine and with white hair drawn back in two braids into a bun. She wore a print dress with a yellowish apron fastened over it, and a pair of flat leather slippers, one with the toe cut out to ease pressure on a bunion. She is very deaf, and Miss Dessie had to shout my name and a family identification, which is essential in this part of the world: "I said, she's Lucy Rooks' sister's niece, *and her great-grandmother was a* Benton from over in Corapeake!"

Miss Julia's house was a small turquoise-painted cement-block house set in the midst of a group of four or five modest, low houses of brick, tarpaper, or clapboard which bordered on a short paved road off the highway. The house lay behind a privet hedge, and a screened side porch held magnificent geraniums, begonias, and coleus plants, and also a large freezer, a wringer-washer, and hanging bunches of dried peppers and mint. The living room had a yellow linoleum floor and was furnished with a braided rag rug, a brown vinyl sofa, a color television, a set of blue fibre-glass curtains in a brocade print, and many photographs of children and grandchildren. When Miss Julia led us into her bedroom, dislodged several boxes from her closet, and began to pull quilt tops out of a large paper bag, I felt my chest squeeze tight with anticipation. But the big pieced squares she pulled out were strangely disappointing to me, for a reason I could not at first discern. She spread the first quilt top over her high double bed and stood back with the stiff, self-consciously modest bearing of an artist aware of her own merit. The design was a sort of modified Double Wedding Ring. (In a Double Wedding Ring, pieced patches form an interlocking series of circles on a solid background.) But the pieces of fabric that had been sewn into the curving pattern were made of stretch polyester in boldly patterned prints. I looked closer at one patch and saw that the print was of little smile faces. "That polyester holds the colors beautifully," Miss Dessie said, in her slow, deep voice.

"Most everything I do now is in polyester," said Miss Julia, who had a loud, firm, decisive voice. "It's easy for me to get the remnants." She pulled out quilt top after quilt top, and Miss Dessie and I spread them on the bed. Miss Julia had been rather unbending toward us at first, but now the sight of her own work seemed to excite her, and she gave an occasional rattly laugh, peering at me with bright little eyes. There was a Blazing Star design (small, diamond-shaped patches making up a large eight-pointed star), and nine or ten patterns I couldn't identify. All of them were exquisitely hand-stitched and showed a strong, spirited sense of design, and all but two were—maddeningly to me—made of polyester. I picked out the two cotton quilts—a Log Cabin (narrow strips of fabric joined to form a complex system of rectangles) and an ambitious appliquéd piece depicting rows of women in sunbonnets and fan-shaped skirts. Handsome as they were, even these two were pieced in fabrics too modern for my taste. "I see you like cotton," Miss Julia said, giving me a sharp glance. "I don't get much of it, because people don't wear much of it these days."

She told me she could have the two tops I'd chosen quilted for me by the fall. "I used to be faster, but my eyes are bad," she said. "I used to know one or two ladies who could come together and do this work in a few days, but they have passed. No one quilts anymore. They use them big stitches, and I don't like that—that's not quilting."

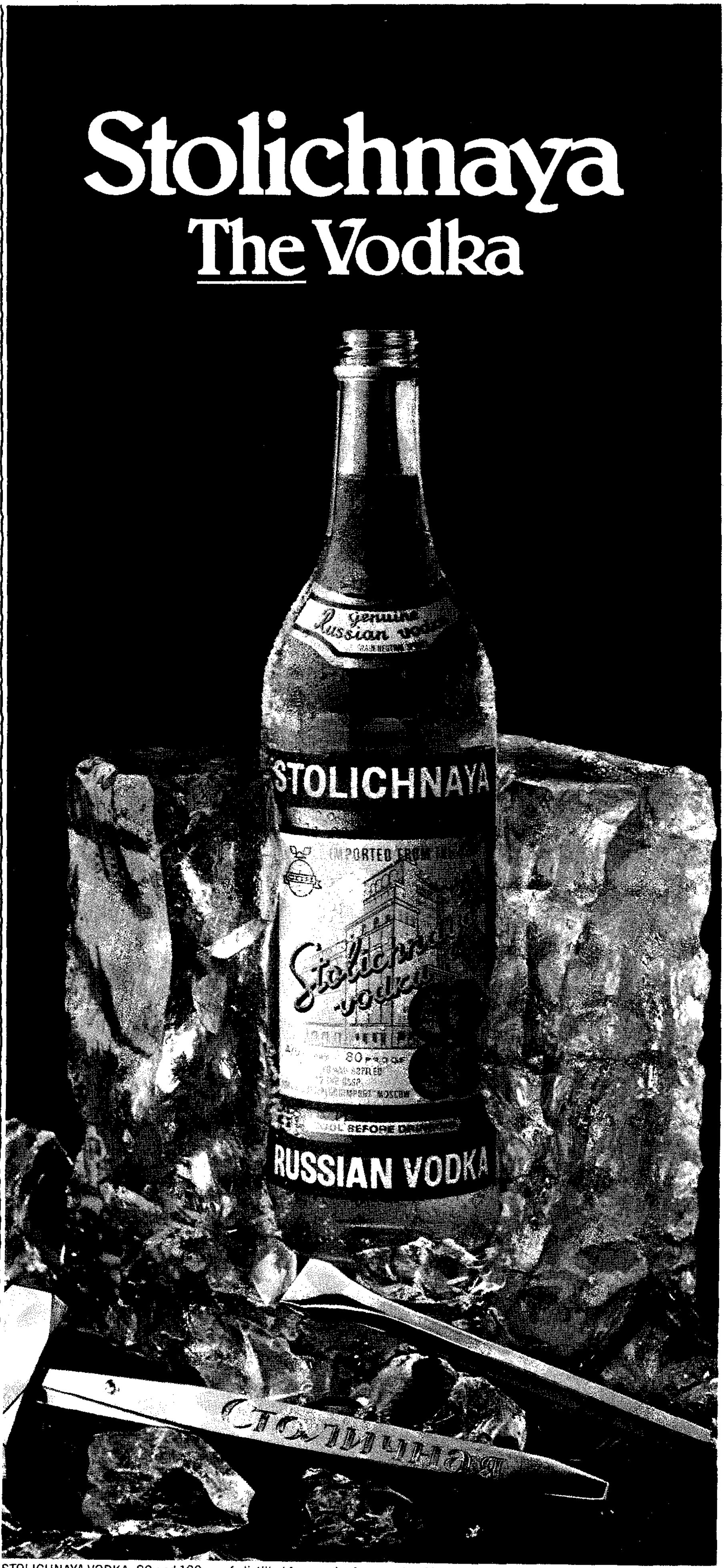
She showed us the thick, unglamorous comforters she had made for winter warmth over the years; composed of two sides of coarse cotton or wool, they were "tacked"—attached every few inches with a single knotted stitch of heavy thread—rather than quilted. Although Miss Julia appeared to look down on tacking as inferior to quilting, these comforters were the only examples she had of her finished work; the quilts that had earned her local fame over sixty or seventy years of needlework had all been sold, or given to family members. Caught up in the excitement of showing her work, Miss Julia began showing us everything, emptying her closet to display her best clothes: elaborate nylon dresses that showed little sign of wear; a floor-length pale-blue, mock-fur bathrobe. Outside, she kept on showing us things—her grape arbor; the butter beans in her enormous garden; the wild barn kittens curled in the shade of a Ford Pinto parked in the dust beside the house; the rank-smelling maze of small pens and cages that held rabbits, ducks, geese, hogs, and chickens, and ran right back to the rubbish heap at the edge of the woods; and, finally, her brother—a shy, astoundingly handsome old man named Edgar Hall, who gave us a wordless grin. It was past noon and the sun was shining hard and hot on the group of small houses along the road when we got in the car to leave.

In the car, Miss Dessie asked me if I was happy with my quilts, and I said that I liked them but that they were not exactly what I had wanted. "You should have taken the polyester," she said. "It's bright and washable and makes a right nice quilt."

On the drive back to Aunt Lucy's house, Miss Dessie pointed out the sprawling, rather elegant white farmhouse with three green gables where Julia James had grown up, in the midst of peanut and tobacco fields, as Julia Hall, the daughter of the old and prosperous mixed-blood family of Halls, who own large tracts of land in the county. (Miss Julia's sister still lives in the house.) Later, Miss Dessie identified for me the various family graveyards that dot the fields along Highway 13: Reynolds, Reid, Chavis, Hall. Some of the small clusters of Victorian-style limestone grave markers (more recent graves are generally in churchyards) were neatly fenced in and decorated with flowers; others were half hidden in underbrush or among crops. "Sometimes," Miss Dessie told me, rolling up her window and turning on the air-conditioner, "people get tired of those old plots if they're in the middle of a field, and just plow them right under."

EARLY one morning a few days after the trip to Cofield, I went out target shooting with Aunt Lucy's neighbor Samuel James and his granddaughter Tammy. We drove to a clearing in a cornfield on one of the farms that James, a retired farmer and bail bondsman, rents out to tenants, and we shot through the morning mists with a pistol and a .22 at a piece of paper nailed to a stick. I liked the smell of gun smoke on the damp air, the sharp recoil of the pistol and the rifle, and the fact that I could hit the marks on the target. Tammy, who is fourteen and has a pert flip of hair over her eyes, squealed at the noise each time she fired, but she shot accurately; Sam James, of course, hit everything with contemptuous ease. "It's good for a woman to know how to shoot," he told us. "You might have to shoot a snake—or a man."

Sam James, like Aunt Lucy, like Julia James, like so many members of the old, inbred mixed-blood families of Ahoskie, looks, to put it bluntly, like a white person: it is an exercise in absurdity to watch him—with his light complexion, gray eyes, and long, dour, handsome, windburned face, striding across his property in boots, a pale-blue cord suit, and a bow tie, and greeting his tenants and criticizing some little lapse in the feeding of hogs or the upkeep of a road—and then to realize that this quintessential Southern landowner had to attend segre-



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gated schools as a child. Outsiders often ask why Sam James and others like him didn't in their youth simply travel far away and melt into the white world. The answer might be that this would have meant severing connections to the Chowan area which went back to the beginning of the state itself. Beyond that, the life that the old light-skinned, free-issue families made for themselves before and after the Civil War and during the period of segregation was (based though it might have been on inbreeding and a certain amount of prejudice against the darker-skinned descendants of emancipated slaves) a good and a comfortable one—at least, in Ahoskie. Now that a younger generation of these families, moving in a world freer of official restraints and filled with novel attractions, is leaving the farms and—horror of horrors—marrying whites or dark-skinned blacks whom nobody "knows," it seems that the Ahoskie group, symbolized for me by Aunt Lucy and Sam James, a group tied to the land and set firmly in their own enclave between black and white, might be about to disappear.

When Sam James, Tammy, and I had finished shooting and were heading back down the highway in Sam James' big, glossy pickup truck, I asked Tammy, who is in the eighth grade at the Ahoskie Middle School, whether she wanted to live in Ahoskie all her life.

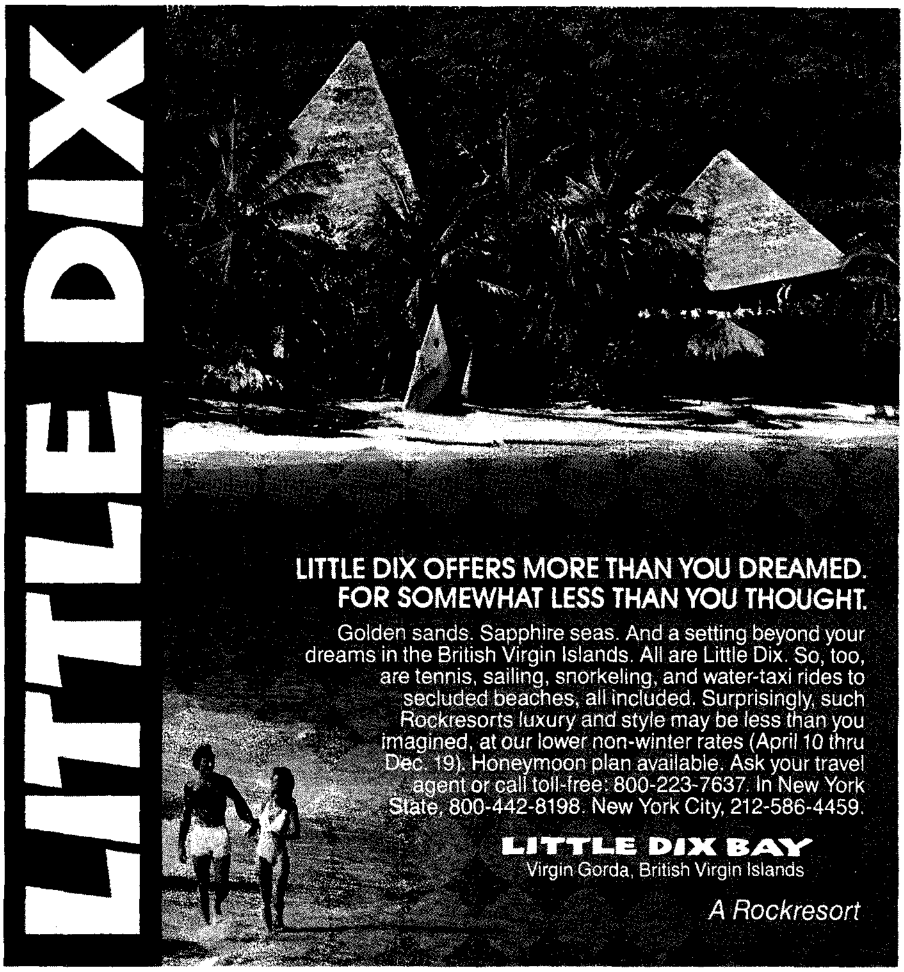
She shook her head briskly. "No, sir!" she said. "I'm going to go live in the city and be a psychiatrist."

"Well, who's going to take care of me when I'm old and feeble?" asked Sam James.

"Oh, Grandpa!" said Tammy. "I don't want to be no bed nurse for you. But I'll make lots of money and bring it back here."

"Now you're talking! Now you're talking!" Sam James said in a satisfied voice.

After sunset that day, I went, as the two of them had suggested, across the highway from Aunt Lucy's house to visit old Mrs. Chavis, who is Tammy's great-grandmother and Sam James' mother-in-law, and who was famous for quilts in her day. I found Mrs. Chavis, whom everyone calls Miss Madgie, sitting on the front porch of her small white house watching the traffic go by on the darkening highway from behind a screen of wisteria vine as thick as an arm. Miss Madgie is ninety-one, plump and pink, and prone to fits of chuckling; rosy



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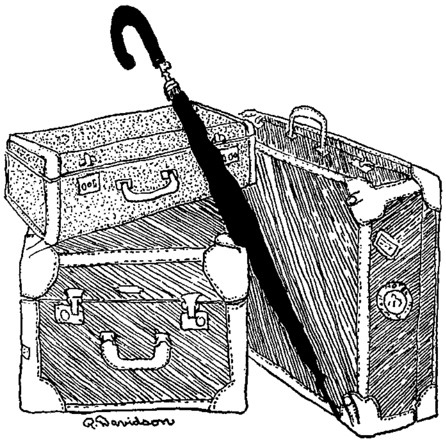
streaks of her scalp are visible through thinning white hair she pulls back into a tiny bun. She had quilts to show me—chiefly crazy quilts, pieced of a mixture of cotton and acrylic, and fancifully embroidered with family names and private symbols—but none to sell. "I don't quilt in the summer," she told me. "I work in my garden—crooks my fingers up, and then I can't stitch for nothing." She was flattered by my interest in her quilts, but, like most people I had spoken to in Ahoskie, she was also amused by that interest. "Young people usu'ly aren't interested in old things and old-time ways," she said. "I have a grandniece, though, who is like you. She lives up in Philadelphia, and she came here with a tape machine, a recorder, and she asked me to talk about my old home place. I was born Madgie Keene, on a farm on this same road, and I told her about the house and Mama and Daddy, and she took it all down on that machine!" The recollection amused Miss Madgie so much that she shut her eyes and shook with laughter, and it was some time before we folded up the quilts that she had shown me.

THE next night—my last in Ahoskie—I went, with Theresa Archer, over to the weekly auction in Roxobel. Theresa (who is close to my own age, so I don't call her Miss Theresa) is another of Aunt Lucy's neighbors across the road. She and her husband, Kenneth, who is in the mortuary-vault business, live in a new brick ranch house on the former site of a decrepit house that was occupied by Aunt Lucy and Uncle Sherman's tenants. When I visited Ahoskie as a child, the house and the large, untidy family who lived there (with litters of cats so starved that they devoured string beans) seemed to me the ultimate in fascinating raffishness. The Archer family is completely respectable, but a tinge of eccentricity seems to have lingered in the soil of the place. Whenever people on this stretch of Highway 13 hear of one of Theresa's ideas or creations, they say "Well, if that isn't exactly like Theresa!" in admiring and wondering tones. It isn't that they consider her outlandish—it's just that she does things no one else would think of. For example, she took the revolving drum from a large old-fashioned washing machine, set it on her front porch, and planted geraniums in it; also, in her large garden, which, like all gardens in Ahoskie, forms a constant topic of reflection and conversation through the summer, she grows an odd kind of beet that sometimes turns orange when you cook it. Theresa, who is a good-looking woman with a narrow face and has a lively, quirky glint in her eyes, gives a sharp, crowing laugh of triumph when she speaks of her new ideas and projects. She was born near Ahoskie, into a family that worked on truck farms, and she is now a teacher of English and history at Ahoskie High School. Theresa is a poet as well as a teacher, and is the author of a dark-red privately published book titled "The Flaming Depths." "The Flaming Depths" is dedicated to Theresa's sister, Mrs. Prunetta Johns, and in the foreword the late Henry D. Cooper, who was the principal of a local high school, observes, "The uncompromising aim of our gifted local poetess is to express her ideas, and set them forth in their appropriate moods. She will not be a slave to rhyme, or even to meter, if either of these masters attempts to restrict her freedom. . . . Her heart must be relieved of what she has to say, and no tiny unsaid portion can be left behind." Theresa's poetry is highly lyrical, and sometimes has gleams of the same quirkiness one notes in her eyes.

I drove to the Roxobel auction with Theresa, Kenneth, and Thomasine, Kenneth's grown daughter by a previous marriage. Roxobel is a tiny town deep in the country southwest of Ahoskie, and the auctions regularly held there are important social events for people from small towns scattered through the corn and tobacco fields of the Chowan region. "You'll find what you want here," Theresa told me, with one of her vigorous nods, as we pulled into the auction-house parking lot, which was jammed with the long, shiny cars and big, new four-wheel-drive vehicles that seem to have taken over from the legendary dusty pickup truck—at least, in this area of the rural South. "They always have quilts," she added.



The auction house, a low red wooden building with a corrugated-metal roof, was set near a cornfield. Inside, it consisted of several enormous rooms with rough pine beams and plywood walls. In the middle of the central room was a high wooden platform, where the auctioneer stood with two assistants. The rooms were crowded with things to be sold. Near the front door was a jumble of new living-room furniture, including perhaps ten chairs and couches upholstered in a garish plasticized plaid, and on this furniture men—black and white—were sitting peacefully, smoking cigars and cigarettes, talking among themselves, and giving an occasional guffaw. It looked like a club meeting: all the men seemed to be wearing mesh caps that bore printed logos for farm machinery, pesticides, or fertilizers. One stooped old man had a cap with a hand-printed sign sewn onto it that read "THE FISH MASTER."

The air was hot and smoky in the main room, except in the paths of several powerful steel fans, which flattened your clothes against your body if you passed nearby. There were a lot of small children, who all seemed to be drinking Cokes and eating roasted peanuts; the floor was thick with shells. There were also a lot of big, bumbling flies that collided with the people, who were strolling up and down, looking at the heaped furniture, rugs, china, and boxes full of miscellaneous junk that represented the odd, often pathetic accumulations of whole lifetimes. The contents of a dozen farmhouses were there. I recognized the mixture of old, rangy pine furniture, scarred and repainted over fifty years, and newer, veneered additions from Sears and the Ahoskie Department Store.

"Look at this!" cried Thomasine, holding up a small china donkey she had found in a box. "Buy it for me, please?" she said to her father.

"Have to bid for the whole lot," said Kenneth, who is imperturbable. Kenneth is one of the Archers from Archertown, a clan renowned in Hertford County for their blond hair and blue eyes and their gentle persistence in defining themselves as black.

"Kenny, there's good things in this box," said Theresa, studying a brightly painted china rooster with her sharp, restless gaze. "Look—it says 'Made in Italy'!"

I wandered over to a corner filled

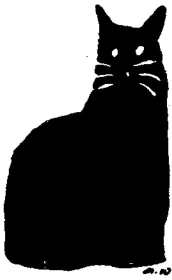
with books. One box held, among others, Taine's "Notes on England," Cecil Beaton's "Diaries," "The Letters of Richard Wagner," and "Byron, Shelley, and Their Pisan Circle." I glanced at the chapter headings in a volume called "Stories of Authors' Loves," published in 1902 and kept in damp storage for some time after that; they included "Brave-Hearted Thackeray," "The Pitiful Passion of Poor John Keats," "The Variously-Estimated Byron and His Life of Unrest," and "The Heart-Hunger of Margaret Fuller." The earwiggy look of the books gave me, for an instant, a mournful vision of a deserted library in one of the white-painted Greek Revival houses that one sees in outlying sections of the town of Ahoskie—a library where only the lowland dews entered and sat long, and where one might, like Aunt Lucy's neighbor, find a snake lying across the furniture.

The auctioneer, a round-faced man with three perfectly symmetrical curls pasted down on his forehead, began the bidding in a discreet, flat, nasal tone. "Got a dollar bill. . . . Give me two dollars. . . . Bid three in the back. . . . Want to bid four for the old mailbox."

After the rusty mailbox came a heap of bathroom rugs in fluorescent oranges and pinks, a flintlock rifle, a gold watch, a large cassette holder painted with a lurid rendering of Gene Simmons, of Kiss. Bidding never became intense; the crowd moved around the room in the wake of the two stout assistants who displayed the items, but its whole consciousness, like that of *le tout Paris* at a spectacle, was bent on seeing and being seen, flirting, greeting friends and neighbors. As usual, I was impressed by the calm interaction of black and white: one would never have seen such a mixed gathering in Boston or Philadelphia. Groups of teen-age boys and girls eyed each other, advanced, retreated, sent oblique messages, dissolved into giggles, in the classic choreography of early courtship, while young mothers in shorts and shifts chatted with each other over boxes of vinegar cruets and worn-out hair dryers, pausing now and then to retrieve their small, Coke-drinking offspring. Everyone stared at a beautiful young woman with a Farrah Fawcett haircut who strolled up and down the aisles with a discontented expression. A plump black man about seventy years old left the crowd and went up to a young white man who was wearing a red baseball cap turned around backward. "Young man, it seems like I know you and I don't know you," he said. "What's your name?"

"Riddick," answered the young man, who was very broad across the chest, and whose mouth remained a bit open after he finished speaking.

"Oh, I grew up with a whole lot of Riddicks," the old man said, nodding with a pleased look, as if a stray part of the universe had just fallen into place. "You favor them."



I walked over to the far end of the central auction room and found a couple of quilts heaped on the foot of a laminated-wood Colonial-style bunk bed. They were recently made quilts, hand-sewn—one in the Blazing Star pattern and the other in a pattern I couldn't identify. They were carefully done, but with the same unhappy choice of fabric I had found in Julia James' quilts. One had patches printed in a Fred Flintstone design.

A little woman sitting on another bunk bed, across the aisle—a woman whose sharp-featured, olive-skinned face showed the mixture of black, Indian, and white blood that is common in the Chowan region—spoke up suddenly. "I've got quilts," she said. "I've got drawers full of them at home—old ones and new ones. How much would you pay?"

My heart began to pound as I told her and got her phone number. My excitement was, I realized with some embarrassment, that of the genuine fanatic. I would have to wait until my next trip to Ahoskie, but it was not at all unpleasant to picture myself on yet another wild-goose chase over the countryside that my great-grandmother had known, and, perhaps, stumbling on a treasure: Arabic Lattice in deliciously faded blue-and-red calico, smelling faintly of camphor; a Double Wedding Ring, more modern, perhaps, but in cotton patches that drew out all the various bright and sombre tints of the Carolina farmland.

AFTER about an hour, we left the auction, coming out of the hot lights and close air into an evening where a band of deep-lavender cloud had spread itself across the sky. Below the cloud, a clear strip of pinkish light made the pines and the corn along the roadside look entirely black. Two grain silos with pointed tops were silhouetted against the sky. The crickets were loud, and the air was almost dizzyingly fresh. In the parking lot, a handsome young black man, wearing jeans and a sleeveless white undershirt that stood out startlingly in the pinkish dusk, was leaning against the door of a nineteen-thirties pickup truck—carefully restored and painted a dove gray—talking to a young black woman in curlers who sat behind the wheel.

As we drove back to Ahoskie, a thin crescent moon rose above the woods, fields, farmhouses, and trailers. The car windows were down, and the cool air rushing in was printed with the smell of whatever we were passing—hogs, corn, chickens, pinewoods—so that one could have drawn a picture of the country landscape with one's eyes closed. Kenny had turned on the radio, and we drove to the beat of disco songs I had heard in New York. It was curious music to hear while driving down a deserted country road where house lights were scattered miles and miles apart. We stopped beside a field so that Theresa could dig up some crape myrtle for her front yard, and I sat in the fragrant darkness talking to Thomasine. She is twenty-two, with a strong, compact figure, curly hair, and a beautiful, broad-cheekboned face, with a masklike expression that she presents to strangers like me. I felt worlds removed from her. Many young people have left Ahoskie, but Thomasine doesn't much care for that idea. She works in town at McDonald's; before that she spent her days stitching pockets in the Blue Bell jeans factory.

I asked her what she did for fun, and she said there wasn't much to do.

"We go to the auction, we visit friends, and for something special we drive to Greensboro or Norfolk, or maybe Virginia Beach," she said, lighting a cigarette. "Once, I went to Philadelphia."

I asked her if she would like to move to the city, and she said she supposed she'd spend her whole life around Hertford County. "I'd go crazy in the city," she said, fondling a little box of china ornaments she had bought at the auction. "Too many people there."

As we drove on, Theresa began teasing me about my interest in quilts. "You're peculiar," she said, with a laugh. "I'd rather sleep under a blanket or under one of those nice Sears comforters. We all grew up with quilts, and they wore out, and it wasn't anything special. What are you going to do with a quilt when you get it, anyway—hang it on a wall?"

The whole family, including the imperturbable Kenny, laughed at me indulgently.

"Instead of a quilt, you should get a nice wall hanging," Theresa said. "Now, I have a nice wall hanging I bought in Charleston. It shows Jesus and a lamb, and it's on a kind of velvety material."

Thomasine interrupted her to point out to me Ahoskie's new, twenty-four-hour store and the drive-in theatre. "That nasty place," said Theresa, shaking her head as we passed the theatre, which was showing two sex films. "If you want to see common women acting sassy on the screen, *that* is where to go."

When I got back to Aunt Lucy's house, she was sitting in the television room drowsing in front of a Western. She sniffed sharply as I came in. "You've been out at that auction with all those back-country people," she said. "Your clothes smell like snuff. Did you find a quilt?"

"No," I said, hoping she might take pity on me and give me one of her beauties, but she only straightened up and looked at me with the unexpected severity that her mild round face could hold. "You're in too much of a hurry," she said. "That's the trouble with everyone nowadays. People get in such a strut—they don't know how to take their time to visit, they can't be patient. You've been here a week. Maybe if you come back and stay for a longer time, you might find what you're looking for. Or maybe—but don't count on it—I might let you have one of mine." She yawned, and buttoned the top of her housedress. "Things like that take a lot of looking. But you had fun, didn't you?"

"Oh, yes, I had fun," I said.

I went to bed that night and dreamed that the countryside was stitched up in patches. —ANDREA LEE

•

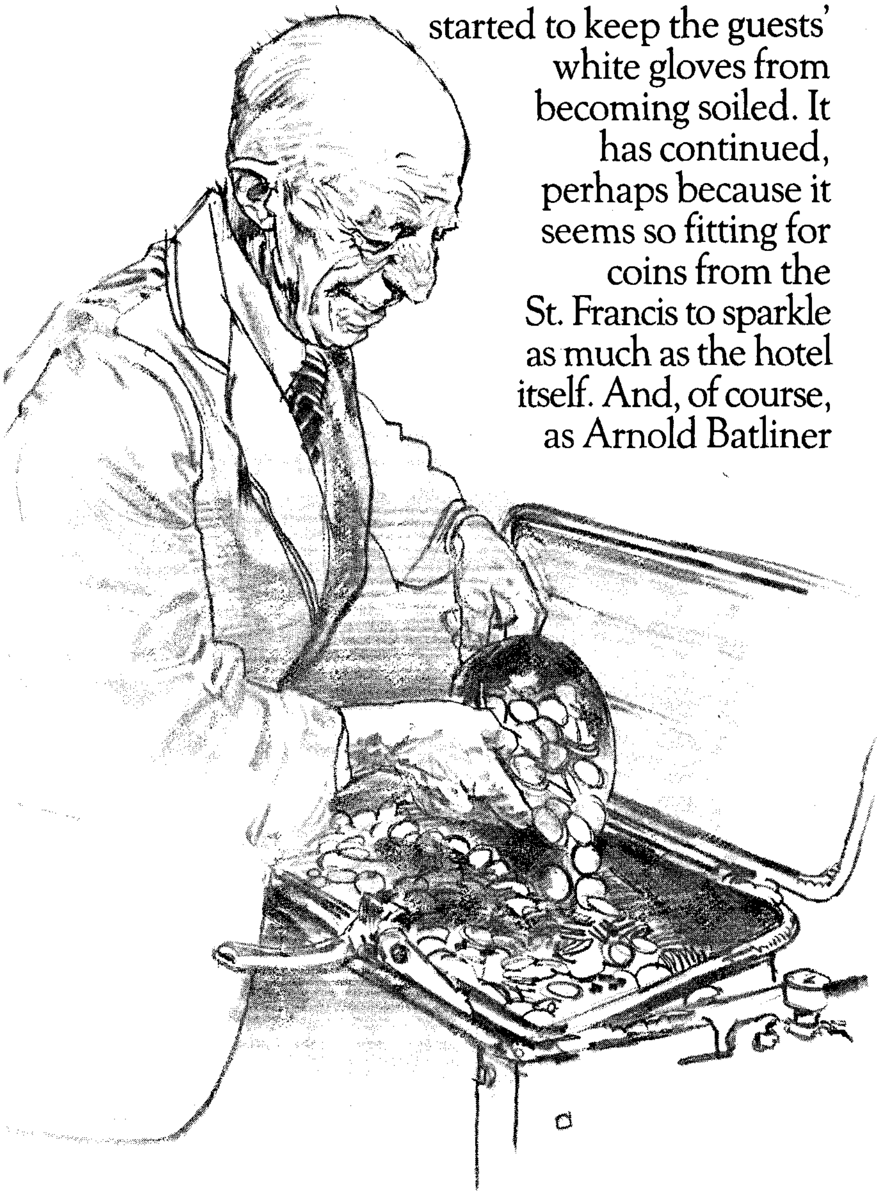
FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

[*From the London Times*]

The Islamic holy month of Ramadan is due to commence tomorrow when Moslems observe fasting from dawn until sunset each day. For British Moslems, this means a 19 hour fast as days are long in summer. The choice of this month for this act of worship is attributed to the fact that it was during this month.

In San Francisco, change doesn't come easy.

Here, fine old traditions linger on. Which is why, for decades, Arnold Batliner has meticulously cleaned and polished the coins that change hands at the St. Francis. The tradition was first started to keep the guests' white gloves from becoming soiled. It has continued, perhaps because it seems so fitting for coins from the St. Francis to sparkle as much as the hotel itself. And, of course, as Arnold Batliner tells us, "You'd be surprised how many people like clean money." "Why?" we asked. "Well, I guess because it's clean."



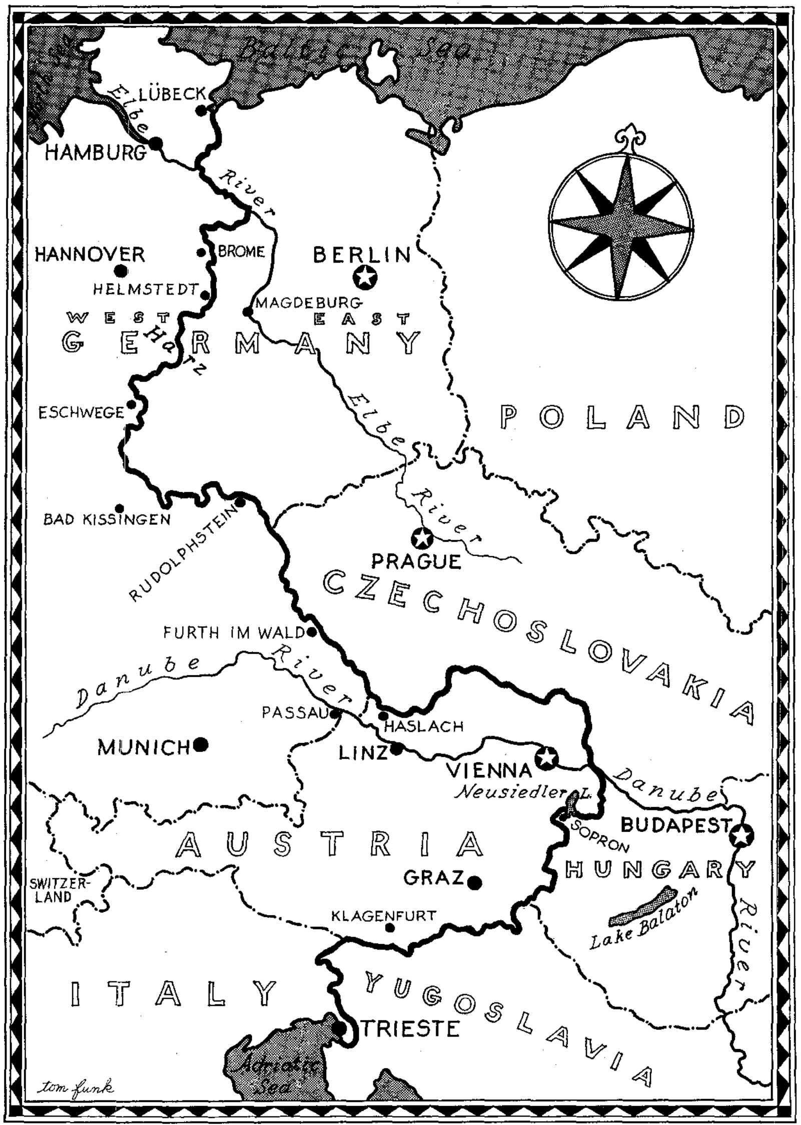
St. Francis means San Francisco.

THE WESTIN ST. FRANCIS
San Francisco

For reservations, call your travel agent, direct (415) 397-7000 or toll free (800) 228-3000.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE EDGE OF THE FOREST—III



ONE morning, as I drove from Munich to Passau, where the Inn River joins the Danube, Austria's proximity was advertised by many cars with Austrian license plates and the clear radio reception of Österreich Einz, broadcasting Bach. The Iron Curtain, along which I was making a journey, was not long in reasserting itself. It was 1981, and the news mentioned a Soviet ultimatum to the Poles—perhaps the herald of many more that year—telling them to set their house in proper Communist order. The road came out of the relatively flat land around Munich into long valleys between wooded hills, with mist rising out of the woods.

In the afternoon, I headed east along a country road toward Schwarzenberg, in Austria: the same hills, meadowed below, rising to forested ground along the Czech border; the same chalet-style houses; the same onion-domed churches. At the Bavarian-Austrian border, the West German control post was an ordinary house built next to the lifting barrier. A Bavarian border official took my passport and car documents into the house, and through a window I could see him on the phone, as he presumably checked to verify that I wasn't a terrorist or a car thief. When he returned, handing me passport and papers, he said, in English, "Thank you, Mr. Bailey." The Austrian border officials were sitting on kitchen chairs by the roadside two hundred yards farther on. One of them got up, glanced at my passport, and waved me through. Hitler's father, Alois, was a customs officer on the Bavarian-Austrian border at Braunau on the Inn, Hitler's birthplace, and was later posted to Passau and then Linz.

This part of Austria is called the Mühlviertel—the mill quarter—and I had arrived at it more than halfway along the northern border of the country. From here, I intended to travel around the bulge that Austria makes to the east—a horseshoe route around the two upper chains of Alps—and then south to the Adriatic. But despite the fact that I was travelling as far east as one can get in non-Communist Central Europe, I felt—perhaps prematurely—that I was leaving behind in Germany some of the less tractable aspects of the journey, together with the deathly fence system and the Aufklärer: the border-reconnaissance troops of the German Democratic Republic. The Austrian countryside had something to do with this mood. It was pastoral: small farms, gentle fields, quietly munching cows. For the moment, I had no appointments. I simply drove from place to place, prompted by names that looked pleasant on the map. Aigen was a trim little town a few kilometres from the Czech border, which offered winter sports when there was snow. St. Oswald, a nearby village, was a collection of farms and suburban-looking houses right on the border, with chickens wandering in the street.

A lane ran out of it northward. A cross and memorial stone gave the names of villages just inside Czechoslovakia, including Asang, Rosenhügel, Berneck, and Linden, where German-speaking people had lived before 1945. The lane petered out near a building that had once been the customs house and was now being converted into flats, but then it continued as a single track for a few hundred yards through woods to the border: a red-and-white barrier; a sign saying "STAATSGRENZE;" a wide field beyond; then coniferous woods, at the edge of which I could just make out the Czech fence.

An old lady wearing a flowered apron and gum boots, and with a permanent blink—one eye shut—came out of the woods carrying a basket of mushrooms. She told me the road had been closed since the end of the war and that one rarely saw any patrols, Czech or Austrian, along here. (Austria has no special border police; its border is looked after by the usual gendarmerie. I was later told in Vienna that there was little need to patrol the border: "The other side does it for us.")

By midafternoon, I was in Haslach, a small market town near the border, and after a short walk round I decided to spend the night there. The sights were soon seen: the market square, surrounded by old brick houses; the church; a museum of weaving machinery in a former mill. Both museum and church displayed small blue-and-white signs saying, in English, German, French, and Russian, that they were "Cultural Property" protected by The Hague Convention of 1954 that dealt with the possible effects of armed conflict. Why does "Culture" imagine itself less vulnerable than homes, offices, schools, and factories in any war to come? Haslach, though not the sort of town to make all the guidebooks, is a fine place. Behind the church, in a little orchard on one of several sloping terraces of ground, an old man was shaking figs from a tree. The sun had come out, and it was warm.

From 1945 to 1955, Haslach was in the Soviet Zone of occupied Austria. There is a graveyard in which numerous Soviet personnel were buried; many Haslach schoolchildren of that generation learned Russian. Although Austria had been annexed by Germany in 1938, the view of the Allies during the war was that Hitler's aggression had been matched by Austrian acquiescence to, and even (among some people) enthusiasm for, incorporation in the Third Reich, and that Austria shared a degree of responsibility for the war. At the London meetings of the European Advisory Commission in 1944, Soviet Ambassador Fedor T. Gusev wanted a plan for the postwar occupation of Austria put to the Allied governments at the same time as the plan for Germany, but the United States government, according to Lord William Strang, the British delegate, couldn't make up its mind whether it wanted an occupation zone in Austria or not. By the time it had decided that it did, the Soviet Army was in Vienna and Gusev was truculent. It took strong interventions with Stalin by Churchill and Truman to get an agreement on Austria that did not give the Soviet Union more than an equal share in occupation rights, and that would insure the formation of a free Austrian government. In elections held in November, 1945, the Communist Party failed to get more than five per cent of the vote. Austria was able to make most of its own decisions through a long occupation, and the democracy that emerged began to strive for a neutral position between the two power blocs. Stalin's death, in 1953, seemed to speed up the peace-settlement negotiations and caused the Soviet-occupation authorities to ease various restrictions. The Austrian State Treaty was finally signed on May 15, 1955, and Austrian sovereignty was restored. The last occupying troops—British and American as well as Soviet—left the country by October 26th.

"Things were more backward in the Soviet Zone," said Friedrich Andexlinger, the Haslach mayor, when I called on him. "There was much less investment in industry, because no one felt sure of the future. Until 1955, we weren't certain that the Soviets were going to leave. In fact, we still consider ourselves lucky. This is the only part of the Western world that they have been in and then left."

I DIDN'T feel I needed to cling to the border. Austria is small, and its position makes all of it feel like border country, pushed out into the Eastern world. The Turks got as far as Vienna in 1529 and 1683, and many towns still have memorials thanking God for deliverance from the Ottoman scourge. Russian armies fought on Austrian ground in previous centuries. I drove to Linz, Austria's third-largest city—a steel- and chemical-manufacturing center, where the Danube widens to become a great waterway. Here Mozart composed his Linz Symphony, Beethoven completed his Eighth Symphony, and Anton Bruckner, the Linz Cathedral organist, composed numerous works. Adolf Hitler went to secondary school in Linz and the nearby town of Steyr from 1900 to 1905. He was good at drawing and excellent at gymnastics, and was considered "very satisfactory" in moral conduct. The headmaster was a German nationalist, who expressed the hope that "the German spirit which has inspired our pupils in the past shall never be allowed to die." That "very satisfactory" pupil, sending his armies into Austria in 1938, did his best—or worst—in that respect.

Linz south of the Danube was inside the American Zone. On the bridge across the river, people had to show their identity cards as they entered or left the city. After the Russians left, people let their minds withdraw from the problems of the border; but the 1968 crisis in Czechoslovakia brought home its proximity. The general manager of the radio station in Linz told me that for ten years after

SIX FOOD CRITICS
FROM
NEW JERSEY
RESTAURANT

1968 few people in the city went to Prague. Now, although visas for even a day's visit have to be obtained in advance from the Czechoslovak Embassy in Vienna, people are going there again. From the small town of Gallneukirchen, not far from Linz, a bus goes now and then to the Czech city of Budweis with Austrians who shop there for bargains in shoes, sheets, and suitcases. A recent excursion of radio-station personnel was to Prague. Out of roughly seventy who applied for visas, two were turned down—both with prior Czechoslovak connections, though neither person was given an explanation. The director said, "When I'm in Czechoslovakia, I feel sorry for the Czechs. I go there, and I see houses with no flowers in window boxes, like the ones here. And I think, How lucky we are to live in a free country."

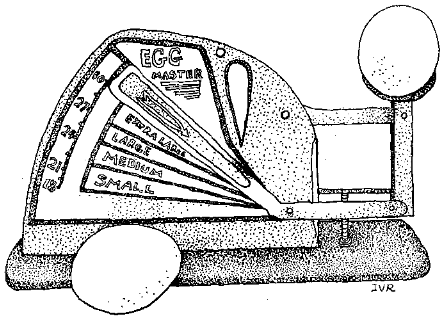
Perhaps to counteract this pervasive contentment, I decided the next morning, on leaving Linz, to make my way to Vienna not along the border or—the fastest route—along the A1 Autobahn but by an older road, along the north bank of the Danube. This road passes through Mauthausen, a small town east of Linz that gave its name to a concentration camp of the Third Reich. In the litany of Nazi terror, Mauthausen did not rank with Auschwitz and Treblinka; it was not a mass-extermination camp. But it was a slave-labor camp, a place where human beings were concentrated and compressed until they became as dry and fragmentary as powder; a place where about a hundred thousand people died and many more suffered dreadful torments. It was one of the artifacts by which Hitler maintained his regime. It was a working part of the system that caused the war to go on and to end as it did. It led to a divided Europe, a divided Germany.

That morning, there was a thick fog. I took several wrong turns and arrived by a roundabout route at Mauthausen, where I asked for directions on how to reach the *Lager*—the camp. It was up another back road, several kilometres away, where the low granite hills of the Danube Valley have long been quarried; the paving stones of Vienna came from here. Some of the quarries are still in use, and I could hear heavy machinery at work as I drove up the little road, following signs that said "LAGER." And there at the end of the road it was. The fog hung around it—a gray fortress, built of stone quarried on the spot. Under a watchtower, the gates in the wall were open, but I hesitated before driving in. Even if I hadn't known what it was, I would have felt on seeing it that it was part of a nightmare: shrouded, not a human being in sight.

I parked the car outside the gates and entered a fortified outer court. I walked up some steps and along a path to the main gate, which looked like the gate of a medieval castle, with watchtowers on either side and a platform walkway across the top. The gray stone had the look of papier-mâché, but when one tapped it one found that it was stone, sure enough. I arrived at a little office by the entrance. Since 1949, the Austrian government has kept the camp open six days a week as a historic monument. I bought a ticket for ten schillings—roughly sixty cents. Admittance is free for groups of students with their teachers, and also for former inmates of concentration camps, their wives, widows, and children. I wondered whether I would have returned for a visit if I'd been here. I was the first visitor of the day, but in the course of the next hour a few others came in and drifted slowly around, at first avoiding each other's eyes but after a while nodding to one another in a friendly way—needing to, perhaps, in this place of ghosts.

Inside the main walls is a long parade ground; to the left, several lines of faded-green wooden huts, survivors of many that were here between August, 1938, and May, 1945; to the right, more permanent-looking buildings. The huts are empty now, doors sagging a little on their hinges, floors swept clean, though in one hut there is a collection of wooden bunks and lockers. Pinned to the walls are information sheets, in numerous languages, including Hebrew, Russian, and Serbo-Croatian. Each hut, one learns, was meant for two hundred people—which would have been inhuman overcrowding—but often housed from three hundred to five hundred.

The camp was set up at the Mauthausen quarry in the summer of 1938, as a sub-camp of Dachau and as a so-called field post. After March, 1939, it was developed into an independent concentration camp, with sub-camps of its own. It was the "mother camp" for all Austria, which after the Anschluss was known as the Ostmark. To begin with, most of Mauthausen's prisoners were criminals, who gradually became the camp functionaries, but before long political prisoners from Germany and Austria were being sent here. In 1940, they were followed by Poles, Spanish Republicans, and Czechs. In 1941 came Dutch Jews, Yugoslavs, and Soviet citizens—many of the last being prisoners of war. In the years from 1942 to 1944, more political prisoners were brought, from France, Belgium, the Netherlands, Austria, Greece, Albania, Poland, the Soviet Union, Italy, Hungary, and Germany. In 1945, prisoners from concentration camps that had been evacuated before the Russian advance were moved to Mauthausen, together with thousands of Hungarian soldiers and Hungarian Jews. A few Allied prisoners of war somehow ended up in the camp, too: on May 3, 1945, among the camp's polyglot population were four Britons, two Chinese, one Canadian, and two Americans. There were, for comparison, 18,015 Hungarians, 15,803 Poles, and 15,581 Soviet citizens. Roughly seventeen hundred prisoners were women.



For the first year of Mauthausen's existence, most prisoners worked on building the camp and the quarters of between six thousand and nine thousand S.S. men, who guarded Mauthausen and its nearly fifty sub-camps. For the next several years, most prisoners worked in the quarry, but after 1943 the majority labored in armaments factories, a number of which were constructed in underground caverns in the area. In summer, the prisoners were roused at 4:45 A.M. Roll call was at five-fifteen; work was from six to twelve; then came an hour's midday break, often partly occupied by marching to camp for another roll call and then back out to work; work again from one to seven; then another roll call and the handing out of food. Reveille in winter was at five-fifteen and work in the quarry began at dawn and ended at dusk.

There were various ways of dying at Mauthausen. Some prisoners—particularly Russian officers—were subjected to "nutritional experiments" and starved to death. Many were gassed in the camp's small gas chamber. There were medical experiments. A stunted and crippled Dutch schoolteacher was put to death by an injection, and then his body was dissected. Prisoners were often made to run and then shot down as if they had been attempting to escape. Some were whipped to death over an exercise horse in the middle of the parade ground. Some were hosed constantly with ice-cold water until they died. Some sick prisoners were sent to the so-called recreation center at Hartheim, near Linz, where they were gassed. Many committed suicide, by electrocuting themselves or, more frequently, by jumping from the cliff into the quarry; the S.S. guards called these prisoners "parachutists." A number of Dutch Jews were thrown to their death from the cliff top by S.S. guards. Many hundreds of prisoners died on the irregular stone steps leading up from the quarry, where they stumbled and fell carrying blocks of stone. One mass breakout occurred—by Soviet prisoners under death sentence in Hut 20, on February 2, 1945. Thirteen got away, but the rest were recaptured and slain on the spot, and their bodies brought back to the camp and burned. Records were found after the war showing that, in all, 122,767 prisoners were murdered at Mauthausen; it is estimated that tens of thousands more perished in total anonymity.

I walked from one hut to another. Grass and trees could be seen through the windows; there were bare wooden floors, and tongue-and-groove wallboarding covered with bumpy brown shellac. It was strange: here is a place on earth, a construction of man, like many others, and yet so unlike them in that it is entirely evil. The evil remains so repellent that it seems to hug the dead, to wrap around and sully them. One should make the effort to consider and remember them as individual human beings, to disentangle them from the terrible fate they suffered, and thereby honor them. In one walled area—the walls are still topped with barbed wire—a graveyard was made on the site of former huts for nine thousand eight hundred corpses exhumed from a mass grave outside the sub-camp at Marbach. A sign says "May They Rest in Peace." Another graveyard, for prisoners who died after the liberation, was created in the area of a camp extension known as Camp II; now small trees and wild roses grow among the stone crosses.

Outside the camp, it was still foggy. I walked through an area of large monuments. Here had stood the S.S. barracks, the S.S. hospital, stores, and canteen for the camp staff. There is, among monuments erected by different countries to their citizens who died at Mauthausen, a memorial to the Soviet General Karbyshev, who died, with some two hundred other prisoners, on February 16, 1945, from being drenched with cold water. There is a Jewish monument—a welded-steel construction that looks like a thicket of upraised fists: a burning bush, a defiance. The Hungarian memorial also shows figures with upraised hands, and the inscription "*Vergesset Nie*"—"Never Forget."

In the same area as these monuments and memorials are a number of apple trees. By the Italian memorial, I picked up a windfall apple from the ground. It was by no means perfect-looking, but I took a bite from it, as if to partake of something from the spot—perhaps hoping for a little knowledge to come with the sweet-sour taste. In the parking lot, my car had been joined by a score of vehicles: a bus chartered to an Australian tour, a Polish car, and an assortment of West European cars, including six from West Germany—people who would look around Mauthausen and, I imagined, never forget. I sat in my car and tried to think about which road I would take next through pastoral Austria on my way to Vienna.

At a hamlet called Sarmingstein, on the north bank of the Danube, I stopped for the view. The morning fog had finally burned off. I walked out onto a little quay and breathed the warm air. Green hills formed a broad V through which the river ran. There were bright-green meadows and darker-green woods on the hillside opposite. The waters of the Danube moved powerfully. I thought, The world includes both Mauthausen and this.

At Persenbeug, where the river makes a U bend, I crossed to the other side. Along here, Frederick Barbarossa led an army on the Third Crusade. The river, flowing out of Western Europe, was once full of dangerous rapids and whirlpools in this section, but now it forms a lake above a dam that has been built between Persenbeug and Ybbs to furnish hydroelectric power. River shipping is locked up and down. At Ybbs, I joined the Autobahn to Vienna, hoping to get there before the evening rush hour. Vienna is farther east than Berlin or Prague. Among the vehicles moving in that direction were a number of East European cars, with their skimpy, sans-serif license plates—Czech, Hungarian, Rumanian, and Polish.

It seemed to me, in the few days I spent in Vienna, that the Viennese much of the time feel the border only as an abstract threat. Viennese say, "*They* are there—but then they've been there for thirty-five years, or for centuries." But there are occasions when the Viennese, in their exposed outpost to the east, don't sound quite so nonchalant. Some shopkeepers say that in the recent months of the Polish drama they have noticed considerable purchases of staple foods for putting by. For that matter, Austrians do not have precisely the same relations of amicability and closeness with their two Iron Curtain neighbors. Czechoslovakia presents the bigger problem. This is partly the result of Czechoslovakia's long democratic tradition—long in terms of this part of Central Europe—which brought down on it a regime that is tougher than the average and means to suppress that tradition. This conflict between the Czech past and the Czech present has repercussions in border relations with Austria. The Czechs have imposed greater restrictions on traffic with Austria than the Hungarians have. Border controls take longer, inspections are more searching. In Haslach, a schoolteacher told me that Czech visas were sometimes a long time in coming—that the Czechs could decide to investigate your whole life if they wanted to. "It is the arrogance that comes from feeling inferior—when you think that you have enemies everywhere. Hitler's Germany was like that, too."

Relations between Austria and Hungary are much better. Citizens of neither country need visas to visit the other. Most Hungarians find some difficulty in getting together the necessary foreign currency for private trips, but a number come on group tours, paying in advance. Many Austrians go frequently into Hungary to do their weekend shopping or to have their teeth seen to by the cheaper Hungarian dentists. The governments of Austria and Hungary have developed a number of agreements for their border regions, but the Austrians feel it best not to make too much of such measures, in case the Hungarians run into trouble with Big Brother. The Austrians also simply feel closer to the Hungarians than to the Czechs. In part, this dates from the imperial days: the Hungarians were lower-ranking partners—but still partners—in the Empire. The Czechs were regarded, rather, as workers and servants. But the Czechs don't seem to bear any grudge against the Austrians because of this. Many of them live in exile in Vienna. A few who are allowed to go on holiday to Yugoslavia stop in Austria en route and stay.

THE place where many East Europeans who are leaving their homelands for good go first in Austria is the small town of Traiskirchen, half an hour's drive south of Vienna. Here the Austrian government has set up a *Flüchtlingslager*, or reception camp, for refugees. (The term "*Lager*" is all it has in common with Mauthausen.) The Traiskirchen camp has been operating since the Hungarian revolution in 1956; the Austrians then showed that for them being neutral also meant offering asylum. In 1968, Austria welcomed many Czechs, in 1972 many Ugandan Asians, and in the last few years numbers of Vietnamese and Cambodians. Kurds, Chileans, and Argentines have also been given sanctuary. In the twelve months before autumn, 1981, the majority of the people arriving at Traiskirchen were from Poland, and the numbers were far higher than they had been the previous year. In August, 1981, four thousand and forty-seven Poles arrived in Austria, compared with three hundred and thirty-five in August of 1980. Summer is usually the time for leaving—it is easier to pretend one is going on vacation—but this summer was being extended into autumn. While I was in Austria, Poles were coming in at the rate of nearly two hundred a day, mostly across Czechoslovakia by train, but roughly a third in their own cars. The flood was finally halted with General Wojciech Jaruzelski's crackdown on December 13, 1981.

On the day I visited Traiskirchen, a crowd was milling around the entrance gates—recent arrivals talking about how they had got here and what they thought might happen next. Another crowd was clustered in the anteroom of the camp offices, where half a dozen men and women were attempting to cope with the paperwork of registering new arrivals and taking down the details of people's lives and ambitions, and were also trying to convey to them what could be done for them right away and what they would have to be patient about. Here were people who had made what must be one of the greatest voluntary changes a person can make in his life: they had found a hole in the Iron Curtain open for a while and plunged through.

I walked around the camp with Dr. Gabriele Neugebauer, a pleasant woman who works for the Austrian Ministry of the Interior, which administers the Traiskirchen camp. It is very much an institution—a collection of stone barracks with huge rooms—for it was originally an Austrian Army cadet school and became a Russian garrison in the postwar occupation years. Dr. Neugebauer introduced me to Karl Radek, the camp director. A jovial man in his early sixties, he managed to keep a conversation going while his phone rang constantly and he dealt with various camp matters. A forest of rubber plants crowded the room; a bird-feeding tray sat on a windowsill.

"We're in the business of trying to make the impossible possible," Radek said. "Austria has a very liberal asylum policy. We accept more people as political refugees than other countries do. There's criticism that some people come here for economic reasons, for better jobs and better living conditions, but I say their reasons are primarily political—any economy must operate inside a political framework, and bad politics produce a bad economy. The people coming here now are mostly young, in their early twenties, often with small children—though quite a lot are on their own. In fact, nearly a third are single women. They have to have a very deep reason for leaving home and country. They've had to put up with a repressive, over-ordered, and badly organized system until they boil over. They come here, living evidence of a system that doesn't work, and we can't reject them."

Radek said that most refugees stay at Traiskirchen for only a short period and then are farmed out, at the Austrian taxpayers' expense, to inns and boarding houses, where they often stay for six months or so. The camp is supposed to house fifteen hundred people but was accommodating twenty-two hundred just then. The government was providing pocket money of two hundred and forty schillings (sixteen dollars) per ten days for families, a hundred and eighty schillings for single people. Those at the camp can come and go as they please, and some help in the camp, for small wages, while others get part-time jobs in vineyards or on building sites. Some drive the cars they've come in to Viennese street markets and sell them, presumably at a bargain price that compensates the buyer for any ensuing complications of customs charges and registration. Some have brought their parents or their mothers-in-law. One elderly woman recently arrived on her own. A few have to get over the hurdle of thinking that once they've actually reached the golden West they can put their feet up and be looked after as victims of Communism. Most of the Poles want to get as far away from Poland as possible; to them anywhere in Europe seems too close to the Russians. Australia, Canada, the United States, and South Africa are at the top of their list of places to go. "Austria needs help," Radek said. "It needs friendly countries to accept these people speedily."

There were lots of East European cars parked between the buildings at Traiskirchen, and a few small camping caravans and trailers. Except for the cars, I thought, this must be very much what Ellis Island was like: hope, impatience, and resignation; queues for bedding and meals; small groups of people hanging around on staircases; suitcases in the corridors. Most people seemed well dressed: if you leave your country, you do so in your best clothes—even your best bluejeans—as for going out on a Sunday. One long, high-ceilinged dormitory was crowded with bunk beds. In some cases, gray blankets had been hung from the top bunk to make a sort of curtained four-poster out of the bottom bunk, in which privacy could be obtained. Shopping bags and suitcases stood at the foot of the beds; clotheslines were rigged between some of the top bunks; cans of food and plates sat on the windowsills; several radios played quietly. One young red-haired woman from Gdansk told me that she, her husband, who was a silversmith, and their small son had left Poland because there wasn't enough to eat and because they thought things were going to get worse. They had driven across Czechoslovakia in about five hours. Friends who had come earlier had written to tell them about Traiskirchen. They wanted to go to Australia, and knew they might have to wait six months to do so.

All sorts of people were among those who had recently left Poland. There were university professors, engineers, taxi-drivers, welders. Andreas, a young man in a blue track suit, told me cheerfully that he had been a pastry-maker and cinema projectionist; he, too, wanted to go to Australia. One electrician, who had many family members still in Poland and didn't want to give his name, said that he had been very scared crossing the Polish-Czechoslovak border, in case the guards found his electrician's diploma, which would make it clear that he was leaving. He had hidden the diploma deep inside the rolled-up tent with which he had said he and his wife were going camping. After four years of marriage, he and his wife had still been without a home of their own, and had been forced to live with his parents, and the couple couldn't stand it any longer. He hoped to go back one day, when things improved.

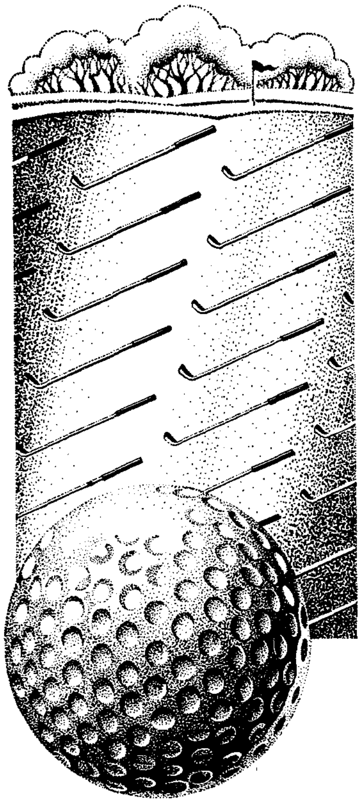
In one large room, an English lesson was in progress. The desks formed a big horseshoe, and the teachers stood in the middle or walked around to help those students who needed help. Among the students were Poles, Czechs, Albanians, Rumanians, and Hungarians; children and adolescents; adults—young, middle-aged, and old; several well-groomed women; a distinguished-looking man in a gray suit. Most of the people there had had no English when they arrived; all were hoping to go on to live in an English-speaking country. A young Pole, whose first name was Jaroslav, told me that he had been helping with the English classes since he arrived at Traiskirchen, six months before. He was twenty, an only child, a student of chemistry—and an expert with a yo-yo, which he was spinning up and down as he talked.

"It's a bit like the Army here," he said. "Long, boring days. But I've made friends, and these classes make you feel you can help. I try to avoid listening to the news from Poland. You hear the news anyway, since everyone always talks about the situation there. I am worried for my parents. I am looking forward to Canada. And we thank God for Austria."

ON the border between Austria and Hungary, in the Austrian province of Burgenland, the land rolls gently through vineyards. The Danube forges eastward. The country near the river is molded by the danger of flood, with the rural roads raised on dikes above the level of the big open meadows, and with trees lining the roads, as in the paintings of Hobbema. It was a lovely afternoon as I drove eastward. Just beyond the village of Petronell, on the Danube plain, I stopped and walked around a small Roman amphitheatre. As it had been excavated, it was just below field level—a simple arena made from not very large stones, well cemented together. The surrounding fields gave one the feeling that a shovel stuck in at random would have a good chance of hitting more Roman masonry. This was Carnuntum, the capital of the Roman province of Pannonia, whose northern border was the Danube. Here the XIV Legion guarded the *limes* against the Quadi and the Sarmatians. In the next town, Bad Deutsch-Altenburg, was a small museum containing such artifacts as tools, pots, glassware, jewelry, and clothes fasteners. Although the Romans did not have zippers or electric frying pans, many of the domestic utensils they used are remarkably like our own. One is always surprised to realize, yet again, that progress does not march broadly and uniformly, like a Roman legion but, rather, sends out scouts, in ones or twos, darting ahead of the main body.

I sat for a little while on the Danube embankment, at the edge of a park between river and town. Bad Deutsch-Altenburg was a quiet resort. An elegant single-tower suspension bridge, painted cream, carried a road to the far shore. I could just make out in the Czechoslovak distance to the east the beginnings of the Little Carpathian Mountains, which mark the northern boundary of the Hungarian plain. This area formed the border not only between the Romans and the Germanic tribes but between Charlemagne and the Mongolian Avars, between

In the Swing



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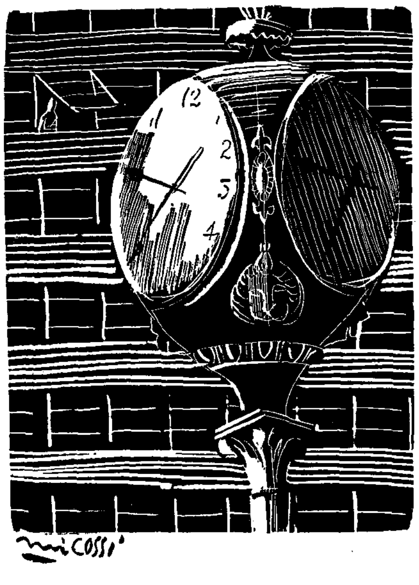
the Bavarians and the Magyars, between the Hapsburgs and the Turks. The Turkish threat lasted more than a hundred and fifty years—from 1529 to 1683, when the army of Karl von Lothringen defeated the Turks outside the gates of Vienna. Until 1711, there were numerous raids into this part of Austria by marauding bands from Hungary, the Kuruzzen, who were supported by the Turks as they slowly pulled back. Here and there in this part of Burgenland are to be seen remnants of the huge earth embankment that was built as a line of defense against the Turks and their confederates along this *Grenze*, or border. Most of Burgenland south of the river was a Hungarian province from 1648 to 1918. In 1921, much of Burgenland's population voted to confirm a union with Austria, except for the people in the area around the town of Sopron, who voted to remain in Hungary.

In Eisenstadt, where I spent the night, is Schloss Esterházy, a vast château that belonged to the princely Hungarian family who were Haydn's patrons. Eisenstadt struck me as a rather buggy town. There were squadrons of midges and flies in the main street. I had dinner in an old coaching inn; the entrée was creamed veal, called *Eisenstadter* something-or-other, and in this dish, which was otherwise succulent, I found a small wasp, dead. I discovered the insect when I was halfway through the dish, and it put me off the rest. Partly because I didn't know the German word for "wasp," I pointed it out to a waiter with the phrase "*Ein kleiner Eisenstadter*." This description called forth a properly concerned look and, when he realized that I was taking the discovery with the aplomb of the Esterházys, led to the hospitable question: Would I like something else, instead? I said no, but I would like some *Marmeladen Palatschinken* for dessert. These—pancakes with orange marmalade—were without wasps, were on the house, and were excellent. I also liked the red Blaufränkisch wine of the locality.

I spent the next day by the Neusiedler Lake—the largest in Austria—just east of Eisenstadt. The southern end of the lake is in Hungary. The Neusiedler is a strange body of warm and surprisingly salty water—an immense shallow puddle left over from some prehistoric ocean. All round it, the country is relatively flat, and the actual shore of the lake is hard to pinpoint, since the lake has a wide, marshy rim of reeds, cut into by little bays and devious channels.

On the gentle slopes leading down to the marshes are the vineyards. In the villages, many houses advertise their own wine for sale. I followed the road south from one such village—Mörbisch, a pretty place of whitewashed houses with outside stairs, bright-painted shutters, and hanging pots of flowers or bunches of dried corn. The road ended in a small parking lot, with a vineyard on the long slope toward the lake, the long hedges of vines hanging from wires strung between low posts, and the southern edge of the vineyard formed by a rusty barbed-wire fence about six feet tall. This was the *Staatsgrenze*, the Hungarian border. Here stood several Hungarian watchtowers: small cabins on tall outspread legs. One was built on a marshy peninsula by the lake. In a giant field on the Hungarian side, two large red-painted combine harvesters were working down the slope toward the lake. The grapes growing in this Austrian vineyard were small and green, hanging in secretive clusters under the vine leaves.

I was standing there, wondering about picking a grape to see what it tasted like, when there was a tremendous *bang!* A border incident? The Third World War begins in the Balkans? I looked around for the cause of the explosion, which had sent thousands of starlings lifting off from the vineyard. A man in green overalls was standing with a slightly self-satisfied air at the wooded upper edge of the parking lot, with a cloud of smoke from a firecracker dissipating above his head. Having done his job for the moment, the bird-scarer sat down on a bench to wait for the next flock to settle on the grapes.



I walked into the woods for half a mile. I was thinking that this wasn't too disagreeable a border when, suddenly, a watchtower loomed overhead. I was nearly under it, against the wire fence. There is no cleared strip on the Austrian side of the fence, and no sign of any automatic-firing devices like SM-70s, but the Hungarian authorities obviously don't intend to allow their citizenry to walk into Austria whenever they feel like it. Not that the fence, with a T-shaped top section that had a double row of barbed wire, looked as if it would be hard to negotiate at night. According to people I talked to in Eisenstadt, there is little tension on this border, and only occasional incidents. In July, 1981, two twenty-three-year-old Hungarian border guards came over in this area, leaving their weapons behind, and asked for asylum. (They were taken to Traiskirchen.) A year earlier, a Russian-built plane crash-landed at Andau, just north of the lake, where in 1956 many Hungarians had come into Austria, and the pilot, a Hungarian, asked if he could stay. There are no Soviet troops stationed near the border in this part of Hungary. The local district councils on both sides get together from time to time to discuss common problems of agriculture, drainage, and tourism. Hungarian coach parties come into Austria on excursions; in the village of Rust, where I spent the night, the travel agent advertised day trips by bus to Budapest and Sopron.

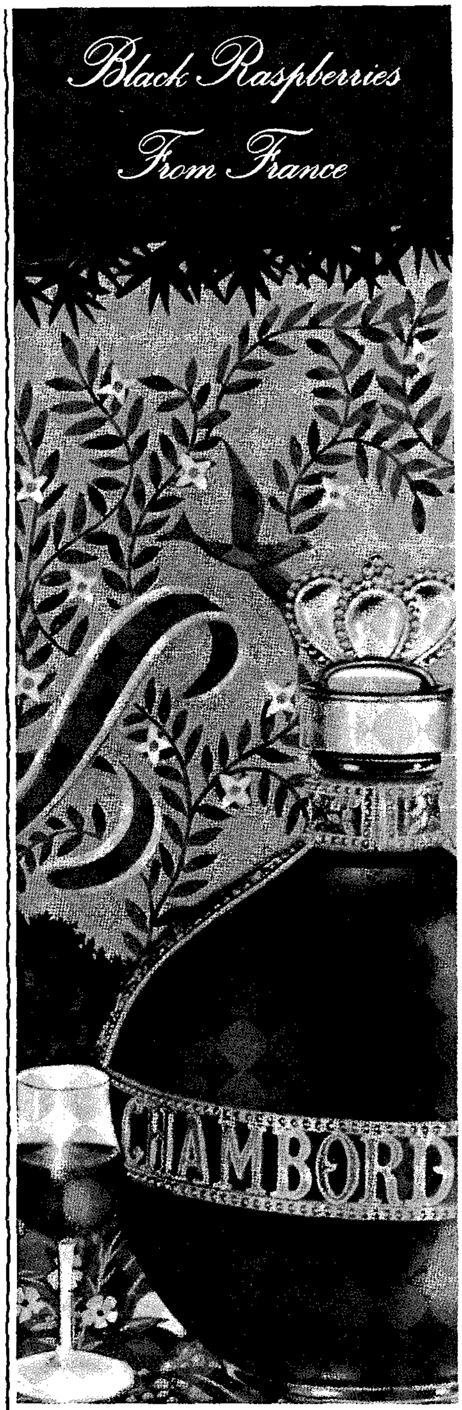
Saturday morning and thick fog. I headed for the Hungarian border crossing at Klingenbach. While I was in Vienna, I had gone to the Kärntner Strasse branch of Ibusz, the Hungarian national travel agency, and had been told that it would take only two days to get a visa to visit Hungary. Two photographs were needed for the visa application. I got them, in color, from a high-priced automatic photo booth in the Kärntner Strasse: the machinery went into action, flashed, and caught me by surprise in the act of tugging my nose, looking strangely and floridly like Pinocchio. But the young woman at Ibusz didn't remark on it, and I hoped that the Hungarian border officials, comparing photograph with person, would realize that it was I.

As I approached Klingenbach, I belatedly remembered the advice of an Austrian who had told me how relatively simple it was to go into Hungary—“Only don’t go on a Saturday, because you’ll be among crowds of Austrians doing their weekend shopping.” So I found a slow-moving queue of Saturday-morning cars waiting single file in the fog on the country road leading to the border. It took an hour to pass through the Hungarian checkpoint, which was undermanned for so much business. The young guard who handed my passport back to me (no trouble with the photograph) said, “Anthony Cowper?”—my first names, which, in proper Hungarian fashion (surnames always given first), he had taken for my surname. His colleague asked me to open the trunk of my car, and wanted to know what was in my suitcase. I said clothes. He didn’t seem interested in my travelling library, and didn’t inspect anything. About a mile down the road, there was a drop barrier, which a pair of soldiers raised for me to pass under, and a double fence running off in each direction—clearly the edge of a restricted border zone. I drove on toward Sopron.

My visa was good for a week. When I applied for it, I intended to spend a day or so in the Hungarian border area and drive right out again, but as I thought about it this seemed a poor use of the permitted time. One is inclined to forget that the telephone extends through the Iron Curtain: one can dial direct to East Berlin and Prague from most parts of Western Europe. From Eisenstadt, I called someone in Budapest whom I’d met several years before in New York, and with whom I’d exchanged the usual “Look me up if you ever get there” niceties. Well, George, I now said, here I am. George replied that he was going to be at his family’s house in the country that weekend, about halfway between Budapest and the Austrian border, and he would expect me there on Saturday evening. It gave me a fresh feeling about the Curtain—or, at least, about this section of it—to be able to drive into a country on the other side of it to spend the weekend with a friend.

It was a fine afternoon, warm and windy. The poplars were shaking their yellow leaves onto the road southeast of Sopron, a charming if rather run-down old market town where I had stopped for lunch. Crows walked across the stubble of immense fields or flapped above their nesting places in occasional copses. Tractors were working, but also farm horses. I passed a wagon drawn by a pair of oxen. The wagon was carrying corn stalks for fodder and was led by two plump old men. An old lady wearing a brightly-colored apron rode by in the other direction on a sit-up-and-beg bicycle. Some of the country villages looked very prosperous, their houses better cared for than those in Sopron. On the way to Köszeg, I stopped and gave a lift to a young man with a flourishing mustache; he would have fitted a part in a Ruritanian comedy, such as “Arms and the Man.” We had no language in common except a bare minimum of international terms and gestures. He was going to Köszeg for a football match, though I couldn’t make out whether to play or to watch. We traded the names of European cities and the names of football teams—Real Madrid, Ajax of Amsterdam, Juventus, Tottenham Hotspur. The road swung close to the Austrian border, here running roughly north and south. A double fence ran within a few yards of the road, and beyond, in Austria, was a small wooded hillside. A solitary guard sat in a sort of lifeguard chair, a gun across his lap, watching the road. A bit farther on, I pointed to a no-photographs sign by the roadside (a camera with a diagonal line through it), and my passenger pointed to the fence in explanation of what was not to be photographed. I asked whether there were mines. (My question took the form of making a noise—“Boom”—and adding an interrogative look.) He shook his head.

Having left him near the football pitch on the outskirts of Köszeg, I filled up the car at a Shell garage. Shell seemed to have a monopoly on filling stations, which were infrequent—the infrequency being pleasant environmentally but a nuisance practically, since a long line of cars was generally waiting at each pump. Then I drove east in the direction of Budapest. An hour or so later, I turned off the highway (to conceal George’s identity, I’ll be vague about where) and went south onto higher ground near Lake Balaton—a body of water that is nearly twice as big as the Neusiedler Lake. The house was a former farm cottage. I was not the only guest. George, a twenty-seven-year-old computer engineer whose father is a doctor, had brought his girlfriend, Judit, and she had brought a friend, Kriszta. Judit, a teacher, was dark-haired, with broad cheekbones. Kriszta was blond and pretty—one might have taken her for



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Dutch or Finnish. In the next day and a half, we walked, sailed on the lake, ate in a local inn, and sat around talking, talking. Although many of our conversations had to do with life in Hungary, a country well inside the Soviet sphere of influence and purportedly dedicated to Marxism-Leninism, there was a remarkable sense of being free to follow the natural highs and lows of human temperament, of desires to be gregarious or on one's own, just as on a country weekend somewhere in the West. Judit, Kriszta, and I went to Mass on Sunday morning, and the church was full. During lunch after Mass, George talked about his ambitions and frustrations at work, and his story sounded like that of a young executive enmeshed in a huge corporation anywhere in the world. He said it was worse in Hungary, though. It suddenly seemed bizarre to be behind the Curtain and find that so much of life there was *normal:* blackbirds also sang in Hungarian gardens; the same stars looked down out of the Hungarian night sky.

On Monday morning, I left my car at the cottage and squeezed, with the others, into George's VW Beetle for the drive to Budapest. There I got a room without trouble at an elderly hotel on Kossuth Street, in the commercial center of Pest, from which it was ten minutes' walk to the Danube bridges leading to the more aristocratic Buda, on its bosky hills.

For a day or so, the weather was foul: it rained; a raw wind blew from the east. It was twenty-five years, just about, since Russian tanks put down the Hungarians, and hearing rumors of the Soviet forces once again on standby, on the Polish border, wasn't very cheering. The gloom of the weather also seemed matched by some of the tunes that the hard-to-avoid gypsy orchestras played in cafés and restaurants—for though their repertoire ranged from the plaintive to the ecstatic, the tunes, with all the cares of the world in them, seemed for the moment to match the melancholy of those listening. George told me that Budapest is the capital of a country that has some of the highest levels in the world of alcoholism, divorce, and suicide. And then a day came when the wind fell and the sun blazed. In the street stalls, bright flowers and gleaming vegetables were displayed. The sidewalks and shops were packed with people. The gypsy orchestras played their basic selections, and the customers laughed and sang. In an unpretentious eating place that George and I went to one evening on the Buda side, near the approach to the Árpád Bridge, everyone was singing the Hungarian words to a song that I recognized, finally, as "Roll Out the Barrel," and when they got to the line that I remembered in English as "We've got the blues on the run" I decided to add a helping burst of good cheer by singing, too.

Now and then, I felt that Budapest would be a good place for mental-health experts anxious to study an entire city that was manic-depressive. Ups and downs followed hard upon one another, sometimes more rapidly than changes in the weather. Perhaps being a twin city had something to do with it—Buda on its hills, Pest on the edge of the plain—and also being the place where the Magyar tribes from east of the Urals settled a thousand years ago, faced west, and chose Christianity; a place where the skies may lower but thermal springs bubble up; a city where nearly a quarter of Hungary's almost eleven million people have decided to live, in conditions ranging from middle-class comfort to cramped slums, in a country that calls itself Socialist but encourages many instincts and inclinations that are profoundly conservative. George said that the term "comrade" had never caught on in Hungary, and that several forms of the word "you" continue to express various pre-Communist shadings of familiarity, formality, and respect.

In East Berlin, someone had remarked to me that Budapest was a good place for East Germans to meet their West German relatives. Czechs I'd met in London had told me that Budapest was the East European city they had most liked to visit. There were movies in Budapest you couldn't see in Prague; men bowed as they shook hands, and gave up their bus seats to women. Westerners also find such benefits as a low crime rate, though this possibly has less to do with old-fashioned morality than with authoritarian rules and procedures like identity cards, registration of domicile, and the banning of handguns. But the police are not very evident, and the secret police are so unobtrusive that people like George and Judit feel free to sit in a coffee shop and tell anti-Russian jokes even when an Army officer is sitting at the next table. George said—unjokingly—that the unwritten agreement the Hungarians have with the Soviet Union gives them the right to act for the most part like free people as long as they don't rock the Warsaw Pact boat too strenuously.

SEA
BAYVILLE
FOOD
LASZLO

The Hungarians have managed to get away with more than a decade of a relatively successful experiment with their economy: it is no longer the totally planned and centralized system laid down by latter-day Marxist-Leninist gospel. Profit and individual initiative have been encouraged. On the land—much of which before the Second World War had been part of great estates, on which the peasants were little more than serfs—postwar collectivization was followed by grants of private plots, which workers of collectives were able to farm in their own time. I noticed that many people in Budapest would glance at the sign over a doorway to see whether a shop or café was privately owned or state owned; people say that service and sometimes prices are better in the private establishments. Yet, despite the encouragement of private business—and private ice-cream parlors seemed to be booming—the state remains the arbiter of what is permitted. I met a friend of George's who wanted to open a restaurant but was about to give up because of the red tape. With state wages currently frozen at hardship levels, moonlighting is common. George said that he was all right, since he had a doctor for a father (private patients, private gifts), but that he had colleagues at his computer institute who were willing to repair washing machines and record-players, and that he knew sociologists who were driving taxis. As in most other East European countries, anyone who can do part-time plumbing, carpentry, or car repair is onto a good thing. You might think that such varied economic activity makes for freer political activity, but many people seemed to doubt this. An economist whom George introduced me to said, "Most small farmers are satisfied with their chance to make good money. As for other people, much of their private economic activity is on the borders of legality—moonlighting, earning tax-free money, and having to bribe officials to get away with it. Therefore, those involved are more cautious, rather than less, about pushing for greater political scope as well."

Kriszta took me one day to the Kispest market. There, on the edge of town, city meets country, and country folk sell to and buy from city people. Private enterprise rules. The market, held daily in a large walled compound, seems part Western flea market, part Eastern bazaar. Long sheds, divided into stalls and compartments, are separated by passageways crammed with merchandise, including books, clothes, furniture, and car parts. There are a few new items for sale, such as records and jeans, and some antique things, such as finely worked peasant blouses, but most of what is displayed is previously owned junk. Among the stalls of licensed merchants, various free agents attempt to set up shop on a packing case or a suitcase. Others stroll around trying to interest the regular merchants or the passersby in their wares, such as a small sheepskin, several carburetors, or a bright-yellow bomber jacket—this being offered for sale by a gypsy woman with a small girl at her heels. Now and then, the police came through, checking licenses. I watched a policeman strolling down a passageway holding half a dozen identity cards confiscated from unlicensed traders. I moved to the next passageway, and there, sure enough, news of the policeman's approach was being discreetly spread. One bulky man in his early thirties was rapidly assembling all his goods in three sheets. He bundled them up like laundry, raised them as high as he could to clear tables covered with goods which lined the aisle, and dashed off to the far end of the passageway, throwing his possessions into the open trunk of a bright-red Lada, which a colleague had waiting for him.

If life of that marginal sort seems familiar to someone from the West, so do many of Hungary's problems and many of its citizens' complaints. Low productivity, a huge trade deficit, poor management, a housing shortage, much featherbedding in industry and the civil service, inflation, disgruntled youth, a privileged managerial class, the need for tougher labor regulations—it isn't just Hungary in which these exist. But Hungary has little to fall back on. It has never been rich in resources other than the talents of its people. (A random list of Hungarian achievements includes Rubik's Cube, the first Tibetan dictionary, and the first underground railway in Continental Europe.) People seem depressed about their chances of exercising those talents—they feel thwarted. A computer engineer who didn't know George and worked elsewhere told me, as George had, of job frustrations—of research projects coming to a dead end, and years of work being thrown away. George said, "At graduation, we're on a par with American graduates. But five years later we're behind. We aren't able to order spare parts for the computers we've got. My own job is frozen for at least two years. I've got nothing of interest to work on and no rise in wages to expect, either."

Kriszta was an illustrator for a publishing company that specialized in children's books. Her father was an editor of history books at another house. He and I talked one day over cups of tea at their home—a rather shabby between-the-wars villa in Buda—about Hungarian anxieties. Hungarians are at least as scared of the prospect of war as people in the West; they are scared of being on the front line and of once again being on the wrong side. Thus, they feel trapped when, as in the cases of Afghanistan and Poland, things go wrong with détente and they are locked into a pose by their enforced alliance with the Soviet Union. They believe that when the Americans squeeze the Soviets, the Soviets squeeze them. Kriszta's father said, "So far, we have resisted Russian attempts to get at our grain harvest, but who knows how long that can last?" People have also successfully resisted learning Russian—the compulsory first foreign language in the schools. Kriszta said that she hardly knew it after ten years of it in school, whereas after five years of English, for which she had a real enthusiasm, she was fluent. I got the impression that hatred of the Russians was not total. (One man told me that he felt sympathetic to the Soviets in their situation vis-à-vis the Chinese—a sympathy he ascribed to an atavistic Magyar hostility to the Mongols, and hence to the Chinese.) But it is general. I met a physicist who *is* fluent in Russian, and he told me that he feels physically sick when he speaks the language. Kriszta's family are careful not to walk in front of the Center of Russian Culture but to cross Kossuth Street

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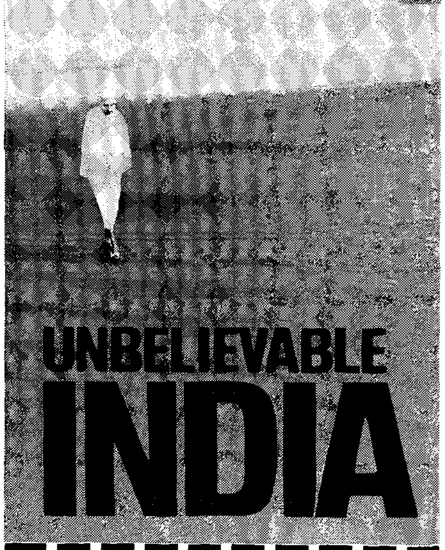


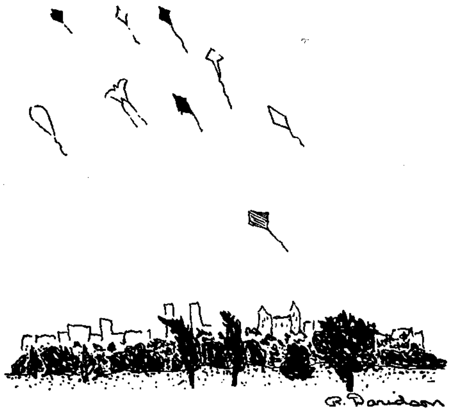
and pass on the other side. A Western diplomat said to me, almost gratefully, "The Russians really blew it in 1956. The impact in Hungary will last a hundred years."

I wasn't sure that this was so. It may be that 1956 will not be remembered as widely or as sharply as he hoped. The last bullet and shell holes are being plastered over. For Kriszta's generation what is a horror for their parents is history—something that people in the West go on about, as if it were the only Hungarian event they know. I detected in one or two young people an exasperation at something perhaps too often set before them as a legendary example by their elders, who were there, and for whom it was traumatic. In textbooks and in the schools, 1956 is discussed and taught as a *counter-revolution*, backed by Western imperialism (just as Solidarity is presented in the Polish press today). The students let this interpretation wash over them, sometimes exchanging knowing smiles. In families, the rising may be mentioned in terms of members who are no longer around: "Oh, he left in '56, and is in Paris now." A successful book several years ago was "A Production Novel," by Peter Esterházy, a scion of the family who were Haydn's patrons; the book, I was told, presents the events of the nineteen-fifties from the point of view of the victims, and with great good humor.

At the time, 1956 proved that Hungarians could go on making jokes in the midst of disaster. The Russians claimed to have intervened as friends, and people in Budapest said, "Aren't we lucky? If the Russians act like this when they come as friends, imagine how it would be if they came as enemies." Joke-making continues. Just about everybody one meets says, at some point in a conversation, "Have you heard the one about . . . ?" Many Hungarian jokes don't translate well, being dependent on subtleties of language. A number deal with parallels between the "temporary presence" of the four Russian divisions in Hungary and the temporary occupation by the Turks, which lasted nearly a hundred and fifty years. There are many Soviet-leader jokes, Poland jokes, and Afghanistan jokes. For example, there are two soldiers in Afghanistan, one short and fat, one tall and skinny. Question: Which one is the Russian? Answer: They both are.

A point of view occasionally put forward is that jokes are an excellent form of political resistance—that a sense of the ridiculous deflates tyranny—and that as long as Hungarians are telling jokes they are unconquered. A slightly different point of view is implicit in the seriocomic notion, proposed by a few Budapest citizens, that a special section of the Party Central Committee invents jokes to keep people laughing. For there is a possibility (which most people would not want to brood on long) that joke-telling is an escape from an unpleasant reality, and that the energy and imagination that go into it would be better expended in practical forms of discussion and dissent.

Did Kriszta's father think that I, a nomadic writer, had designs on his daughter? Or did he, like a good historian, simply realize how much light could be shed by personal anecdote? He told me this story about the early fifties. He was at the university. He was terribly taken with a pretty girl, and he spent a lot of time plotting how he could get her by herself somewhere—away from the crowded flats in which his family and her family lived. At last, his aunt went away for several days. He said that he would look after her flat. He talked the girl into coming there with him one afternoon; she didn't seem at all unwilling. He bought flowers and wine. He was thrilled and excited, and he got the feeling that she was, too. They reached the flat; he locked the door behind him. He kissed the girl, and she returned his embrace, his caresses. They fell on the couch together. And at that moment screaming began. It was a man's scream; it came from a building at the back, across a courtyard; and it was repeated at varying intervals, for an hour. "It put a stop to everything," Kriszta's father said. "We didn't kiss after that first awful sound. Eventually, we left. I saw her again several times, but it was never the same." Later, his aunt told him that the building at the back was used by the security police.



I HAD the feeling sometimes in Budapest that people didn't quite trust their good fortune and perhaps believed that they didn't really deserve it. How had it come about that theirs was the most favored colony in the Soviet empire? Maybe my impressions would have been a little less rosy if I'd had a less vivacious guide than Kriszta, but it was hard not to feel in Budapest that although 1956 was a revolution that failed at the time, its objectives had been partly achieved over the years since.

The man under whom this happened is János Kádár, the Party leader. "We considered him a Judas in 1956," Kriszta's father said. "He betrayed Prime Minister Imre Nagy. He allowed the Russians to intervene. But now—in the last ten years—he has become almost a popular hero." Kádár has produced something of the better life for Hungarians while allowing no cult of personality to develop around him, unless it is one of abnegation. He lives a quiet, private life in the hilly Rózsadomb section of Buda. "He drinks only spritzers," said a writer who knows him and approves of the puritan example he sets some other members of the Party hierarchy, known for indulging their tastes for hunting parties and country-house weekends. Unlike Gustáv Husák, in Czechoslovakia, Kádár has managed both to keep Hungary out of trouble and to reduce the antagonism between the governed and their government. One worry, Kriszta said, was who would succeed him—though he was thought to have disciples in the Party's top echelons who were apparently trustworthy, pragmatic, and uninspired. Kriszta's father said, "These people had to read Marx at school, the way we all did, but they didn't understand it. It's far better to have them in power than idealists, who can lead us straight into the abyss."

Those in Hungary who denied the existence of a continuing class structure were, I suspected, very comfortably off and well connected. George said, "There's still an extra touch of deference given to those with old family names like Andrassy or Esterházy." People still frequently talk of "the workers" and "the bourgeoisie." Yet there have been definite efforts to improve the chances for working-class children to work their way up and get into college. And there is widespread restraint when it comes to showing how much wealth you have—except, perhaps, at private dinner parties or at weekend retreats near Lake Balaton or in Danube-side villages like Szentendre and Leányfalu. In a Budapest suburb, it would be a brave man who built a swimming pool in his garden. Despite this, an old-boy network flourishes, together with a good deal of corruption and racketeering. A recent depiction of such matters in a novella called "Housewarming," by Ferenc Karinthy, caused a considerable stir; the story has also been successfully staged and is to be filmed. When the play opened, several provincial Party bosses were understood to have got in touch with Mr. Kádár to protest against the work and declare that the events in "Housewarming"—which included much lavish entertaining and a near-murder—had not happened in their bailiwicks. The Party bosses clearly believed it to be a work of fact, not fiction.

How and what gets published remains a matter of much speculation and gossip. Karinthy himself, the son of a famous writer, possessor of an old family name, told me he believed that good work would always "come forth"—though he had had his own setbacks and delays in being published. Kriszta's father said that well-known writers can get away with more than smaller fry. In an institute, much depended on the director of your department—whether he was a Party member or not. If he was a "big man," he would make for freedom all round him and insulate his colleagues from nagging apparatchiks. Hungary has several serious journals that would do credit to larger, less hemmed-in countries, but the four main newspapers are almost offensively dull, with column after column of indigestible Comspeak.

In many respects, the Hungarians, like the East Germans, are very well informed. When I first walked into my hotel room, I turned on the radio tuned to where the previous listener had left it, and the BBC World Service came in loud and clear. Radio Free Europe is heard in Budapest unjammed. In some hotels and bookshops, one can buy West European newspapers, and some Hungarians subscribe to *Time* and *Newsweek*. Most are worldly-wise enough to know that if a story in one of their own papers from, say, Cairo is by the Magyar News Agency much of it may be true, but if it is a Tass story it represents what the Kremlin wants to

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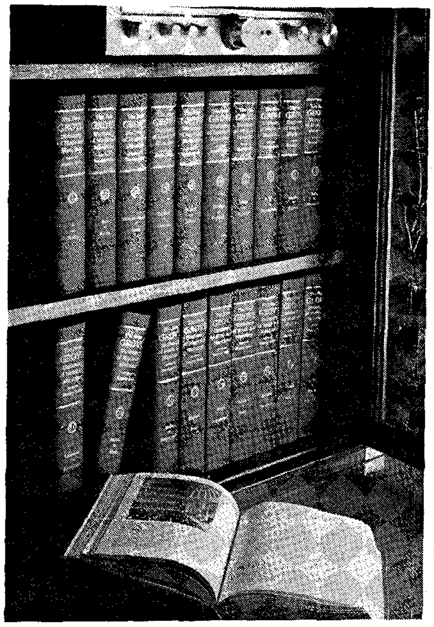

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believe, and wants others to believe. TV and radio have greater freedom in Hungary than in other East European countries; television shows such Western products as "Kojak" and "Monty Python." Both mediums attempt to deal with local consumer anxieties and generate debate, if not—skeptics think—a great deal of constructive action.

Freedom in these areas seems to be suddenly curtailed when the Soviet Union enters the picture. A television executive recently told a colleague (a friend of Kriszta's father) that he could not publish a new audience-research study because it showed that hardly anyone watched Soviet-made TV films and programs. The limits to free expression are generally signalled by self-preservatory warning devices in the mind of anyone in or near a top job, and if those devices fail, the Russians sound their own Klaxons. The Soviet Embassy in Budapest has a staff of several hundred, many of whom are engaged in translating and monitoring the local media, and thereafter whining and complaining about what they find. The Hungarian government does its best to meet their objections, excusing itself to its own people by saying, "We don't want to endanger all that we've gained in the last twenty-five years." Judit's younger sister, Maria, told me that the West Indian disco group Boney M had a song called "Rasputin" that was popular not long ago. The song's not entirely cogent lyrics end with the words "All those Russians—*bam bam boom*," which is not the way a song may end in a country allied with the Soviet Union. So Budapest disc jockeys began to reduce the volume of "Rasputin" as it reached its close, and, over the faded-out sound of the last line, announced the next number. But this didn't prevent the boys and girls listening in living rooms and discos from filling it in, singing loudly as the sound began to fade, "All those Russians—*bam bam boom!*"

Although there is no official censorship, senior editors are expected to apply to government ministries for "guidance," which is best followed. Now and then, publication is denied. In February, 1983, the writer Miklos Haraszti and three fellow-editors of the journal *Beszélö* were fined four thousand forints—about a hundred and sixteen dollars—each for publishing without authorization. A cause célèbre also involving Haraszti was the seizure of his manuscript "Piece Rates," in 1973. This work—which has since been published in England and the United States under the title "A Worker in a Worker's State"—was a documentary account of life in a Budapest tractor plant, and it read like a nineteenth-century complaint against capitalist industrialism. In Hungary, it was distributed in typescript and on tape recordings. Several other recent collections of writing have been unable to find a regular publishing outlet, and thus have added to the work of friendly typists. (Photocopying machines are few and far between here, as in other East European states, and their use is strictly governed.) One collection, dealing with Marxism in its fourth decade as the official ideology in Hungary, concluded that Marxism hadn't come up with a solution, either in theory or in practice, that worked in Eastern Europe today. (Several of the contributors to and editors of these volumes lost their jobs in publishing houses and research institutes.) A young philosopher whom Kriszta introduced me to said, "I don't think there are any real Marxists left in Hungary. The new left was strong a decade ago, but it has just about withered away, apart from one or two rarefied thinkers." Haraszti has said of Marxism, "It sets its absolutes at too low a level."

The prevailing lack of ideals seems especially disheartening to the young. For them, the attractions that the regime holds for older people in the way of stability, prosperity, and peace are not so great. State paternalism with a few Marxist trappings doesn't inspire you, particularly when you see all round you the difficulty with which many people make ends meet. The young are harassed by the police, whether for simply hanging around the streets with transistor radios or for going, as Kriszta and her brother Tibor had done on March 15th, to place a flower by the statue of Sándor Petőfi, a leader of the 1848 revolution, which the Russians also helped put down. And the young listen not to gypsy music but to songs like those of János Brody, which, for one reason or another, aren't always available in the shops for very long. Brody's song "If I Were a Rose" has lines I loosely translate:

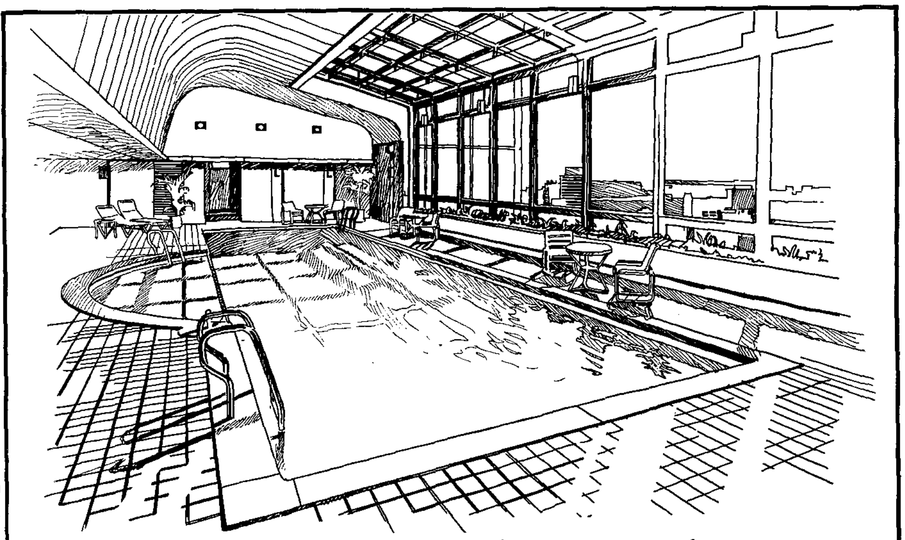
If I were a flag
I would like to be fastened
At all four corners
And not blow in every wind.

In other words, as the Hungarian flag has been forced to blow, in the prevailing wind, for the last four or five centuries.

When the people of Budapest are feeling particularly down, whether they are oppressed by private problems or the tragic unfairness of great events, they often take to their waters—the sparkling, medicinal thermal baths situated in various parts of the city—in order to even out the ups and downs. Several of the most highly regarded springs rise in the Gellért Hill, near the Buda riverbank. There stands the plush Gellért Hotel, attached to which is a complex of hot and cold baths, steam chambers, saunas, and massage- and mud-treatment rooms. The architecture of the baths is a rich mixture of Occidental and Turkish styles; they impress one forcibly with the twin Hungarian inheritance. An instinctive knowledge of both East and West is in the blood of most Hungarians, who feel that their lives have a richer and more complex texture than the lives of those who simply hail from one zone or another. For all their sympathy with many Western ideals, not all Western life is self-evidently virtuous to them: they are suspicious of the more expansionist and cutthroat characteristics of American civilization, its reputedly looser family life, and the less intricate forms of Anglo-Saxon manners and conversation—though none of this prevents them from also feeling aggrieved that the West often seems to be overlooking Hungary and its problems. There is a nostalgia for the East which continues to affect Hungarians—in temperament, in art, in music, in politics, and, one might say, in possibilities.

Within the Gellért bath system is a shallow, warm semicircular pool, exotically tiled in turquoise and lilac, orange and blue, under a high arched roof that is decorated in the Turkish manner. Here, halfway through a weekday morning, many men of all ages are to be found bathing—pink-skinned, wearing cotton loincloths. I had been brought here by the writer Ferenc Karinthy, and when I asked him how so many professional-looking men of working age came to be at the baths at 11 A.M. he said, "Oh, it's always like this. A man from one ministry or institute will say that he has to go visit a colleague at another, and pop in here for an hour or so, to steam for a while, perhaps swim a little, or simply sit in the warm water and relax."

Here, in the rising steam and gently bubbling water, one floats calmly. One



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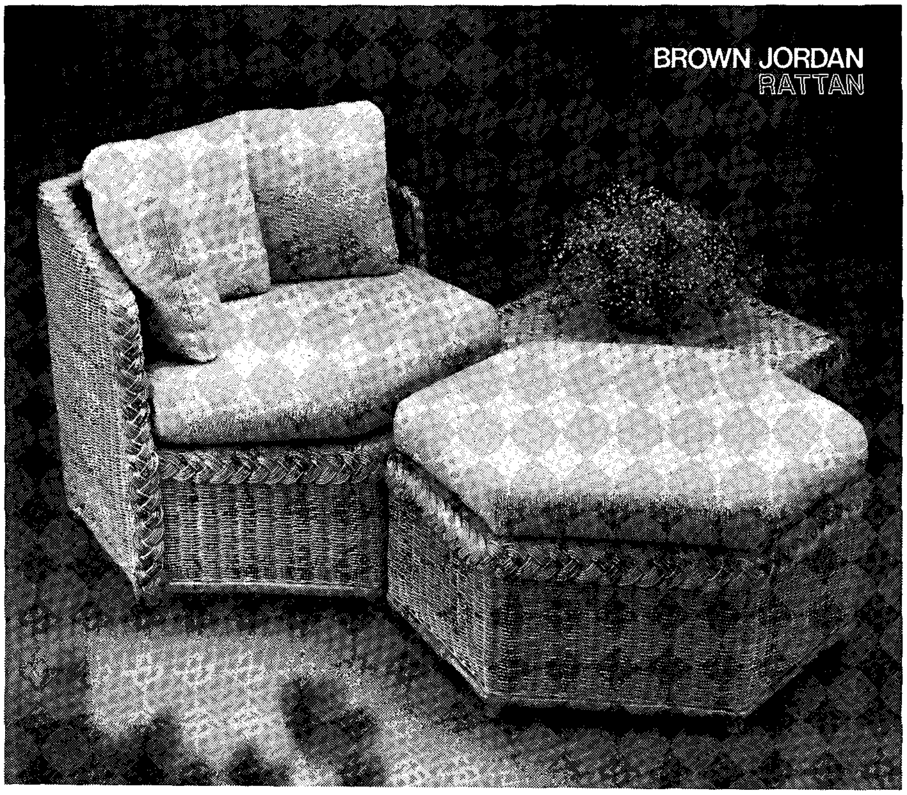

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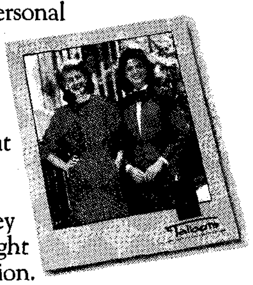

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achieves buoyancy without effort. Pink heads rest on the surface, eyes upturned, spirits tranquil. Here seems to be the equilibrium that Hungarians have long striven for: here they can feel untouched by the winds blowing from one corner or another in Central Europe, the conflicts of great powers, sudden changes in political pressure, the desire for certain freedoms and the constraints upon them. Karinthy had spent several months of the winter of 1944-45 in a Buda cellar, nearly starving, while the Russians besieged the German-held city, and was imprisoned for a period after November, 1956. Now he held his mouth open under a jet of thermal water for a moment, then lay back, giving a push with his feet that was just strong enough to make him float a little way out into the pool. His words seemed to drift to me through the steam: "In Hungary, there have been worse times, you know."

GEORGE drove me back to the cottage and my car. Driving out of Hungary, pulling myself up from what felt like a brief but deep immersion, I was presented with several reminders of the basic authoritarian nature of the state, just in case I'd forgotten it. A few kilometres before Route 8 reached the Austrian border, near Rábafüzes, a pair of soldiers flagged me down and looked at my passport. They also waved two moped riders to a halt, but allowed through without inspection an elderly man on a motorcycle, whom they may have recognized as a local resident. And at the border checkpoint I got into mild trouble because I hadn't spent the last forty dollars I had changed into forints. The young woman at the exchange counter would change only twenty dollars' worth into Austrian schillings, leaving me with a good number of unconvertible forints. "Nobody told me," I said, with the wounded air of one who realizes he should have read some small print. I made a gesture of eating the ninety-odd forints the girl handed back to me, but she refused to smile; she had seen all this before. A young customs officer pointed out the adjacent bar, as a logical place to dispose of the forints, and there I bought a bottle of wine and some chocolate. "O.K.?" the customs man said as I gave him a farewell nod and pocketed the last few forints as a souvenir. "O.K.," I said.

I spent the night in Fürstenfeld, an Austrian town twenty kilometres from the point where the borders of Austria, Hungary, and Yugoslavia come together. And next morning I drove southeastward. Here I had reached the border between two neutral and uncommitted states: Austria, which is Western in spirit and feels as if it belongs on our side of the Curtain, and Yugoslavia, which Tito guided to independence from Moscow. Yugoslavia has developed its own, idiosyncratic Communist system and is now ruled by a committee of leaders who take turns being on top, and it still feels Eastern and remote by comparison. As for the Iron Curtain, which Churchill envisaged in those immediate postwar years as running along here and down the Italian-Yugoslav border to the sea at Trieste, what had become of it?

Hermann Steinwender showed me. Steinwender is the proprietor of a prosperous drugstore in Arnfels, a village with a thousand people. His father had founded the store. Steinwender himself, who was in his late forties, had been president of the Austrian Round Table and was currently the assistant *Bürgermeister* of Arnfels. A jovial, smiling man, he told me that Arnfels's problems were not unusual: unemployment and the decline of local industry—in this case, the recent closing of a vegetable-canning factory. The Arnfels trouser factory was just hanging on. There wasn't much tourism. Most men had to drive to Graz, the nearest city, for jobs; even men who had been small farmers now went off to work, and left their wives and children to manage the farms. It was, despite this, a very pleasant place to live. Among his many interests, Steinwender was leading the local Lions Club in a campaign to keep open a small country school in the area. He told me he was also an amateur actor, who enjoyed taking part in summer pageants at Arnfels castle—obviously an enthusiast. Now a Sunday-afternoon walk was called for. The Steinwenders' old black poodle, Tommy, needed a stroll. And these two demands could be met at the same time as a visit to the border. And did I drink wine? I did. Then we would get to that, too.

We drove in his car, a Mercedes, south out of Arnfels and up a narrow lane into the hills, where the border runs: vineyards on the lower slopes, then scattered woods, spacious meadows. We left the car and walked along a track that followed the ridge line. Tommy ran ahead and through a thin hedge into what, I gathered, was Yu-

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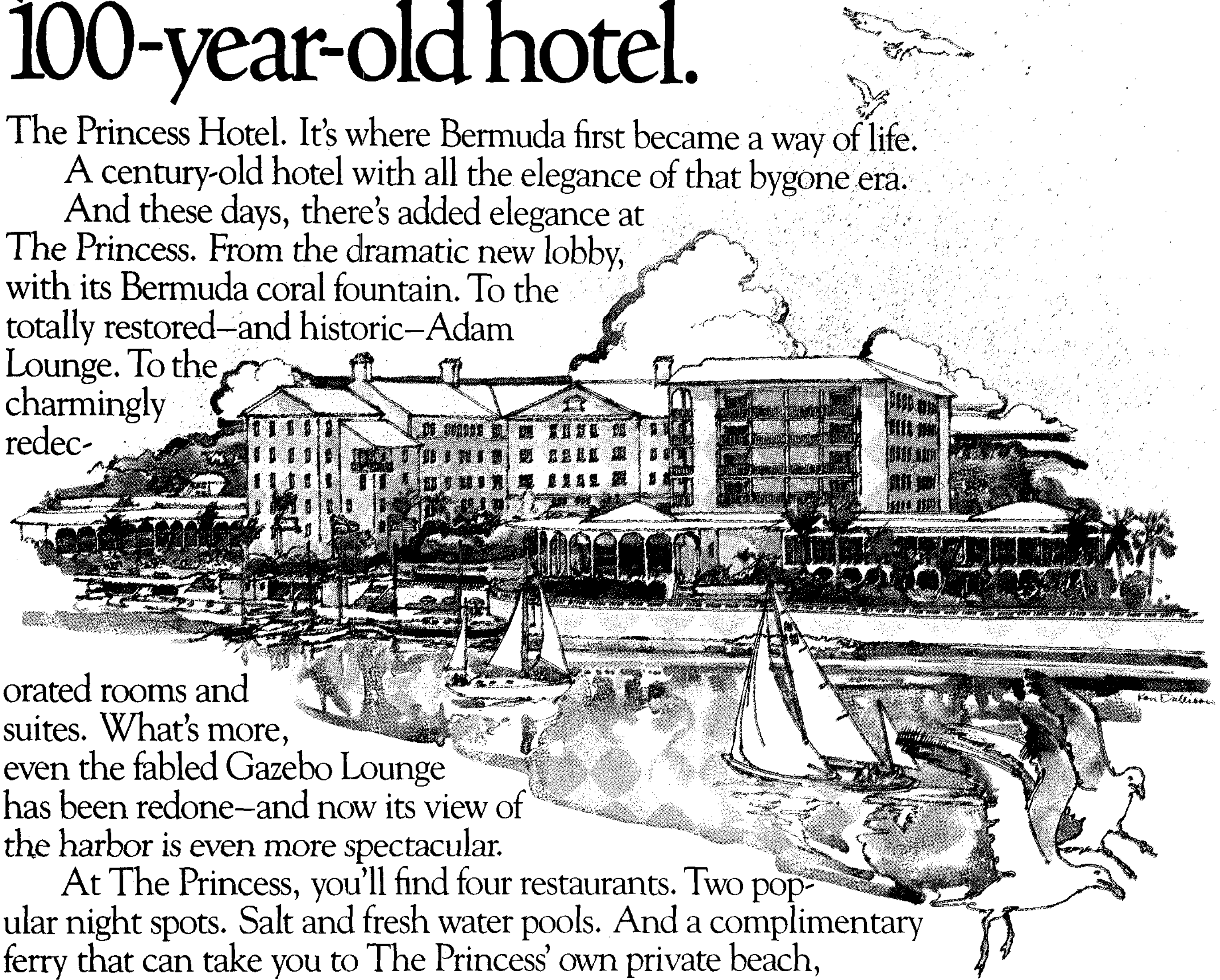

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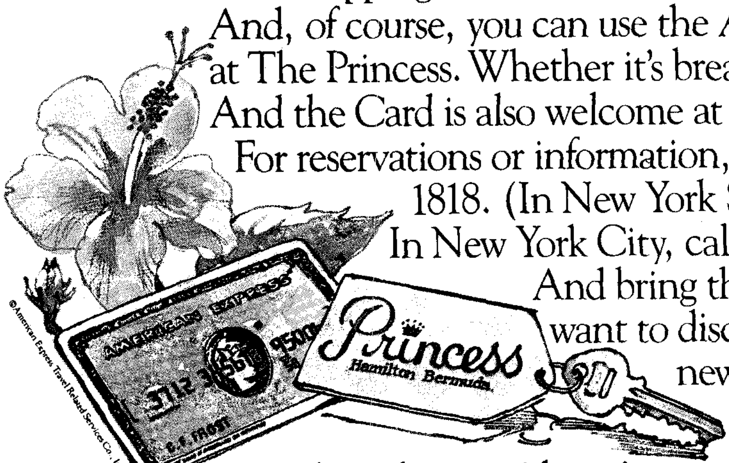

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goslavia. Apart from infrequent white posts, there was little to show that it was the border between two countries. Occasionally the hedge disappeared for ten yards or so, and there were long, open stretches of grass.

“Sometimes we see Yugoslav patrols, but not very often,” Steinwender said. He shouted “*Tommy!*” Tommy, on a course of his own, paralleling the border, evidently did not hear. Steinwender went on, “The countryside is more or less the same over there. They have vineyards, too. We often go over there, and they often come over here. Passports are needed, but not visas. We frequently drive to Maribor, about twenty-five minutes from here, to shop—sporting goods and records are cheaper there. We go for summer holidays on the Yugoslav Adriatic coast. The Yugoslavs come here for skiing. Until the dinar was devalued, a little while ago, they did a lot of shopping in Leibnitz, a big town between Arnfels and Graz. The devaluation was bad news for Leibnitz shopkeepers. There are not only main-road crossing points every twenty kilometres but many crossing points on back roads—little more than cart tracks. There’s one not far from here, on a lane that goes over to the Yugoslav village of Kapla. It’s manned by border officials three days a week. Before the war, people used to travel along it by horse and cart. It’s too rough for most cars. Now a few people cross on foot.”

The Austrians of lower Styria take an interest in Yugoslav affairs; an affluent next-door neighbor is good for them, and now they were worried, with the Yugoslav economy apparently in a not very healthy state. Yugoslavia’s fairly democratic system of “self management” of farms and industries makes for small-scale work units but also tends to bring about poor coördination and low productivity. Moreover, many of the products that Yugoslavia depends on for export income from Western Europe are products of which the European Economic Community has more than it needs from other sources. Inflation in Yugoslavia is running this year at about thirty per cent. Austrians are concerned that if the Yugoslav economy should collapse, like Poland’s, the Russians might take the opportunity to push their way back in.

We paused on the brow of the hill, looking down over meadows and woods to Kapla, on the far side of a little valley. Then we walked back to the car. We drove for a few kilometres along a country road, with the border on our right hand. This was now a *Weinstrasse*. By each farmhouse, wooden tables and benches had been set up. The sweet, smoky smell of roasting chestnuts was strong.

At one such place, a rosy-cheeked woman, the farmer’s wife, wearing a flowered apron, poured us glasses of the cloudy new wine and brought us a paper bag full of hot chestnuts. The wine was a week old. We sat at a trestle table, with the Yugoslav border a few hundred yards away, across the road to the south, and, to the north, a precipitous hillside fell to more gentle slopes. In the distance, beyond Arnfels, I could just make out mountains—the eastern end of the range that lies between two greater ranges of Alps. There were stormy gray clouds overhead, and yellow light underneath. I tried some of the new Blaufränkisch red, and found it still too sweet and unpulled-together; then I moved to a white, also with half of its sugar still unresolved into alcohol. It had a curious taste, at once fresh and fuzzy. It was a good year for the grapes, Steinwender told me, but he didn’t think this farm’s product was remarkable.

Our next stop was at a similar group of tables, a bit farther along, where Steinwender thought the new vintage showed more promise. The stop after that was at the place where he generally bought most of the wine they drank at home—a vineyard run by Franz Dworschak and his wife, near the village of Leutschach. This was a step up from the previous places we had visited. Here we sat in a sort of arbor in a garden that rose in a high bank above the lane, and we moved back to the previous year’s wine, poured out of labelled bottles. Here, too, we exchanged conversation with two couples at a nearby table, who were on a Sunday outing from Graz. I recall a local Rheinriesling that tasted fine, and then a Muskateller, a little smokier and sharper. The light faded. I decided that it was important to live in a wine country, to consider the problems of blight and frost, sun and rain: the Yugoslav mountains, a part of the Karawanken range, are a help

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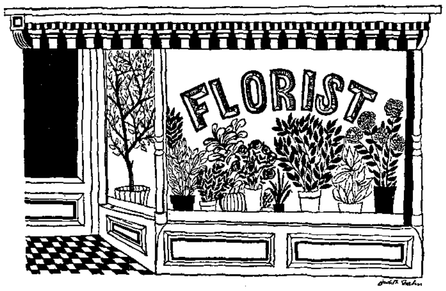
here, causing a lot of rain to fall on the Yugoslav side and making it warmer for the Austrian grapes. Geopolitical problems faded with the light and with sobriety. We ate wurst and bread that Frau Dworschak brought to us on enamelled plates: the wurst homemade, and like pale salami in tough skins; the bread homemade, too, rough-textured, with corn in it—the sort of bread that is good to eat when it's several days old. As it grew dark, the sound of cowbells could be heard. A small herd came ambling up the lane, urged on by young Andreas Dworschak wielding a flashlight. Against the last of the light in the west I could just see the silhouettes of hills against hills.

When the night air grew chilly, we went inside. The two couples from Graz were in the wine cellar, sampling wines before ordering by the case; Franz Dworschak drew samples from barrels into tiny wineglasses. Dworschak was short and fair and short-necked, chin sloping down to chest, and he had no waist. He clambered over his barrels and siphoned wine into the glasses. The barrels backed against the walls; bubbling sounds came from within them. The cellar air was thick, and took some getting used to. In fact, was it air? You almost drank it rather than breathed it. A few lungfuls were enough to make you giddy. The light in the cellar was dim, but gradually I made out the walls behind the barrels. They looked as if they were made of black sponge, but, close up, I saw them to be covered with dark fungi. It wasn't quite crawling or heaving—not yet. It was apparently a requisite of a properly functioning wine cellar. Steinwender and I sampled various barrels, new, not so new, and last year's, and then some sort of liqueur, which was very old. We were all smiling, joking. In deference to my interest in the border, one of the men from Graz, who had said that he spoke no English, late in the evening said, in English, that he was a surveyor; he had worked along the border west of here. The Yugoslavs had been helpful, and the border was "no problem—no problem at all." We all repeated this, laughing, as if it were a chorus in a song: "No problem—no problem at all."

I HAD a head next morning—what Hermann Steinwender called a *Katzenjammer*. The Steinwenders had put me up for the night. After breakfast, they sent me on my way with good wishes and good cheer. It was a miserable day, drizzling, with thick fog. I drove west, parallel to the border, slowly climbing into the Alpine foothills and then higher, through a pass between two mountains—the Hühnerkogel and the Dreieckkogel, both over fifteen hundred metres high. The clouds were a very pale gray with bands of darker gray behind; the wooded mountainsides were a gray-green visible sometimes below and sometimes between the clouds. Without ground level, horizon, or sky to refer to, one could easily feel that one was afloat, weightless. The road bent and shimmied.

After this inauguration into mountain driving, I stopped in St. Kanzian, a small resort just east of Klagenfurt, which is the capital of Carinthia. Eugen Freund, an Austrian vice-consul in New York, had suggested that I call on his mother if I got to these parts; she ran an art gallery in Klagenfurt and a second gallery, open only in summer, in St. Kanzian. St. Kanzian is in a broad valley, with the Drau River winding through it—the river that becomes the Drava when it breaks through the mountains into Yugoslavia. Inge Freund, an energetic gray-haired woman, showed me round her St. Kanzian gallery, which was crammed with vivid modern works by Austrian, German, and Slovene artists. Mrs. Freund was born in Germany, went to school in Hannover, and with her late husband moved to St. Kanzian in 1951, when he set up medical practice there. Here they found that prejudice was directed mostly at the local Slovene population. The Slovenes are an old people, with their own language, who have lived in this part of Central Europe for more than a thousand years. Present national borders cut across Slovene territory so that there are Slovenes not only in the Yugoslav republic of Slovenia but in Austrian Carinthia and in Friuli and Trieste, in Italy. There are some two million Slovenes in Yugoslavia, and something like sixty thousand in Ca-



rinthia, where they form about one-tenth of the population. In 1918, the Yugoslavs invaded the Carinthian region, but in 1920 a plebiscite was held in the border area, and a majority of the Slovenes voted to be citizens of Austria. At that point, a number of German-Austrian politicians said that Slovenes who didn't want to be Austrian should leave—and some did. In 1955, the Austrian State Treaty reaffirmed the rights of Slovenes living in Austria, but many regard the central government, in Vienna, as having been slow to see that bilingual commitments are fulfilled, and many German-speaking Carinthians applaud this slowness.

As we walked through St. Kanzian to call on some Slovene friends of Mrs. Freund's, I thought that it was, in a way, a tribute to the nature of the border here that the Slovenes bridge it. It is also, in a way, refreshing that at this late date in European history one can drive a few miles and find not a new country but a new nationality. In St. Kanzian, a small number of signs, in various establishments, are in both German and Slovene. Mrs. Freund's good friends the Gröblachers lived in a large old house in the center of the village. Milena Gröblacher's maiden name had been Mochar. She was a widow, and her son Janko, a doctor in a small town near Vienna, was visiting her with his wife and their little daughter. We sat in the parlor—Mrs. Gröblacher, a plump, very sweet lady, and Janko, with the sort of mustache one associates with fierce Montenegrin mountain men, who was pouring slivovitz; a hundred-year-old map of Slovenia, including Trieste and the Istrian Peninsula, hung on the wall.

Janko, despite having a German-Austrian father and surname, and a German-Austrian wife, obviously felt strong Slovene loyalties. "We have close relatives living half an hour south of here, in Yugoslavia," he said. "There are no delays at the border. We go there to buy certain sorts of food, which are cheaper. They come here to buy coffee and electrical appliances."

I said I assumed that these money links were important—that even the most chauvinist Carinthian shopkeeper realized that there was business to be had in these comings and goings.

Janko said that this was sometimes true, but there was still a good deal of anti-Slovene feeling. It was partly a class thing—most Slovenes in Austria tended to be manual workers and farm

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laborers. In the early nineteen-seventies, German-Austrian nationalists defaced Slovene names on bilingual signs, many of which have never been restored. All the Slovenes in Carinthia speak German, but few Austrians with German as their first language speak any Slovene. The Slovenes want their language used equally with German in all legal procedures. It would be better, Slovenes think, if both ethnic groups were made to learn both languages in school. As it is, Slovene is an optional subject in primary school. You have to ask to learn it, and some Slovene children—or their parents—don't, so the child reaches secondary school unable to read or write the language. But Janko thought there was a growing tendency—almost a fashion—to be proud of being Slovene. A new generation of parents was organizing kindergartens where children would learn Slovene from the start; a private Slovene kindergarten in Klagenfurt was so successful that many German-Austrian children were being sent to it.

Mrs. Gröblacher said, in Slovene—which she and Janko speak in the house—that there had been no Slovene schools before the war; she had taught herself to read and write the Slovene language. The war, and the Allied victory, had greatly helped the Slovene position. The Slovenes were treated as Allies by the Anglo-American occupation forces, while the German-Austrians were not.

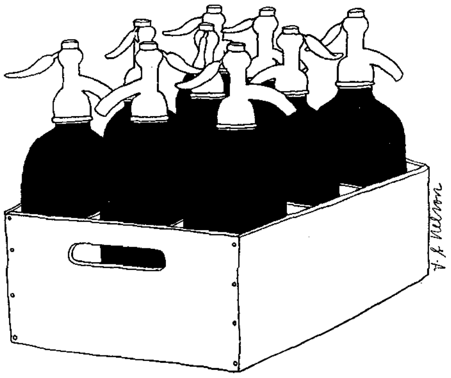
"The German authorities had real trouble in this part of Austria," said Janko, filling up my glass with slivovitz. "There was a lot of partisan activity. Although there were also German-Austrian resistance groups, we feel that Slovenes did most of the fighting. Many of the leaders came from Yugoslavia, and partisan groups worked from the mountains straddling the border, and made raids well north of the Drau. In 1944, they freed a number of British prisoners of war who were doing forced labor in a factory here, and helped them get away through Yugoslavia into Italy."

In Carinthia, most restaurants have Slovene dishes on their menus. Slivovitz—one of the best of hangover remedies, I decided—is to be found everywhere. There are several Slovene periodicals in Carinthia and half a dozen hours per week of radio programs in Slovene. Yugoslav television programs are received, together with many American films, in undubbed form, with Slovene subtitles. In 1980, Austrian and Yugoslav television crews made a joint program on the Slovene situation in Carinthia which was shown on the same evening in both countries.

It was my last night in Austria. I splurged, and stayed in an excellent hotel in Klagenfurt, the Goldener Brunnen. I had my last schnitzel and walked through the old streets, which still have the feeling of being boxed between fortified walls, though the French destroyed the walls in 1809. Before going to bed, I looked at my maps and decided that rather than take the Italian route, via Tarvisio and Udine, to Trieste, I would follow what looked like a shorter road through Yugoslavia. Except for a short section spanning the Austria-Yugoslav border, the route was shown as being a "*strada di grande comunicazione*," or highway. I slept a sound, dreamless sleep, in the bliss of ignorance.

THE first hint of what I had let myself in for by choosing the Wurzen Pass route was a roadside sign saying "OPEN." Obviously, it could be changed to say "CLOSED." Another sign prohibited trucks, trailers, and caravans, and admonished drivers of other vehicles to shift into first gear. At that point, the car already seemed to be standing on its back axle and to be dragging itself up and around one-hundred-and-eighty-degree bends with reluctance. A further sign declared this to be merely a fifteen- to eighteen-per-cent gradient, but I credited my steeply inclined senses and the fact that the glove-compartment door had just opened of its own accord, spilling out registration, insurance, screwdriver, and the London street directory, which were stored there. I began to glance at the engine-temperature gauge, heart in mouth, as the grinding upward continued.

This was the face of the mountainous divide between Austria and Yugo-



slavia, but fortunately the road's steep ascent ended a little over a thousand metres up: there was a narrow brown valley with the frontier posts, a buffet, a souvenir shop, and a bank for exchange transactions. I showed my passport. An inquisitive Yugoslav official looked in my briefcase, asked me in German if I was a travelling salesman (of what? used notebooks? maps, guidebooks, pens, postcards?), and seemed satisfied with my reply—"*Nein, ich bin Schriftsteller.*"

Yugoslavia was an impulse. I hadn't meant to come this way, and had made no arrangements to meet people; I wasn't tempted to drive to Belgrade and spend a week there. I was looking forward to Trieste and the end of the voyage. The road went down a way, to the small resort town of Kranjska Gora, with châlet-style hotels and parking lots full of long-distance touring buses, mostly German and Austrian; I kept going, through the valley and up the other side. The next ascent made me glad that I'd had the Wurzen Pass for training. If I'd started from scratch at this point, I wouldn't have believed that cars were meant to be here. I wondered if the people who made the map, with a solid red line denoting a first-class highway, had ever come this way or had merely taken the word of some fellow in the Yugoslav Ministry of Tourist Propaganda. These were bends that involved climbing what looked like castle ramparts. They forced one to think about why bends are called hairpins, and some of these felt like safety-pin bends—where the wire turns in a full circle before returning. Now there were precipices alongside the road; great granite crags soaring above; waterfalls; snow-capped peaks; the wind roaring through the thin pines. I had sometimes thought that Turner's Alpine paintings were too much—too theatrical, too melodramatic. I realized now that they were perfectly accurate. The road was only a lane wide. It ceased to have asphalt on it—was merely a rough gravel surface, deeply scarred and holed.

Was this the right road? There was no traffic at all coming from the other direction. Perhaps this was where the Western world really did have an edge, off which I was about to fall. I had passed one car, containing a German couple, but they could have been lost, too. Now, as I stopped and cogitated and looked at the awesome scenery, they came by, tooting their horn in friendly fashion, like one seafarer to

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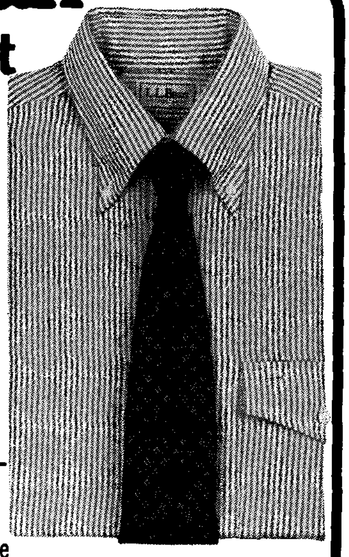

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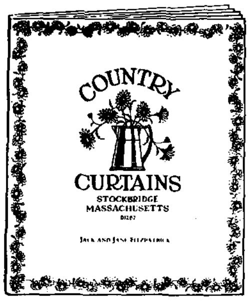

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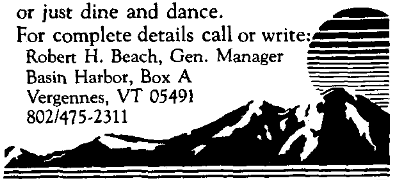

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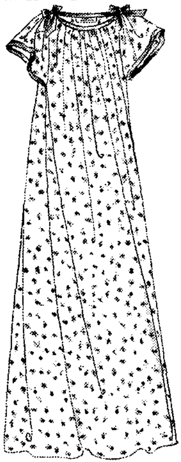

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another as ships pass on the lonely ocean. I looked at the map again and realized that this had to be the right road. *There was no other road in this part of Yugoslavia.* It said on the map, "Vršič 1,611 metres." The peak hard on my port beam was well-named: Razor—2,601 metres.

This was the top. It was downhill from here—slowly, in second gear. The asphalt surface recommenced. Small farms appeared with the first meadows. The statue of a partisan, set back from the road, commemorated those who had fought here against the Germans during the war. A river formed from various mountain streams, the Soča, came tumbling down a valley called the Trenta, the bubbling water an iceberg green. There were wooden racks for drying hay in the fields, and there were villages called Na Logu, Soča, Bovec, Srpenica, Trnovo—names with letters in the wrong places to non-Slavic eyes and ears, names that made you stick your tongue in your teeth or gargle in the back of your throat. There were shrines and crucifixes by the roadside. The road swept within five kilometres of the mountainous Italian border. The few people I saw looked little different from Austrians. Only in Kobarid, a small town where I stopped for lunch, was there something un-Austrian—the unpainted, slightly grubby feeling of the East, and, in the one restaurant, the no-nonsense, take-it-or-leave-it attitude on the part of a tough waitress which arises naturally in any era or state of austerity—as in England after the war. She would have volunteered for the partisans, I felt. I gratefully took my ration of goulash and two slices of rough rye bread, and wouldn't have dared ask for butter even if I'd known the Slovene word for it.

I had memories of Yugoslavia, filed away, as it were, with a Dalmatian label, and having partly to do with the service one received in a hotel where my wife and I lodged in 1959. Then it was an impulse to stay in Dubrovnik for a month. The hotel, in the center of the old town, had, as far as I can remember, no other guests. It also had no running hot water, despite taps that suggested the contrary, but after a few days had passed and the management took in the surprising fact that we were still there relays of hot water in jugs and kettles came to our room at useful times. The hotel had a subsidiary purpose: it was a school for young waiters. They were marshalled and

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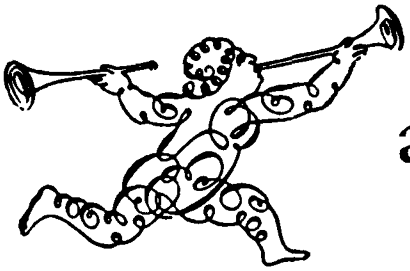
trained by an elderly man of some distinction, who had been a maître d' in Budapest, and who accompanied squads of white-jacketed young men to our table as they brought glasses, additional cutlery, a somewhat notional menu, and carafes of syrupy wine. I had merely to turn my head and two or three of them were at the table in a flash. Then we had to wait for the maître d' to come and translate what was needed. We were awakened in the early mornings by donkeys bringing vegetables to market in the square outside our window. We walked in the hills and got to know a local artist, Jovan Običan, one of whose terra-cotta pieces (of a partisan) I bought in exchange for a supply of oil paints later sent from England. It was a place where independent life, of a sort, was clearly going to go on whatever the system was—and the system was already allowing many variations from the Marxist-Leninist economic norm. Like Northern Ireland, it was a place where the people seemed marvellously warm and hospitable under—at first impression—a forbidding surface. Or at least it seemed so to strangers and outsiders. How they could often be to one another was made clear by individuals who proudly wanted to show you where the Serbs had lined up and machine-gunned some Croats, or where the Croats had forced some Serbs to jump off the cliffs into the sea.

Such passions and partisanship could certainly be concentrated on an invader, as the Germans found out. Although in most cases the Allied official optimism (expressed, for example, at Yalta) about the free elections the Russians would agree to in their sphere of influence was quickly shown up as self-deluding, there has been the other side of the coin: the pessimism about Tito's Yugoslavia, which Churchill and others declared to be firmly behind the Iron Curtain, happily proved groundless. Given a little time, the Yugoslavs showed they had an intransigence, if not a love of liberty, that the Soviets didn't dare meddle with. Partisans forever! However, to this a Western observer has to add that, while Yugoslavia is relatively tolerant by Eastern European terms, there doesn't appear to be anything like toleration of opposition and dissent as Western democracies understand it. Nearly six hundred people are thought to have been prosecuted in 1980 for criticizing the government. People are put in jail for "hostile propaganda" and "maliciously and un-



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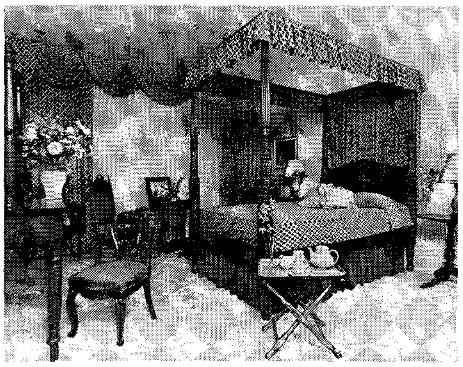

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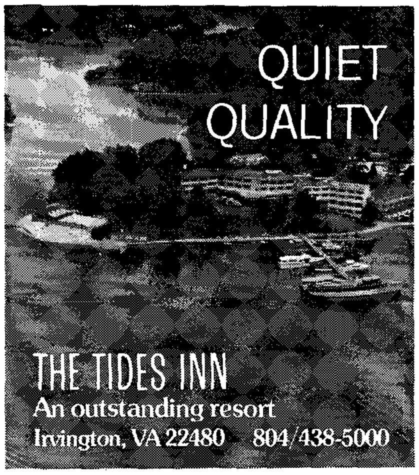

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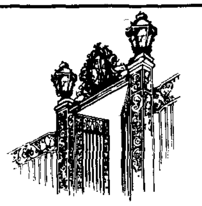

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truthfully representing conditions in Yugoslavia." One Serbian Orthodox priest was given a four-and-a-half-year sentence for inciting religious and racial hatred, his offense being to sing nationalist Serbian songs at his son's christening.

A portrait of Tito still hung on the wall of the restaurant in Kobarid. It is said that even Yugoslavs find it difficult to name the representative of one of the six republics and two autonomous regions who is currently serving for a year as the country's President. Outside, in a small plaza off Kobarid's main street, stood a large, semi-abstract statue of a powerful figure that, with the restaurant waitress still in mind, I recognized as female.

In the lower reaches of the Soča Valley, the road, like the river, widened. Traffic built up. Homes looked more prosperous. Alongside old houses, new houses were under construction, apparently by and for the same owners. The houses had wide overhanging eaves; vines grew on trellises over back doors and terraces. Mills and factories appeared beside the Soča. Cypresses stood alongside the road. And not far from where the Soča streams across the border into Italy and becomes the Isonzo I came upon a midafternoon rush hour. This was in the town of Nova Gorica, which is near the border and the adjacent Italian town of Gorizia. New Gorizia is made up of five-story flats built of concrete blocks, set in large open spaces. Old Gorizia, which was in the Austrian Empire from 1509 to 1915, is a busy market town of faded pastel-colored houses, with the charm of peeling stucco, little squares, shops, and cafés. It was the scene of much fighting in the First World War, and forms the mise en scène of the early chapters of Hemingway's novel "A Farewell to Arms." The 1947 Treaty of Paris brought the Yugoslav frontier into the town, cutting off several suburbs, two railway stations, and the old cemetery. Some rational adjustments were made to the border in 1952, and a ten-mile zone was set up in which residents of either side could go back and forth without much trouble.

As I arrived at the border, a huge amount of traffic, mostly Yugoslav, was trying to get from new to old Gorizia. It formed into two long and relatively orderly queues of cars at the checkpoint, where first Yugoslav and then Italian officials examined passports or identity cards—cards being all that the border-zone residents have to show. Old Gorizia might, like other border towns, have lost its hinterland, but the people of the hinterland were still coming to it. At the Italian customs, the driver of the Yugoslav car in front of me was asked to open the trunk of his Fiat. It was crammed with cabbages. He made some sort of explanation, which I took to be "I am taking them to a friend," and though the customs officer clearly didn't believe this age-old excuse, he waved the man and his cabbages through.

I was in Italy. Faces were more open. I drove south, following the last of the border. The sun had been going in and out all afternoon, and at four o'clock, when I reached the junction with the coast road between Monfalcone and Trieste, the sky was overcast where I was, but ahead it was full of sunlight—and the sun lit the sea. To my left, the coast curved round to the southeast, toward Trieste. The Adriatic stretched away under a faint cloud of smog from the shipyards of Monfalcone. I got out of the car and raised my arms in the air and felt a surge of what must be a common-to-all-men, atavistic, thalassic enthusiasm. The sea!

TRIESTE lies at the end of an appendix of Italy, a thin coastal strip about twenty miles long squeezed between the Adriatic and a high plateau of eroded limestone called the Carso, or Karst. The border in this area marks where, in May, 1945, the Allied troops—British and New Zealanders—came in on the Germans from one side and met the Yugoslavs, supported by the Russians, coming in on the other. In many places, the Yugoslav and Soviet forces pushed the border westward from its prewar position. But the area itself has for several thousand years been one of mixed races. The Goths and Lombards, Germanic peoples, came down into this

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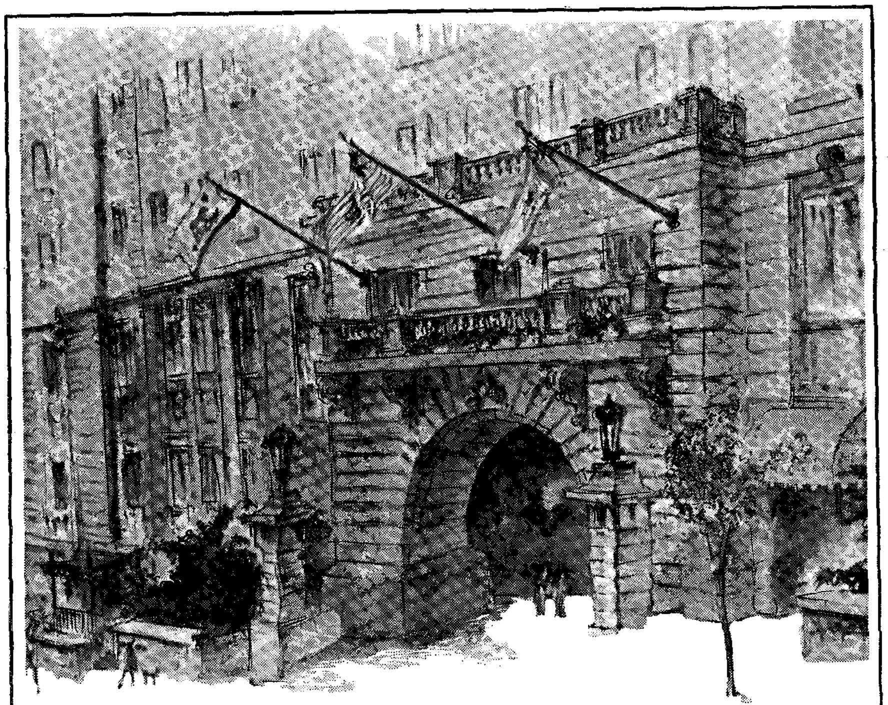
part of Italy as the Roman and Byzantine Empires lost their grip. The Slavs had entered the Friuli plain well before 900 A.D. This was for a while the seacoast of the kingdom of Bohemia (under Ottokar II, in the late thirteenth century) and, later, of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. In recent times, the Italians moved beyond Trieste into the Istrian Peninsula, now in Yugoslavia. At the present time, there are many German-speaking people in the Italian town of Tarvisio; there are Italian villages like Lusevera, near Cividale del Friuli, where many speak Slovene; and in Istria there are still enough Italian-speaking people to support a special school system, which Italian school inspectors are allowed to visit. Trieste is the hub of this ethnic confusion. Here the Yugoslavs and the Western Allies glared at each other, and while Slovenes and Italians rioted there was a Cold War disagreement between the great powers about who should control postwar Trieste. The city was returned to Italian administrative authority in 1954, and Capodistria given to Yugoslavia. The final disposition of the area was fixed by a treaty at Osimo, near Ancona, signed by Italy and Yugoslavia in 1976.

I got to Trieste a little after five. The traffic was thick, its behavior largely Italian. Horns were being blown on all sides. Cars were double- and triple-parked. I followed local custom, captured a gap in a taxi rank on a narrow street otherwise jammed with parked private vehicles, and parked the car with two wheels on the sidewalk. The streets were wet from a recent rain. I came upon a down-at-heel but friendly hotel nearby, opposite the old municipal theatre—an ornate building that forms part of one of the three enclosed sides of the great square, the Piazza dell' Unità d'Italia. The fourth, open side is the waterfront boulevard running along the quay, the *riva*. In the offing lay several cargo ships; closer at hand, alongside a stone pier, was a dark-gray cruiser, looking top-heavy with electronic gear, and flying the American flag.

It is part of tradition for writers to say that Trieste is *triste*, but the pun, besides being trite, is not very apt. At least, I didn't think so. I was glad to be by the sea again. I sat for long periods at the harborside. I took long walks, and ate and drank in small trattorias. Trieste feels like Vienna by the sea; it has a lot of the same heavy neoclassical and baroque architecture, and some of the same rooftop statuary,



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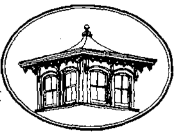

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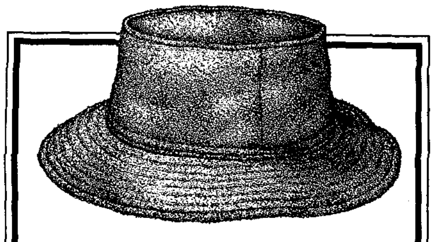

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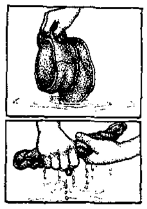

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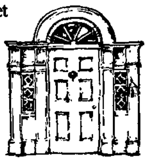

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but also a lightness in the air which comes from the sea—a lightness that occasionally becomes a briskness when the bora blows from the northeast, down over the Carso. Then ropes are stretched along the sidewalks to keep pedestrians from being blown away. Trieste was the third city of the Austro-Hungarian Empire: Vienna the administration; Prague the industry; Trieste the shipping. It was the home port of the Lloyd Triestino Line, and the great Italian liners used to dock alongside the *riva*. Now it is seeking a revived role for itself as the chief port to the south for Central Europe and the Common Market. As the mayor, Manlio Cecovini, told me, when Greece and its huge merchant fleet became part of the European Economic Community, there was a greater part for the Adriatic to play in the transport network of Europe. Already, oil pipelines ran from Trieste to Ingolstadt, near Munich, and to Vienna. It was possible for coal to be unloaded in Trieste as well and piped north in powdered form. Cecovini wanted Trieste to be a free port, through which goods could move with the least possible hindrance. It began to look to Brussels, headquarters city of the E.E.C., rather than to Rome, as the capital of the political and commercial world it now belonged to.

If Trieste's future is, in broad brushstrokes, European, its present is something a little narrower and more intense. Some people in Trieste still hunger for the Austrian connection, moved partly by nostalgia for the Hapsburg Empire and partly by resentment of Rome; there are a number of German-speaking Triestini. There are also many Italian-speaking people who grew up in what is now Yugoslavia, like the writer Fulvio Tomizza, who was born near Capodistria in 1937, went to the university in Belgrade, and now lives in Trieste, giving personal voice in his writings to the mixed-up Austrian-Italian-Yugoslav-Triestine feelings that residents of the city share. (The earlier Trieste writer Italo Svevo, author of "The Confessions of Zeno," was the product of a slightly different mixture, his pen name—which means Italus the Swabian—disguising the name Ettore Schmitz, and his membership in an Italianized Austrian-Jewish merchant family. And one of the first writers to recognize Svevo's literary talent was the far-from-home James Joyce, who began "Ulysses" here.) Some five per cent of Trieste's cosmopolitan popula-

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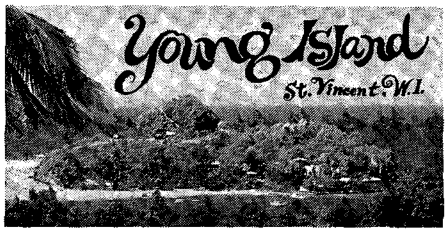

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tion are Slovenes, with their own schools, political groups, and theatre. Though recent economic problems have forced the Yugoslav government to constrain its citizenry from trips abroad, at the time I was there Slovene-speaking Yugoslavs were flocking every day into Trieste. Some were coming to clean homes and offices, and work at various manual jobs; most were coming to shop. In the open-air market off the Canale, the stalls were surrounded by Yugoslavs, weighed down with shopping bags; the haberdashers and provision stores in the nearby streets indicated, with Slovene signs, their desire for Yugoslav as well as local Slovene custom. Some, with big bundles of jeans and jackets, seemed to have come to restock their own shops at home. Yugoslavia, whatever its drawbacks as a haven of free speech, was setting an example for the other East Bloc countries: it had—at least in times when hard currency is available—the confidence to let its people leave, knowing that they would return. And, through all this, Trieste suggests that a place that was an international problem for years and a possible cause of conflict can quite drop out of the headlines and become a point where people meet rather than are parted.

From my room on the fifth floor of the hotel, I had a fine view of the old theatre across the street; just below its eaves were stone telamons—bearded male figures, each with a sort of toga over one shoulder, one hand gripping it in mid-chest, the other holding it bunched at the waist. All the figures had the same gloomy expression, as if the job of supporting the eaves while also holding up their togas were too much for them. Were they stranded sea gods? I also had a view, down a narrow street beside the theatre, to the harbor, of the Adriatic. I had begun this journey by one sea and was ending by another, which led south to Ithaca, homeland of the first Ulysses—the wily Odysseus. I, turning north again, meant not to be so long on the voyage home.

—ANTHONY BAILEY

(This is the third part of a three-part article.)

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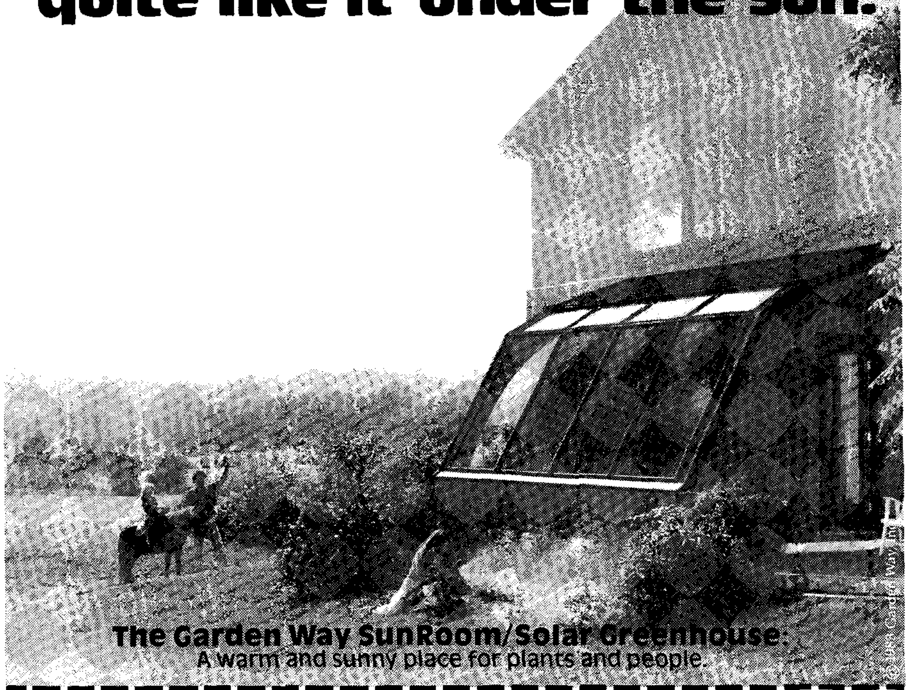
A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[From the News]

"The President is dead set against any change in his tax plan," Regan said of the 10% cut in individual tax rates. "He wants it as is, because he knows it's the antidote for recovery."

"There's simply nothing else quite like it under the sun."



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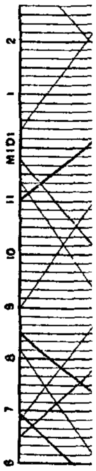

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Harmony and Grace

Leonard Bernstein's new opera, "A Quiet Place," had its first performance last month, in Houston. It is a two-hour piece—a score as long as "Rigoletto" longer than "La Bohème" or "Elektra"—in four scenes divided by interludes and played without intermission. Written to be done on a double bill with Bernstein's 1952 opera "Trouble in Tahiti" (as it was in Houston), it is a sequel to and resolution of the earlier piece. The title is the refrain of a dream aria sung, on a psychiatrist's couch, by the heroine of "Trouble in Tahiti":

> There is a garden:
> Come with me . . .
> There love will teach us
> Harmony and grace,
> Then love will lead us
> To a quiet place.

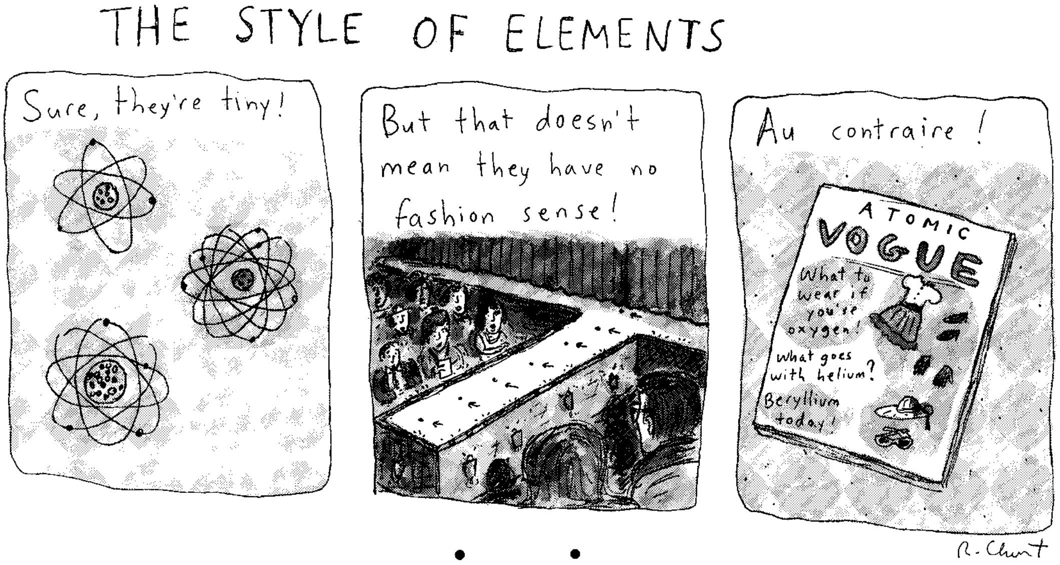
"Trouble in Tahiti," a domestic tragedy set in American suburbia, is a forty-five-minute chamber opera for five voices—mezzo-soprano and bass-baritone principals (Dinah and Sam) and a crooning trio as "a Greek Chorus born of the radio commercial"—and small orchestra. The music is wry, neoclassical, and deft—skillful and eloquent in its deployment of catchy commercial-vernacular idioms to gloss over, without concealing, deep emotion. Dinah and Sam, unable to find a way to their "quiet place," bicker, neglect their son, and seek escape from despair in meaningless macho achievement at office or gym, in suburbia's material consolations ("up-to-date kitchen: washing machine: colorful bathrooms, and Life Magazine"), and, when those fail, in "the bought-and-paid-for magic, waiting on a Super Silver Screen." (The opera is named for the South Sea movie the couple is setting out for at curtain fall; Dinah has already seen it that afternoon and has told us its plot in a vivid aria.) The libretto, Bernstein's own, is (as the quotations suggest) somewhat facile in its satire and banal in its poetic flights, but the situation is serious, and it is seriously handled in music that unites verve with Mahlerian irony. The rhythms dance, the scoring is spare and brilliant, and at each hearing new Rossinian felicities emerge. (There have been two recordings; both are out of print.) "Trouble in Tahiti" is a small but important landmark in the course of American opera.

"A Quiet Place," which has a libretto by Stephen Wadsworth, opens some thirty years later. Characters that Dinah and Sam refer to in "Trouble in Tahiti" now appear: their son, Junior, nine years old at the time of "Tahiti;" Dinah's brother Bill, her friend Susie, and her analyst. And there are new characters: a daughter, Dede, ten years younger than Junior; François, Junior's Canadian lover, now married to Dede; the family doctor and his free-mouthed wife; a funeral director. Dinah has been killed in a drunken, probably suicidal car smash. Her funeral brings the family together: Sam has not seen Junior for twenty years and has never met his twice-over, as it were, son-in-law. There ensue a series of reminiscences, recriminations, and revelations and, at the same time, a series of moves, fumbling at first, toward forgiveness, understanding, and love. Dinah has left an enigmatic letter:

> Dear loved ones, I've never felt closer to you than now. Forgive this all, so messy. . . . The bottom line is, Accept or die. . . . But who will accept and live, you whom it may concern? We're only who we are.

It is hard to relate the plot without making it sound mawkish. Scene 2 is a double duet: in the master bedroom, Dede, who has put on one of her mother's dresses, and her father embrace; in Junior's bedroom, Junior's psychotic outbursts—he tells François of incest with Dede and of his father's shooting him—end with a cry of "I love you, Daddy" as he falls into François's arms. Then, in the hallway between the rooms, François embraces Dede passionately for the first time, and when they retire Sam comes into Junior's room to kiss his sleeping son. In an interlude, we see Dinah's healing influence extend to the subsidiary characters: Bill, who loved his sister and is now "free," finds comfort in Susie's arms, while Mrs. Doc confesses to her bathroom mirror that she was in love with Dinah. The last two scenes give stage form to the "garden gone to seed, choked with ev'ry kind of weed," where Dinah's dream in "Tahiti" began. Dede has been weeding her mother's garden, and there the outstanding family junctions are effected. In Scene 3, Dede and Junior play and kiss, and Sam hugs François. In the final scene, the new edifice of family love all round threatens to collapse in a spat over who will sleep where, but François recalls Dinah's letter ("It's your Ten Commandments, it's your Constitution, your bill of ------- rights!"), and the opera ends with Sam hugging Junior, François tenderly kissing Junior's hand, and Dede reaching out toward François.

The opera closest to "A Quiet Place" in content is perhaps Michael Tippett's "The Knot Garden," but while that piece alternates scenic realism with scenic metaphor—the rose garden re-forms as an alarming labyrinth—"A Quiet Place" takes all its imagery from realistic suburbia. And Bernstein's cast includes no Prospero character to direct the figures of the dance. The maze of violent emotions may also recall that of an Ivy Compton-Burnett novel but is not plotted with Miss Compton-Burnett's clarity. The characters in "A Quiet Place" are uneducated. Their feelings, thinking, and utterances are inchoate. They do not talk with wit and precision: sentences remain unfinished, trains of thought leave the rails, and some of the language is coarse. All that is deliberate. The opera is an ambitious, arresting attempt to fashion an orderly work of art from material lifelike in its vagueness and unruliness. The music gives shape to the piece. The underlying form is that of a four-movement symphony, with the linked nocturnal duets as a slow movement and games in the garden as a scherzo, and the score is one of the richest Bernstein has composed. His use of the four principals, the comprimari, and a chorus in a variety of flexible textures is masterly. The scoring, in which the composer had two collaborators, is for full orchestra. (In Houston, the string section was small, and some episodes sounded needlessly brassy.) The melodic lines are as sharp-eared as Janáček's in their transformation of speech rhythms and speech inflections into music. Musical and verbal links with "Trouble in


THE STYLE OF ELEMENTS
Sure, they're tiny!
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ATOMIC VOGUE
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What goes with helium?
Beryllium today!
R. Chast

"Tahiti" abound—not so much direct quotations as derivations and developments of a Wagnerian kind. And there is indeed a sense in which the double bill of "Trouble in Tahiti" and "A Quiet Place" can be likened to an American "Ring"—if one can imagine the "Ring" as a family drama played out not with Aristotelian magnitude but in a Great Neck home (Patrice Chéreau's Bayreuth production makes such imagining easier), in suburban speech. Wotan-Fricka, Wotan-Brünnhilde, and Wotan-Siegfried encounters find clear vernacular reflections here. And the "moral" is essentially that proclaimed by Brünnhilde at the close of Wagner's cycle (in lines that the composer left in the published libretto, although he had decided not to set them to music): "Not goods, not gold, or godly magnificence; not house, not hall, or lordly splendor; not [I make free with some hard German] astutely drawn-up legal contracts, or hypocritical observance of the conventions; but only *Love* can bring happiness in weal or woe."

"A Quiet Place" was commissioned jointly by the Houston Grand Opera, the Kennedy Center, and La Scala. It will be played in Washington in early October, and in Milan next June. It opened in the largest of the three début theatres—Jones Hall, which is a handsome building but has a cavernous auditorium. (Construction begins soon on a new, twenty-three-hundred-seat, more compact home for the Houston company.) A monitory note in the "Tahiti" vocal score says, "If the words are not heard, there is no opera." In Jones Hall, an amplification system of the kind called "enhancement" helped to pipe the words—and the orchestral sound, too—throughout the theatre; in Kennedy Center's Opera House and in La Scala, more direct performances will be possible. The Houston execution of both works was first-rate. David Gropman's designs and William Ivey Long's costumes were fresh, pretty, and entertaining; Mr. Gropman was perhaps more acute at devising fifties "nostalgic" touches in "Tahiti" than at presenting an unmistakably 1983 suburban home in "A Quiet Place." Peter Mark Schifter's stage direction was crisp and observant, and if he slightly overelaborated the scenic action of "Tahiti" the vastness of the theatre can be his excuse. The disparity of scale between the two operas does bring problems, which arise not only from the increased size of cast, of orchestra, and of musical numbers in the later work but also from its wider harmonic range and its emotional and musical complexity. The difference is greater than that between "Das Rheingold" and "Götterdämmerung." "Trouble in Tahiti" was conceived on a small scale; it had its first popular success on television; and "Simplicity of execution should be the keynote throughout" is the opening injunction of the production note in the vocal score. "A Quiet Place" is not at all simple. (I'm glad I was able to hear it twice.) Nevertheless, "Tahiti" is far from being a mere curtain-raiser; it serves as the necessary exposition to the grand opera that follows. A critic's task is to describe, not to tell composers and executants what they should have done. All the same, it may be that a revised scoring of "A Quiet Place"—perhaps for an orchestra, like that of "Tahiti," with double, not triple, winds—and productions in which the two pieces are scenically more closely linked than they were in Houston would help audiences to discern more clearly the extent of Bernstein's and Wadsworth's achievement. And also help to give the bill wide currency. Campus and conservatory productions will surely be frequent.

Houston had assembled a cast of alert, able young singers with strong personalities, good voices, and the right looks. And they provided what Bernstein needs: fearless emotional exposure coupled with expert technical control. (It is in halfhearted performances that Bernstein's music sounds most sentimental.) For "Trouble in Tahiti," Diane Kesling and Edward Crafts were an expert pair, and in the final scene Miss Kesling eloquently suggested the Dinah whose presence shines on in "A Quiet Place." In the second opera, Sheri Greenawald, Timothy Nolen, and Peter Kazaras gave exact, vivid performances as Dede, Junior, and François. An older singer, Chester Ludgin, was a powerful and moving Sam. Carolyne James (Mrs. Doc), Dana Krueger (Susie), Douglas Perry (the analyst), Theodor Uppman (Bill), Charles Walker (the funeral director), and Peter Harrower (Doc) were all excellent. John DeMain's musical direction was clear and confident, if a shade cool in espressivo passages.

American opera is seldom created in New York, where the Met has long shunned it, where the City Opera has done little that is new since Leon Kirchner's "Lily" (1977), Dominick Argento's "Miss Havisham's Fire" (1979), and Gian Carlo Menotti's "La Loca" (1979). Across the country—in Houston, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Bloomington, Santa Fe—new operas continue to appear. When "A Quiet Place" goes to La Scala, it can show Europe that good American operas on contemporary subjects are still being composed.

—ANDREW PORTER

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WHEN we go into the theatre to see "Superman III," we know that whatever else happens we're still going to have the pleasure of seeing a man fly without an airplane and without wings. But when I (for one) came out of the theatre it was with the distinct feeling that if the director, Richard Lester, had been able to deprive us completely of this pleasure he would have done so—not because he didn't want us to have a good time but because he loses touch with the simple, basic elements of his material. For roughly the first forty minutes of "Superman III," during which Richard Pryor as Gus Gorman, who has been a flop at every job he has ever had, discovers that he's a computer wizard, Lester provides an agreeable mixture of the grandiose and the everyday. Our expectations are aroused: he must have some tricks up his sleeve. And he does, but the scattered impulses behind the movie cancel each other out.

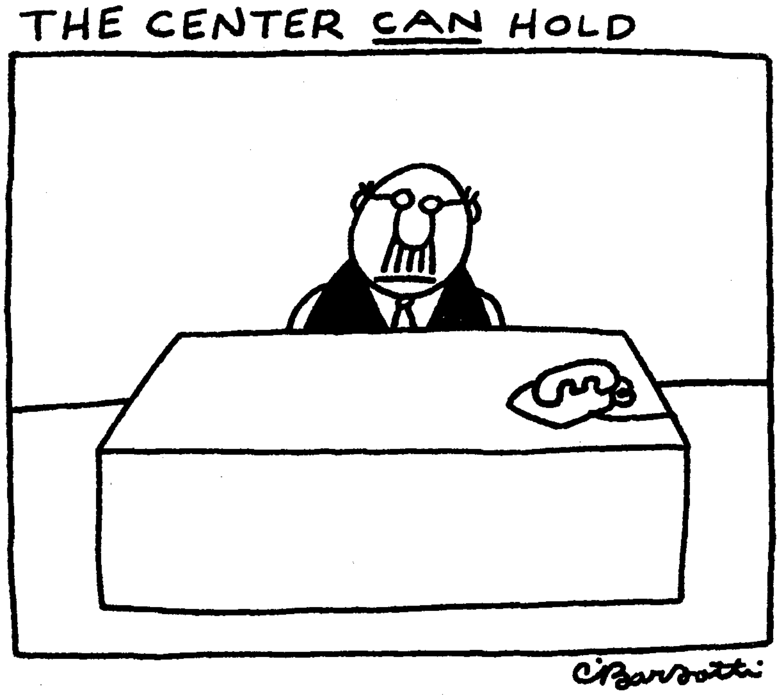
Superman/Clark Kent (Christopher Reeve), who grew into a touching character in "Superman II," is presented here as a blank—he's whatever is needed to fit the gags. Clark Kent is a bore with a simpering grin, and Superman has been doing his good deeds for so long that the people of Metropolis are jaded and take him for granted. Clearly, he needs a change, but it doesn't come from within. Richard Pryor's Gus, who has used a computer to embezzle from the conglomerate he works for, is caught by the boss (Robert Vaughn) and ordered to work out the ingredients of kryptonite—the only substance that can destroy Superman. Gus isn't that much of a wizard, though; the computer gives him all the ingredients but one, and so he fakes it, and the green chunk he hands to Superman, as if it were an award, is only near-kryptonite. It doesn't kill Superman; it demoralizes him, and he begins to perform dirty deeds.

What's strange about the movie is that the best things in it aren't developed, and what Superman and the other characters do doesn't seem to have any weight. Robert Vaughn's polished smarminess is scaled to television; his villainy doesn't fill the big screen, and when he tries to ruin the Colombian coffee crop or succeeds in stopping the world's flow of oil, Lester treats what happens so flippantly that nothing appears to be at stake. Vaughn's harridan sister and business partner—Annie Ross as the black-haired, witchlike Vera—might be something left in cold storage since the era of the Munsters. And a potentially amusing bosomy blonde, a floozy-intellectual named Lorelei Ambrosia (Pamela Stephenson), just sits around. Lester may think that these women are gags just in themselves—there are no payoffs. And when Gus hands Superman the chunk of green near-kryptonite, Superman doesn't have any idea what it is—it's as if he'd never seen "Superman" and "Superman II."

Despite the film's anti-mythic tone, it's entertaining (in the early part) when we see Superman perform heroically. There's a dangerous fire in a chemical plant, and the firemen have no water. Superman freezes a lake and flies it over the site; the fire melts the ice, which turns into rain and puts out the fire. This comic-book fairy-tale fantasy is funny and enchanting—this, in essence, is what we've come to see for the third time. But although Lester had a hand in the first film and directed the second, he steps on our reaction here—he doesn't give us time to be exhilarated. He keeps his light, objective touch, which at times is indistinguishable from directorial indifference. Too many scenes are treated as if they were just obligatory, and because of that air of indifference, verging on disdain, the movie's sight gags and special effects—even the biggest ones—aren't particularly exciting. The splashy scenes that we look forward to don't seem to show up, because Lester has devalued them; everything feels marginal.

So when the soul-sick Superman is being prankish or surly—putting out the Olympic torch or straightening the Leaning Tower of Pisa or punching a hole in a tanker and causing an oil spill—we don't know how to react to this lecher with stubble on his chin and a soiled-looking cape. A funky, sexy-sheik Superman could have audiences squealing with pleasure, and a Superman with a vendetta against the world could be awesomely neurotic, but the movie has no sooner suggested the possibilities than it drops them. (When he sits alone in a bar, boozing and exploding bottles by flicking roasted almonds at them, we get more of a sense of how dangerous—and attractive—Superman could be than at any other time. The bad Superman has burning dark eyes; he looks like an Etruscan warrior.) We're not intended to take what happens to Superman as a genuine psychological crisis; the picture even loses track of the near-kryptonite. We're not intended to care about the victims of his spite. We don't know what we're meant to respond to.

It's a real loss that Clark Kent is shunted offscreen during these sequences, because we miss him—we wonder how he feels about what's going on. (Is he suffering? Or has he turned bad guy and told off his fellow-workers at the *Daily Planet*?) At last, Superman's headachy conflict with himself becomes so intense that he splits into two: a scene that needs to be crazed and funny—if only because the two



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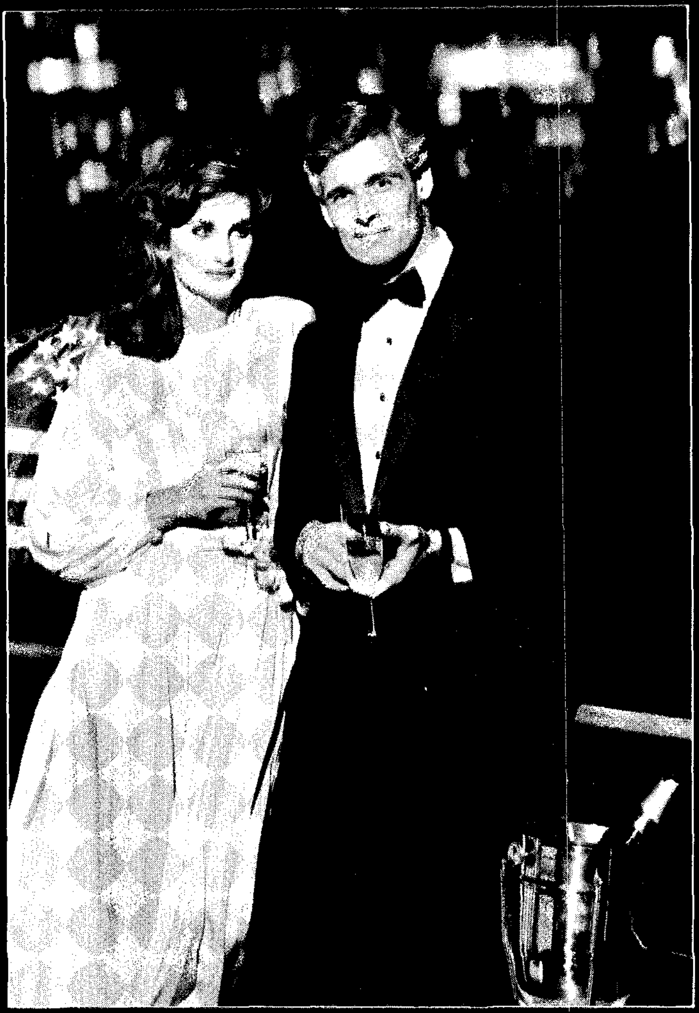

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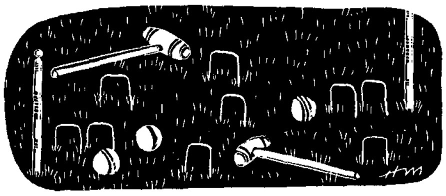
identities are already split in our minds, so that we've been waiting for Clark. But what we get is a conventional battle of the titans, like John Wayne and Randolph Scott pounding each other in a frontier saloon. The setting here is an automobile junk yard. Superman keeps throwing Clark Kent into grind-up machines and demolishing him; he kicks him unconscious, and Clark keeps coming back for more punishment, like Wile E. Coyote in a Road Runner cartoon. It isn't comic, though, and it isn't satisfyingly worked out, either, but there's at least some psychological resonance in this battling, and when Clark Kent triumphs the scene is affecting. (We've come to trust him more than we trust Superman.) There's nothing to redeem the film's final big brawl when the healed, integrated Superman, who is once again at the service of mankind, goes up against a monster computer that Gus has designed and Vaughn has had built. Like Luke in "Return of the Jedi," Superman is repeatedly fried by zigzag bolts of electricity.

Lester hasn't gone back to the heaviness of "How I Won the War" or the disaffection of "Petulia," and he doesn't do the obvious subverting that he did on his "Musketeers" pictures, but he undermines the mystique of Superman as an ideal father image and an ideal self-image. (Lester almost seems to think that he's letting the material subvert itself.) There's an idea here: that Superman is a victim of his own do-gooding and needs to be liberated—needs to discover that he has the same impulses and drives as other men. But this violates all the information we have stored up about him, which starts with the given that he isn't human—he's superhuman. We can accept the bad-guy Superman as a casualty of kryptonite, but the notion that when Superman is idealistic and helpful he's an asexual Mr. Square violates our memories of what was charming about Christopher Reeve's performance in the first two films. There was deadpan wit in Superman's impersonation of the clumsy, inept Clark Kent; here he doesn't seem to be in on the joke. And it doesn't make any sense that when Clark Kent goes back to Smallville to his high-school class reunion, everyone except Lana Lang (Annette O'Toole), who, we're told, has always had a crush on him, treats him contemptuously. In the first "Superman," the schoolboy Clark Kent was physically strong and he was always considerate and sweet—why would he have been unpopular? Lester wants us to see Clark as a nerd and Superman as a virtuous clod, but all that does is drain the mythic life out of the movie. By not allowing the people on the screen to be enthralled by Superman's flights and miraculous rescues, Lester puts himself in the position of pooh-poohing the movie's special effects, and pooh-poohing the hero. He robs the picture of its chance to stir the viewer's imagination. He may also (out of impatience, or a willingness to sacrifice story points to pacing) have truncated episodes—such as Clark Kent's reëntering Lana Lang's life—which are left suspended. Annette O'Toole (who has an American-goddess profile) makes Lana's small-town-girl infatuation with Clark seem perfectly natural. She's the only member of the cast who appears to believe in her role yet stays in a comic-book frame. As Brad, the fifties-style jock who wants to marry Lana, Gavan O'Herlihy is believable, too, especially when he tells Clark Kent he hates him for being so nice, but O'Herlihy doesn't have the knack of comic-book style.

The logistical horrors of directing actors around special effects that are put in later may help to explain why Lester can't give this movie anything like the visual shimmer of many of his earlier films. And those effects may also be part of the reason he can't give it his jazzy, leapfrogging editing style. "Superman III" doesn't have much of a look, and the editing clumps along. (When a movie is heavy on special effects, you don't get much for forty-two million dollars anymore.) But all those technical problems don't explain why Lester, who tosses off a number of lovely visual gags, also uses so many labored tricks, such as a forties-style montage showing the results of Gus's fiddling with his computer: it ends with a man at the breakfast table opening his monthly statement from Bloomingdale's and shoving a half grapefruit in his wife's face. Lester does better with a gag sequence—a chain of mishaps—that sustains life for us during the lengthy opening credits, but the sequence doesn't have anything like the zest of the similar gag at the start of Richard Rush's "The Stunt Man." And this attempt to get the film moving is marred by the credits themselves, which come sloshing up from the bottom of the screen and disrupt the action.



Lester, and the scriptwriters, David and Leslie Newman (who have been involved in all three films), are working with an insane disadvantage: they're trying to fuse two incompatible or, at least, conflicting legends. Christopher Reeve isn't the star of "Superman III." Richard Pryor is. He's the box-office insurance that the producers, the Salkinds, bought for four million dollars. According to the Newmans, they and Lester dreamed up the idea (along with everyone else who was planning a new movie). And so, of course, once Pryor agreed, the Newmans tried to shape the story around him. At times, it isn't clear whether the action we're watching is in Metropolis or in Smallville, and at other times the central characters are apparently wandering in various directions around the Grand Canyon. What makes the picture seem so addled is the need to bring Gus and Superman together. They never do get to have a dramatic confrontation, and they don't actually become enemies—or friends, either—but Lester keeps so much fringe action going on that viewers don't have a chance to question what Pryor and Superman, who don't even belong to the same era, are doing in the same movie.

There's no way that this clean-language, family picture could use the Richard Pryor who used to do a "Supernigger" routine (which was spun off Lenny Bruce's "Superjew"). When Pryor puts on a pink shawl in imitation of Superman's red cape, he's rather forlorn. What the film uses is Richard Pryor playing off his rich white master (Vaughn) in the scaredy-cat way that Mantan Moreland and other earlier, eye-rolling black comics did. Pryor's Gus isn't a villain; he only works for the villain. (And he does everything but steal chickens and have his hair shoot up straight 'cause he's 'feerd of ghosts.) He cringes and acts cowardly, and, yes, the audience laughs and finds him endearing. (Pryor as a computer genius doesn't ring any bells; I wondered why the moviemakers hadn't tried the ploy of using Pryor to wise up Superman, or as the demoralized Superman's tempter—that way he wouldn't have had to be so limp, and he and Superman could have had more scenes together.) Pryor

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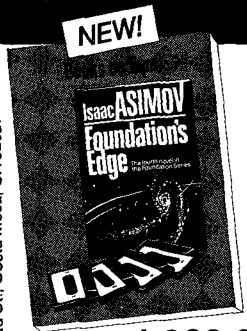

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doesn't give a bad performance, but it's a hesitant and bowed performance, as if he were trying not to be noticed. And it's a one-joke role. Gus's mind is so fogged in that he does everything he can to please his slimy master; it's pretty close to the end of the movie before he—ever so tentatively—shifts his allegiance. First, his boss totes him; then Superman (literally) totes him. He never does go out on his own. And when Superman is flying with Richard Pryor they look the way they do in the ads for the movie that show Pryor openmouthed and pop-eyed with terror. The romance is gone; the flying has become just another gag.

IN "Trading Places," Dan Aykroyd plays a snooty young blueblood who runs a Philadelphia brokerage house, and Eddie Murphy plays a con man–beggar who disguises himself as a blind, legless Vietnam veteran. The two don't exactly trade places; they're traded, by a pair of heartless, rich old brothers (Ralph Bellamy and Don Ameche) who have made a heredity-versus-environment bet—something we've been spared in movies of the past few decades. "Trading Places," which was written by Timothy Harris and Herschel Weingrod and directed by John Landis ("Animal House," "The Blues Brothers"), is reminiscent of the kind of "classic" that turns up on TV at Christmastime, and it looks like a Christmas classic on a TV set that needs adjusting. It's drab. It's also eerily arch and static. Landis must think that he's achieving a mock-thirties formal style; for the first hour he italicizes each scene, fixing it in place as if he wanted us to take an inventory of every detail. He seems to be saying, "I'm smarter than this." It gets to the point where you may want to stand up in the theatre and say, "Yeah? Prove it." The picture is pompous—the set-ups are so rigid I wanted to kick the camera to get it moving.

The comedies of the thirties and forties from which this movie was hatched were often based on Broadway plays, and they carried over stage devices, such as the valet-butlers with impeccable diction who were a great convenience to playwrights. (Preston Sturges parodied this tradition in "The Lady Eve," where Henry Fonda's valet—William Demarest—talked like a gangster gargling and was indignant when told to stay in his place.) The recent hit "Arthur," which was derived from the same movie period as "Trading Places," gave us John Gielgud as a valet father figure, and now we've got Denholm Elliott, coddling and grooming first Aykroyd and then Murphy. (Elliott hasn't been given the lines he would need to make anything of the role, but when the camera gloms onto him he obliges with little grimaces.) One snag in antique dramaturgical devices such as butlers to populate an empty stage and manipulative millionaires to put a plot in motion by toying with men's lives is that they push a movie into a time warp, and this one, with its stodgy look, suggests no period of the past or the present. And when Eddie Murphy speaks in modern slang he has a startling effect. He's the only person in the movie who belongs to our era, and he's a man of the eighties only in his speech. What he does in this movie is totally circumscribed by the plot mechanics.

The trajectories of the two men's lives—the representative of white privilege sinking into crime and craziness while the black con artist rises to the heights of the establishment—are crosscut. The new, young scriptwriters don't have the built-in clocks that the best screenwriters of the thirties had. Aykroyd's descent to bumhood is rather blurry, and each time the movie cuts back to him he doesn't seem to have deteriorated by more than two minutes. Murphy, on the other hand, whips through his initial changes, but then he has a nasty, humorless sequence in which he invites the people from a seamy ghetto bar to his town house for a party and promptly throws them all out, because some of them don't use ashtrays, or coasters for their drinks, and a couple of the women are dancing topless. From the way this sequence is directed, you get the feeling that the con man has learned the value of fine possessions, and that the ghetto crowd would wreck any decent place they got into. That can't be what was intended, can it? But the audience laughs contentedly. In a crude, dogged way, the movie has a sense of humor: it keeps telling you how terrific its sense of humor is. And it has that big, chugging structure working for it: the whole apparatus picks up some speed toward the end and comes to a rousing, slapstick finish, with the younger guys rich and the old skinflints punished. The audience appeared to like it.

This may seem like the attitude of a killjoy, but I wish the audience had groaned, because Landis's timing is deadly—he makes everything obvious.

And he doesn't do much for his actors. Aykroyd uses one fairly effective comic shtick: he plays rich by keeping his face tilted up, the nose high, sniffing purer air, like a snobby dog in a cartoon. (Amusingly, it's the very same trick that Don Ameche is still using for his rotten-rich character.) And Aykroyd the broker has a suggestion of a flabby, insecure boy who wants the praise of his employers—it makes him rather touching. Confusingly, though, he's less appealing when he's on the skids. Dan Aykroyd is all exteriors; he's big and beefy, and, inspired as he has often been on TV, he doesn't seem to have a strong personality. (That may be part of why he's such a great impressionist.) I think he really is insecure playing the Harvard-educated young pup in three-piece suits, and we respond to the nervousness under the bluff of assurance. But when this plutocrat is stripped of everything and he turns into a low-comedy slob in loud plaids or a Santa Claus suit, Aykroyd falls back, relieved, on TV-sketch acting; he's no longer a character, and we have no particular feeling for him. Eddie Murphy's new-style savvy carries "Trading Places," but this is only his second movie and he's already just one step away from being in a niche. Murphy is like a child performer who's too accomplished. His cockiness is uncannily knowing; he gets to your reflexes, like those Vegas veterans who make you feel that you're enjoying them even while you're pulling back. This isn't a man possessed; this is a man who knows his audiences—he plays completely off their expectations. (White people couldn't really learn anything of what it is to be black from Eddie Murphy; he's playing off their ideas of what it is to be black.)

My most vivid recollection of "Trading Places" is of the faces of the two cops at the beginning who lift the supposedly legless con man off his rolling platform. His legs dangle in the air, but the two cops haven't been directed to laugh or to look puzzled or to have any particular reaction. They just stand there—two stone-faced, bewildered actors, who have no idea what's wanted of them—and we see them in closeup after closeup. Some of the people in the audience assume that the director is hip and knows what he's doing, so they resolve their embarrassment in chuckling.

TO the letter writers who have asked why I haven't reviewed "Betrayal," the answer is: Because I couldn't sit through it. My body wouldn't let me. The best I can do is explain why. In the very first images, people were leaving a party, and I wanted to go off with them rather than go into the hideously proper upper-middle-class house where the party givers were obviously going to be full of hate for each other. Inside, the wife was tidying up, and the husband was watching her. She slapped him, and he slapped her back. She sat down in despair, then got up when their child, who had awakened, came in. I was already overdosed on Pinter, and the dialogue hadn't even started. I stayed long enough to learn that the three characters are engaged in semi-parasitic cultural work: the husband is a publisher, the lover a literary agent, the woman an art dealer. So we know what Pinter thinks of them right off the bat. And, as usual, Pinter's drama is in the pecking order, which keeps shifting. I was surrounded by a quiet, attentive audience. People were listening to the ping-ponging vocal rhythms as if to be certain of not missing a single sinister nuance. As if you *could!* Every grim, frozen syllable is lobbed into your lap, along with Pinter's patented pauses—those ticktock silences that (famously) reverberate with what isn't said. The three actors all had the stricken look that is proper to a Pinter play; he doesn't bother writing about anyone who's alive. And there's nothing else going on in this movie—once you've noticed how ugly the lamps are, you're left with the stiff, stilted talk that's so calculated it's a parody. If the lines ever overlapped, it would be cataclysmic. This story of adultery told backward is a perfectly conventional corpse of a play given a ceremonious funeral on the screen. It's from Beckett by way of Terence Rattigan. Maybe not even from Beckett. When I deserted my post, the husband was acting superior and malevolent (in the Ian Holm game-playing manner), and the lover was being callow, and their eyes were darting as each watched the other's reactions. And I had got to the point of staring at their thin brown lips and wondering if the two actors had been made up with the same lipstick.

—PAULINE KAEL

●

But such misgivings aside, the response was overwhelmingly positive. Hartford legislator Laurence Chase observed, "You've certainly proven the old adage that you can make a pretty purse out of a sow's ear."
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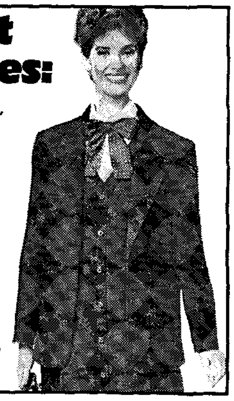

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BOOKS

Between Pinget's Ears

THE brave little publishing house called Red Dust, which operates out of a postal box at Gracie Station, keeps issuing, along with the new poetry from Peru and other such bulletins from the scattered legions of the avant-garde, the works of the esteemed contemporary French novelist Robert Pinget. Recently published, in translations by the indispensable Barbara Wright, are Pinget's first prose work, "Between Fantoine and Agapa," and one from 1980, "That Voice" ($8.95 and $10.95, respectively). What can one say of Pinget, as he comes through in Miss Wright's loving translations, except that he conveys, amid much willful murk, an impression of integrity, intelligence, and power? He is a dark author, placidly settled amid his favorite village odors of damp stone and rotting wood (anyone who has stepped into an old French farmhouse will recognize the aroma), and mysteriously content to churn and rechurn the chronic garbled rumors of perversion and homicide that make up his plots, if he can be said to have plots. This reviewer naïvely hoped that a consecutive reading of a work Pinget produced in 1951 and one published in 1980 would clarify what the author had been "up to;" and indeed certain differences in texture and machination are apparent. But it cannot be said that Pinget began as anything but oddly, opaquely himself; his surrealism has been constant, though its field of operation has become more rural and, as it were, medieval and hellish.

One might suppose "Between Fantoine and Agapa" to have a certain geographical focus and to lay claim to the imaginary territory of provincial France where the later fictions—preëminently "The Inquisitory" (1962), still Pinget's most impressive and cogent work—more or less take place. Alas, one is fooled again, for the little book is a collection of disconnected pranks, or prose poems, which take place not so much between Fantoine and Agapa as between Pinget's ears. The first chapter, or sketch, or whatever, "Vishnu Takes His Revenge," deals with the curé of Fantoine, who is bored. "He subscribes to theater magazines. He dips into the fashionable authors. He gleans in learned vineyards. He passes for a scholar, but he's a rotter." His parishioners don't provide much amusement for him: "The inhabitants of Fantoine are hopeless. They drink. They work. They drink. Their children are epileptic, their wives pregnant." But then "luckily, someone from Agapa-la-Ville takes an interest in him and sends him a book on Cambodia." The curé becomes fascinated; he teaches himself the Khmer language; he thinks all day of the ancient temples and sees royal dancing girls in the local population. "The forest of Fantoine becomes populated with yak demons, with Mrinh Kangveal spirits, with Banra trees. Paddy-fields cover the country." Saying Mass, he mistakenly intones, "Hic est enim corpus Yak;" and "a gigantic demon sprang out of the Host, dispatched the curé, and pulverized the church. And Vishnu the Eternal deigned to smile." In the title story, a man, his wife, and their child prepare to picnic between these two fictional towns when a sign in a field proclaims, "Alopecia-impetrating prohibited," and are so frightened that they skip lunch. Later that night, the child vomits jam and the wife's hair stands on end. "But not for long, because half an hour later she was as bald as a coot." But for these two tales, there is no mention of Fantoine or Agapa, and the subject matter gravitates toward the mythic and the facetiously geographic—episodes take place in Manhattan, Menseck, the Forest of Grance, and Florence, and characters include Don Quixote, a parrot called Methuselah, Aeschylus and his maidservant Aglaia, and the Persian king Artaxerxes. As he roams through these prankish fancies, the young Pinget reminds us of various comrades in surrealism—of Alfred Jarry and his frenzies of mechanical precision:

> Everything that touches him, from near or from far, cucurbitaces—I mean: belongs to the gourd family, like the pumpkin—starting with the spirals in shells, cow pats, and velodromes, and ending with his own body, which pullulates with oblate spheroids.

Of William Burroughs and his gleeful wars and plagues:

> In short, civil war. And one of atrocious cruelty. Once the steak-tracts had been launched, an epidemic of the bacteria of contradiction broke out. Every individual affected by the microbe considered that his arm and his head, his eye and his foot, his navel and his spleen, were irreconcilable. He destroyed himself by tearing out, burning, or vivisecting the contradictory organ.

Pinget also shows something of the antic sunniness of Raymond Queneau and of Beckett's clownish desolation. His playful dabbling with history and myth suggests a host of experimental modernists, from Borges to Barth, from the "Fabrications" of the late Michael Ayrton to the "Eclogues" of our contemporary Guy Davenport. Literary experiment and surrealism have certain natural channels into which to run, it would appear, not so unlike the well-worn grooves of realism; nonsense, being an inversion of sense, is condemned to share a certain structure with it, and its finitude of forms. Pinget, even in this early, rather frolicsome and eclectic work, does look forward to what is to become his mature tone. The last and longest piece in "Between Fantoine and Agapa" is titled "Journal," and, though concerned with such absurdities as snowstorms of fingernail clippings and dwarfs sold at auction to be used as candelabra by religious communities, it foreshadows the sinister cruelty and gloom of the later work. An inbred, joyless, cannibalistic sexuality is a recurrent theme in Pinget, and occurs here: "They mate among themselves, without the slightest desire, and give birth to edible daughters who are a kind of saprophyte." A dreamlike restlessness in the forms of things makes itself felt with a shudder: "Their agricultural work is backbreaking. They . . . tread down the excrescences that tend to form on the fences. I tried this, with the help of a peasant. But just as I was making an oblique movement over the unexposed part I let go my hold, the excrescence came and knocked on my foot, and the man only just had time to push me back out of the way." Pinget's preoccupation with the menace of the organic and with the Stygian stirrings of the dead emerges side by side with characteristic flashes of aesthetic theory: "In a work of art we do not try to conjure up beauty or truth. We only have recourse to them—as to a subterfuge—in order to be able to go on breathing." And the prose, though indeterminate in its significations, is chiselled in its cadences—so deliberate in its elusive effects that the intimidated reader, coming upon alphabetical formations like “This has been goin̈-QHQfor so long” and “hnd he passes the laundry again,” doubts whether he is in the presence of a misprint or of an especially refined, albeit obscure, intention.

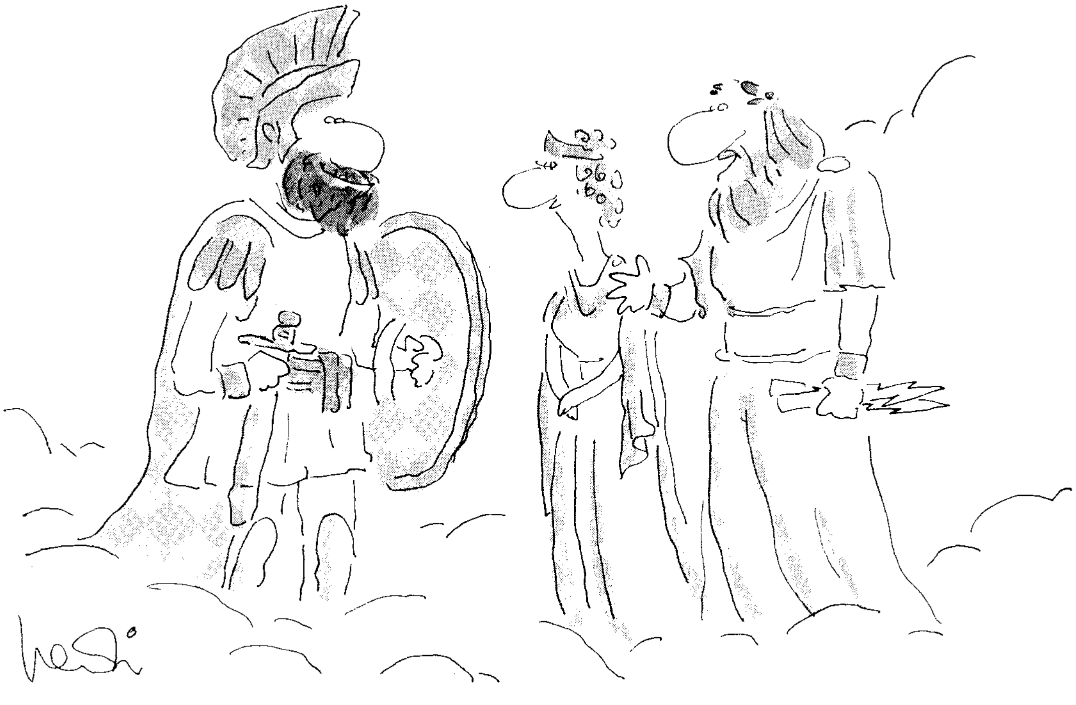
“That Voice” concerns— Well, what *does* it concern? The phrase “*manque un raccord*” (“a missing link”) is used seventeen times in the French text, the translator claims on the jacket’s back flap, and a phrase rendered as “impossible anamnesis” (“anamnesis”=“recalling to mind”) returns a number of times also, as do “invincible fatigue,” “traces of effacement,” “psspss,” “take a hair of the night that bit you,” and “an invisible manitou.” The author, in a special preface to the American edition, assures us that “the structure of the novel is precise, although not immediately apparent. The different themes are intermingled. One cuts into another point-blank, then the other resumes and cuts into the first, and so on until the end.” The two themes named are “the theme of the cemetery” and “that of the gossip at the grocery.” In the cemetery, evidently, at the intersection of alleys numbered 333 and 777, on All Saints’ Day, near the tomb of the minor belletrist Alexandre Mortin, a young man called Théodore, coming to arrange and leave some chrysanthemums, meets a ghost, or walking dead man, who identifies himself as Dieudonné, or Dodo for short. Dodo, for that matter, is Théo’s uncle. Maybe Théo killed him, for his money. Alexandre Mortin has a brother, Alfred, who perhaps is also called the Master; he seems to be keeping little Théodore in his house by force, according to gossip down at the grocery store, where “that otiose, never-ending story” acquires ever more characters (the servant Magnin, Mlle. Passetant, Mlle. Moine, M. Alphonse, many of whom we have met before in other Pinget novels, or do we just imagine it?) and effaces itself as it goes, like a slate being covered over and over with new versions, until with the best will in the world the reader starts to feel sandy-eyed and itches to turn on the eleven-o’clock news, where things are said once, or at worst twice. As we grind along in hopes of things coming clearer or of Pinget’s making one of his graveyard jokes (“Just imagine the state of our necropolis, hygienewise, that’ll discourage the All Saints’ Day fans”), the tale seems increasingly to talk about itself:

> And little by little, just like that, with the passing days, a sort of stupid litany which took the place of a chronicle for us, you see how very backward we were.
>
> For indeed, the dead do answer.

Indeed, in such a close-knit village, the dead are not allowed to die; they continue to hold their place in the fabric of gossip, of remembrance, their deaths incidental within the pervasive dissolution of life erasing itself as it goes. The atmosphere is deadly, dank, musty: “Old formulas, old papers, old filth, old chimeras, everything is disintegrating.” Rural France is Catholic France, and on this ground modernism joins hands with the pious macabre, with the supernatural’s Gothic underside, “in touch with putrefaction and decomposition, hence oriented toward the future.” Here voices matter-of-factly proclaim, “I went back into my tomb, where I’m awaiting the resurrection of the dead,” and what may be the author’s voice murmurs, “The life to come, it conditions, it contorts, it confuses, it’s just life.”

Pinget locates us in the gently moldering, nowhere solid hell (a word that originally denoted not so much punishment as simple bleak survival in a vague netherworld) of communal remembering, of mutual awareness, never exact, never erased. “Something else is being prepared beyond people’s consciousness, it had to be reshaped first, we have been at pains to do so.” And we, it must be admitted, have been at pains to read the result. Could the impression Pinget creates be conveyed less exasperatingly, less numbingly? Perhaps not, since its theme, to a degree, is the exasperation and numbingness of our human, social, forgetful, banal existence. But why speculate as to the author’s purposes when he has recently been in New York City and spelled them out? To a crowd gathered at New York University last October, Pinget, reading his lucid French text in a hard-to-hear monotone, explained (as translated by Barbara Wright), “My attachment to the technique of the intermingling of themes and their variations is due to the admiration I have always felt for so-called Baroque music.” He is also attached to the concept of the collective unconscious:

> In my eyes, the share allotted to the irrational is one of the ways that may help me to arrive at a personal “truth,” which is only to a very limited extent present in my awareness of it. This is a kind of open provocation to the unconscious. . . . We are all, indeed, more or less dependent on the



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> collective unconscious, whose nature we can only glimpse by examining as best we can those manifestations of it which we perceive in ourselves.

Later in this address, he mentioned Jung, in connection with his own "approach to the dark face of language, in order to make it easier for unconscious values to break through." He spoke of "my declared intention, from my very first book, to extend the limits of the written word by replenishing it with the spoken word." Confusion, contradiction, "all the suggestions, refutations, prolongations, and metamorphoses of fragments of speech" are intrinsic to this intention; his reader will have "the impression that the book is being composed, and decomposed, under his very eyes." Not that the books are written for the eye; they are "to be listened to, rather than read."

We are put in mind of "Finnegans Wake," Jungian in its attempt to show the world mind in its sleep, and also employing a tone of unremitting gossip, of multiple murmur. Language is, at bottom, a spoken thing. From the overthrow of Latin by Dante's Italian and Chaucer's English to the modernists' rejection of Georgian prosodic proprieties in favor of jagged colloquial rhythms, written literature has deferred to the evolving reality of speech. Defoe, Addison, Wordsworth, Mark Twain, Joyce, Hemingway, Henry Green—all refreshed themselves at the springs of the demotic idiom, and forged their styles in conscious opposition to "literariness." But the chronic shucking of tired literary conventions is itself a literary maneuver, and in Pinget's case a heavy escort of cerebration and deliberate experiment marches with his "fragments of speech." On the excuse of Alexandre Mortin's being a minor poet, many abstruse theoretical remarks are interwoven with the voices of "That Voice": "And analyzed the whys and wherefores, and finally decreed that poetry had no existence outside a certain system or method." In his address at New York University, he announced, "I have great respect for the present-day critical methods." And, moreover, behind his work, with his persistent rumors of the old religion, lies a less orthodox religious impulse:

> The *Homo religiosus,* linked to the essential—if we admit his presence in every one of us—rebels against the lacerations produced by the succession of days, and seeks refuge in the time which

knows neither succession nor laceration, that of the Word.

This comes from a beautiful statement given to the Mainz Academy of Sciences and Literature on the subject of "literary baggage." "The sole 'baggage,' " Pinget says, "that helps us to conquer chronological time and to participate in the other, absolute time, is a bouquet of texts . . . Light baggage, buzzing with words, which, ever since the world has been the world—and there are many legends that vouch for it—has ensured our passage, without let or hindrance, over onto the other bank."

In the meantime, we are on this bank of earthly clay, and this reviewer would be doing less than his duty if he did not admit that he found "That Voice," as an experience of readerly immersion in a fabricated world, less compelling and more mannered than, say, Pinget's "Libera Me Domine," which it resembles in ambition and milieu. The sinister, shifting rumors of dark deeds done amid rural stagnation had a force that here seems lost amid the pleasures of a self-professedly intricate counterpoint. A perfected artistic method can serve, unfortunately, to insulate the artist, to dull his recourse to the actual. "Between Fantoine and Agapa," for all its buffoonery, was a venture into the unknown; "That Voice" is a demonstration of a master's method, in a territory thoroughly subdued.

—John Updike

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SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Brunswick* (*Maine*) *Times Record*]

The Georgetown Working League met at the church vestry Tuesday at 10 a.m. to work on projects to sell at the August sale. Two new members were welcomed: Ruth White and Marilyn Landry. Hostesses were Betty Smith and Ruth White. Flowers decorating the tables were sent by Ida Gunnell who was unable to be present.

One member began to sing: "I'm a little prairie flower, growing wilder every hour, No one ever plays with me, Cause I'm so very wild, you see. I'm wild, I'm wild, I'm wild!"

Then another lady said her husband sings: "Today is the day they give babies away, with a half a pound of tea—if you know any ladies that want to have babies, send them up to me!"

That set the mood for the business meeting and President Bea Barrett quickly took advantage of the gala mood to delegate jobs for the luncheon, for the sale and for all the necessary work to be done at the fair. The luncheon menu will be salads, rolls, stuffed eggs and a good dessert—all subject to change before the luncheon, of course! A good meeting.

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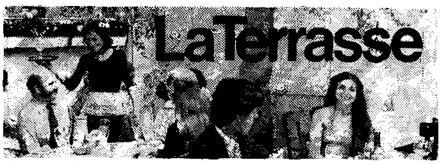

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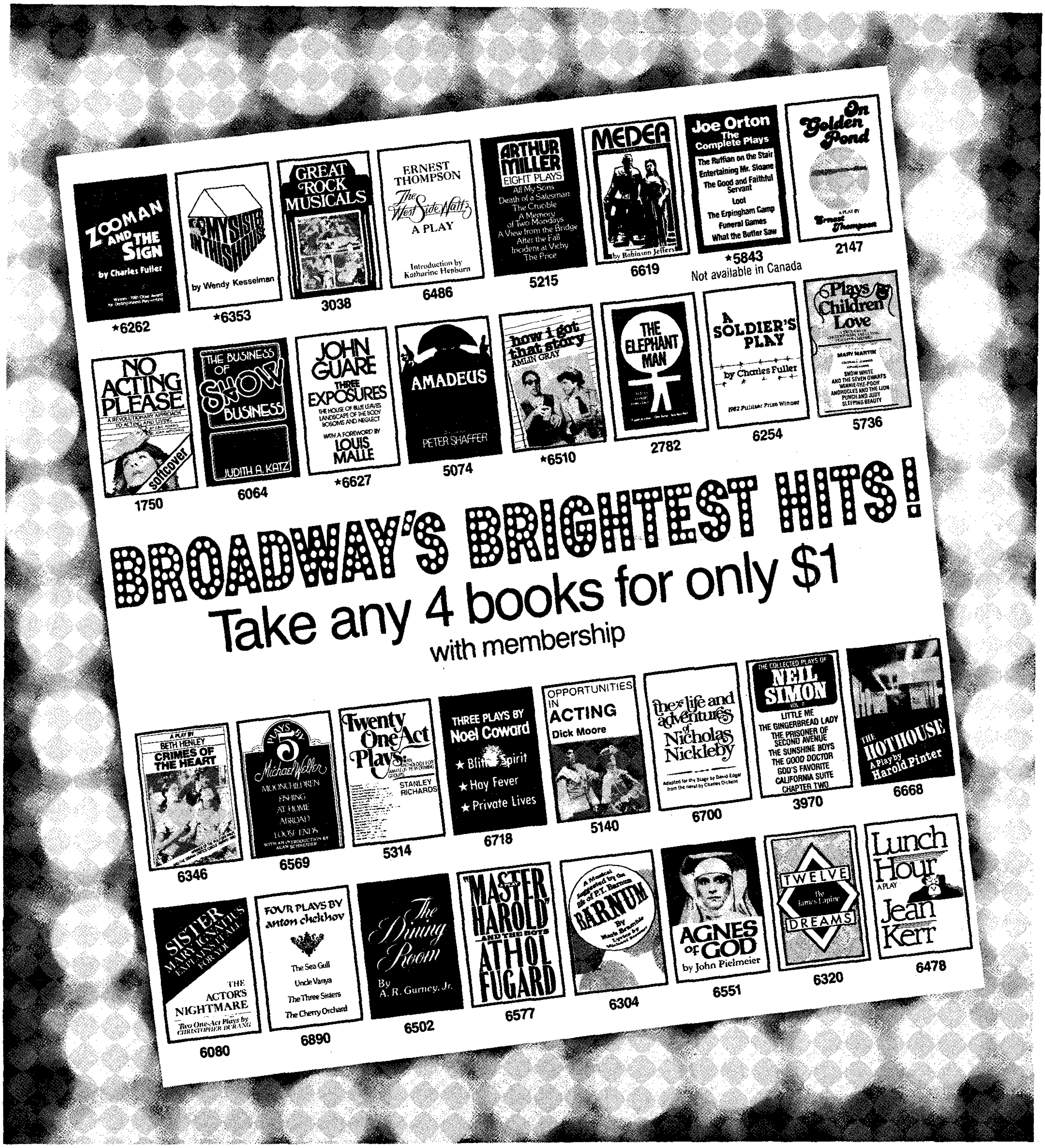
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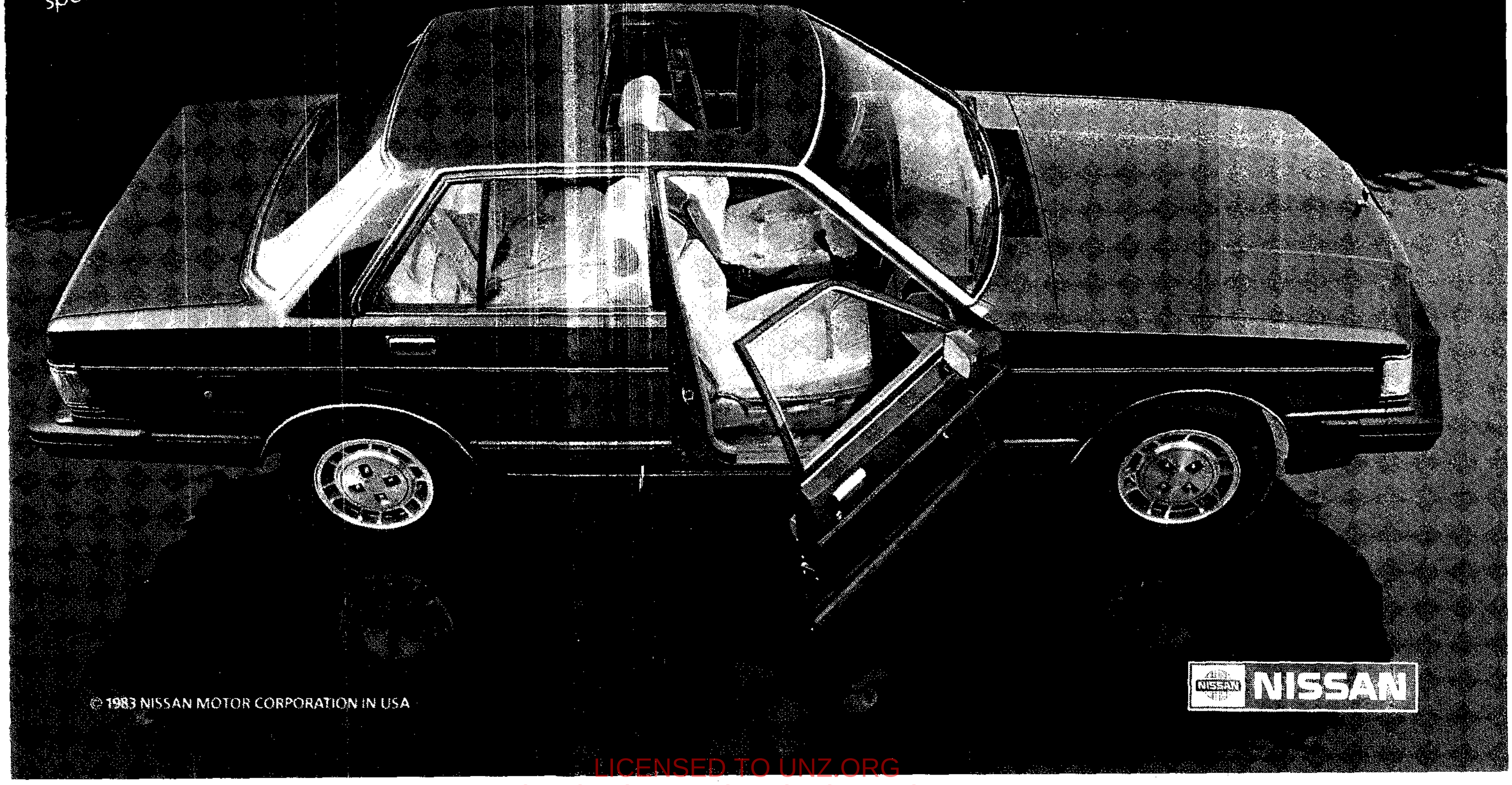

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